00083483

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 04 April, 2016

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE



LIEUTT THE HONBLE FREDK WALPOLE. R. N.

London. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1851

THE ANSAYRII,

AND THE ASSASSINS,

WITH

TRAVELS IN THE FURTHER EAST,

IN 1850-51.

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO NINEVEH.

83483

BY

LIEUT. THE HON. F. WALPOLE, R.N.

Author of "Four Years in the Pacific."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1851.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



TO ELIOT WARBURTON, ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND,

> "Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
> Bright beams of the past which she cannot destroy;"

And to me, among the most cherished memories of past years, are those sunny days of youth and thoughtlessness when I rode by your side amidst the places which, in after hours, your magic pen transferred to poetic prose. The good, you see, sped not on me. You preserved your imagery, and left me but regrets at the impossibility of imitation.

Your name, as my friend, the grace of your acquaintance, will be, I fear, the only recommendation of this book, which, dedicating to you, I humbly place before the public.

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, Nov. 1851.

PREFACE.

WHILE at Beyrout, after my Mesopotamian tour, I looked at the map; there was nothing to do, all was filled in, Kesrowan, Jerusalem, the Haouran. If I bought tape in a shop on Ludgate-hill, ten to one if the person who served me, had not taken a return-ticket by the steamer, rushed in a fortnight over Syria and Egypt, and knew as much, at all events, as his dragoman thought he ought to know for his money. The compasses dropped from my hand in despair; there was nothing for it but to get a friendly doctor quietly to make me a Mussulman, and joining the caravan, go on to Mecca—but, no: here is a wild part, bare from Safyta to Nahr El Kebir, which

Arrowsmith has never ventured to put on copper. I turned to Kelly, almost the only book that has survived my journey, and there actually in print saw—"We have now skirted both flanks of the mountains inhabited by the Ansyrii, or Ansayryan, and Ismalys, without having made any intimate acquaintance with these strange tribes, or their abodes, which all European travellers seem very shy of approaching."

Ten thousand thanks, fellow travellers. Here was untrodden ground. I was off; and fixed my head-quarters at Latakia.

In this journey, or rather in its first stage, others far abler than myself have trodden before me; but the reader will allow that I have not sought to copy or relate what they also saw. I came like a pilgrim, and but put mortar in the interstices, and replaced stones broken through the lapse of time—thus endeavouring only to relate what others had overlooked. In this, I hope, the reader will find pleasure.

My travels in the Mountains of the Ansayrii

are new, and many of the places were never before visited by Europeans. To this new route let me invite the reader, the traveller, the savant. The Ansayrii have long been an enigma—travellers have skirted, have beheld from a distance, but have never ventured among their hospitable tribes. Even Burckhardt slept but one night at an Ansayrii village. Pococke, I think, says merely that they make and drink abundance of good wine. The pioneer has been—he has returned safe. From what I know of them, I invite travellers among them, and in the language of the Arab say, "*Ta faddall eh mah salaame*—step in, and peace be with you!"

NOVEMBER, 1851.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Eastern Travel—Discomforts of Starting—The Train—Arrival at Southampton—Embarkation on board the Steamer—Passengers—Their reserve wears off—English Clergyman—Coast of Spain—Trafalgar Bay—Gibraltar—Etna—Arrival at Malta—Sight-seeing at Malta—Diversified Population—Padre Ryllo—His hapless fate—Greece—Mitylene and Tenedos—Troy and Olympus—Arrival at Constantinople—Early Impressions of that City rectified—Departure for Smyrna 1

CHAPTER II.

Leave-taking on board the Smyrna Steamer—Captain—Dinner of the Passengers—Carouse—French Packet in Distress—Touch at Tenedos—Arrival at Smyrna—Population—Increase of Buildings—Bazaars—Jewish Quarter—Bournabat—Caravan Bridge—Baths of Diana—Burial Grounds—View from the Castle—Turkish Quarter—Arch near the Amphitheatre—A Turkish Beauty—Case of doubtful Justice—Statue of Polycarp—Brief Notice of him—Alleged Miracle at his Death 14

CHAPTER III.

Departure from the Port—Passengers on board the Steamer—Scenes on Deck—Arrival at Rhodes—General Appearance—Where the Colossus probably stood—Tachtalu—Coast of Pamphylia—Anchor at Tarsus—Description of that place—The Ansayrii—Their Religion—Alexandretta—Town—Harbour—Pillar recording the Miracle of the Prophet Jonas—Kutchak Ali, the Robber Chief—Murder of Sir Christopher Jones, and by whom—The Issus—Darius and Alexander—Tancred, and Godfrey of Boulogne—Beilan described—Tomb of Abderahman Bey—Government of Ibrahim Pasha—Latakia, its ancient History—Wife of the British Consul—Aspect of the Town of Latakia—Its Exports—Adjacent Country—Departure from Latakia 26

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

Beyrout—Description by Lamartine—Meeting with old Friends—Beyrout, as it now is—Policy of the Pasha—Progress of the Turks—Influence of European Consuls—European Ball given to the Pasha—Ball given to the Turkish Ladies—Their Acknowledgment of the Courtesy and its Effect—Second Tomb of Jonas—Sidon—Old Friends there—Call of the Muezzin—Prayers of the Mahomedans—Antiquities of Sidon—Its refusal to admit Ibrahim Pasha—Lady Hester Stanhope and her Attendant—Stud of the Emir Beshir 48

CHAPTER V.

Anxiety to reach Djouni—Antipater the Poet—The road to Djouni—The Kiah and his Daughter—Late Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope—The Life of that Lady—Arab recollections of her—General Lastanau and the Prophecies of Lady Hester—Her eccentricity—Mischances on the Road—The great Hero of the Christians—Palace of Beit ed Deen—The Country of the Yezdeky—Ascent of Barouk—Plain of the Bekaa—Arrival at Jeb Jenin—Dispute of the Geographers 63

CHAPTER VI.

Zea—Some Account of him—Prejudice of Jews against Dogs—Hills around the Anti-Lebanon—Pharpar and Albana—The Keblah—What are its Points—Mahomet and his Commentators—First View of Damascus—Four Paradises of Persian Poets—Damascus one of them—Arrival at Damascus—Certain social changes in the City—Multitude of Dogs—Their Persecution—Take Refuge in the Hotel de Palmyra 80

CHAPTER VII.

Description of Damascene Inns—The Leewan—Luxury of Fountains—A Saunter about the Streets—Bazaars—Vendors and their Goods—Varied Dresses and Appearance of those who frequent the Bazaars—The Women—Distinctions of Dress in Damascus—The Term Hadgi—Mode of wearing the Hair—The Beard—How the Beard was regarded by the Jews—Dresses of the Women particularly described—Veils—Their Origin—Dress of the Men described—Mosques—Christian Churches—Mosque of the Dancing Dervishes—Probable Population of Damascus, and of whom composed—The Castle 90

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE

Origin of Damascus—Supposed to be the Site of Eden—The Word Paradise—The Name Damascus—Sham—Ancient History of Damascus—Gallantry of the Saracens—Saladin—Tamerlane—Mehemet Ali and the Damascenes—Hospitality of the Damascenes—Impressive Legend—Legend of the Four Young Men—Anecdotes of Ibrahim Pasha—His Treatment of the Arabs—Songs in praise and in ridicule of Ibrahim—Hospital—Antiquities of Damascus—The so-called House of Ananias—Window whence St. Paul escaped—Site of St. Stephen's Martyrdom—Houses of Damascus—The Caab—Purchase Horses—Animals for Sale—The Auctioneer—Fanaticism of the Turks at Damascus—Ancient Families there—Gardens—Prepare to bid adieu to Damascus 110

CHAPTER IX.

Last Look at Damascus—Scenery on the Journey—Cultivation of the Soil—Douna—Dead Camels—An irregular Soldier—Pay of his Force—The Persian Shauzerdah and the English Ambassador, touching the relative Merits of British and Persian Soldiers—Escort—Castal—Nepth—Jacobites—Houses of Nepth—Dispense Medicines—Arrive at Karah—Opinion of England by the Officers of the Escort—Interesting Ruins—Conversation with the Villagers—Visits from the Sick—What they were prescribed 133

CHAPTER X.

The Whirro—Sleight of hand of the Natives of Karah—Halt at a large Khan—Description of it—Son of the Montselim—Firing at a mark—Muskets of Damascus—Dine with the Montselim—His Guests—Their Manners—The Bedawee and his Evolutions—Mailed Bedawee Warriors—The Old Man and the Fire—Beautiful Scenery—Hasiah—Populations of the Pashalics of Aleppo and Damascus—The Euruque and Koords 144

CHAPTER XI.

Solitude—Enormous Burial-ground—Arrival at Homs—Host and his Daughters—Lake of Kades—Mode of making Coffee—The Greek Doctor and his Antiquities—The Christian and the Turk compared—Stupidity of the Homs People exemplified—Ancient Tomb—Vast Cemetery—Town and Castle of Homs—I explore the latter—Asmodean View—Cemetery of the Greeks—Greek

PAGE

Church—Conduct of the Congregation—House of the Bishop—Population of Homs—Visit the Bazaars—Prepare to start from Homs with an Escort of Soldiers—Early History of Emessa—Bassianus—Heliogabalus—Zenobia and her Husband—Close of the Career of Zenobia—Heraclius and the Moslems—The Cousin of Kaled—Chivalry of Kaled, "the Sword of God"—Food of the Homs People 155

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Homs—Tel Bissè—Description of that village—Tel el Cartel and Djebel Mariam—Kubbes—Arrival at Hamath—Our Reception—The Bazaars—Manufactures of Hamath—The Orontes—How the Town is supplied with Water—The Algerine Arab and his Stories—The provident Turk and his silly Wife—Hamath to Khan Shokune—Scenery on the way—Two Algerine Moors and Abd-el-Kader—Columns and Ruins—Shokune to Marra—Corn-holes—Use they are put to—Beautiful Ruins 179

CHAPTER XIII.

The present village of Marra—Its Appearance—Inhabitants—A Turkish Answer—Crusaders and Saracens—Cruelties and Barbarities of Crusaders—Sacking of Marra under Bohemond—Khan Sebel—Dishonesty of Turkish officials—Sermeim to Aleppo—Approach to that City—Its Walls—Mode of Life and Habits of Aleppenes—Bazaars and Streets of Aleppo—American Missionaries there—Hungarians—General Bem—Gate of Fair Prospect—Strange Custom of the Ladies of Aleppo—Visit to Mussulman Tombs—The Beautiful House of the Family of Sada—General Indolence at Aleppo—Turkish Servants—Vaccination for the Aleppo Button—That Disease Described—Curious Cure—The Slave and his Master 195

CHAPTER XIV.

A Mussulman Funeral—Tomb of Abou Beker—The Rich Husband and the Unwilling Wife—Youthful Betrothals—Visit to the Castle of Aleppo—The Building Described—View from its Summit—Veneration of the Turks for Stamboul—Costume of Turkish Men and Women—A Picnic in a Turkish Garden—Ibrahim Pasha—His Policy—His Conscription—His enlightened Treatment of Christians—Turkish Sweets—Of what composed—Four Turkish Musicians—Their several Instruments—Final Glance at Aleppo 214

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

Universality of Smoking in the East—Smoking in Persia—Story of the Young Widower and the Holy Man—Substitute recommended by the latter for a good Wife—When was Tobacco introduced into the East?—Old Arabic MS. on Smoking—Nimrod alleged to have been a Smoker—Mode of Smoking in Ceylon—Antiquity of the use of Tobacco in China—Sale on an alleged Prophecy by Mahomet that Tobacco would at some future time be smoked in the East—Legend of Mahomet and the Viper—Pipes used as Projectiles in War—Bhang and Hashish—Sultan Mahomet IV. prohibits Smoking—The Sultan and the Saphi—Modes of Smoking in the East—Tobacco used—Water-pipe—Nargilleh—How made—Their occasional Richness and Beauty of Manufacture—Persian Pipes . . . 230

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure from Aleppo—Halam—Muselmeicha—Meheritei to Ze Maled—Dilatoriness of Eastern Travelling—Advice to Eastern Travellers—A Spell to propitiate Relations to a Marriage—Arrival at Aintab—Put under Quarantine—Quarters there—Purveyor of Stores in the Quarantine—His mode of keeping Accounts—Doctor Smith, the American Missionary—Difficulties attending his Settling at Aintab—His persecution by the Armenians—Progress of Protestantism in Aintab—The Bishop—His School—Castle—View from the Wall—Conversion of the Armenians—Their better Treatment of Women—Departure from Aintab 246

CHAPTER XVII.

Naringa to Nezeb—Towns passed in our Way—Origin of Tels—Great Victory of Ibrahim Pasha described—Nezeb—Pilgrims from Bokhara—First View of the Euphrates—Reflections suggested by it—Ancient Passages of the Euphrates—Pass that River—Town of Bir—Remains of its Castle—Spanish Monk—Beautiful Scenery—Detention from the straying of the Baggage Horses—A Pasha—His Courtesy and Kindness—Nobbagee, or Musician—Charmelieh—Its curious Construction—Extraordinary Well—Arab Mode of churning Butter—Arrive at the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, now Orfa—Hospitality of the English Consular Agent—His Opinion of the Arab of the Desert. 263

CHAPTER XVIII.

Eastern Bath—How thoroughly to enjoy it—Visit the Pasha—Incongruous Dresses of his Attendants—Arrangements for

PAGE

crossing the Desert—Town of Orfa—Well of Abraham—Sacred Carp—Inquiry as to the ancient Worship of Fish—Mosque and College of the Patriarch described—Birthplace and Tomb of Abraham—Moslem Veneration for Abraham—Account of the Patriarch in the Book of Jasher—Terah and Nimrod—Caves and Tombs in the Rocks described—Pillars of the Throne of Nimrod—Castle of Orfa—Its present Condition—Vicissitudes of the City in ancient times—Its various Conquerors—Present State of Orfa—Its rude Cotton Printing—Its Manufactures—Dresses of the People—Diversity of Languages heard at Orfa . 282

CHAPTER XIX.

Leave Orfa for Haran—Tels and Barrows on the Way—Visit Tel Sultan—High Tower of Haran—Description of an Arab Tent—Its Furniture—Sheik Abdallah—Some Notice of his Tribe—Alarm of an Arab Attack—All Labour performed by Women—Dress of the Bedouins—Town of Haran—Its Ruins—Description of the Tower—Another Alarm of Arabs—Salt Stones, anciently used for building—Arab Indifference to Prayer—The Mosque—Filial Affection of an Arab—Christian Worship in the Desert—South Gate of Haran—Account of that Town by Pliny—Description of the Castle—Repose at a Well—Women come to draw Water—How they resembled what we read of Rebekah and Rachel—Departure from Haran . . 300

CHAPTER XX.

Haran the Site of Nahor—Site of the Defeat of Crassus—Haran in the twelfth century—The right-hand man of an Arab Chief—His dress described—A fight in an Arab village—The Sheik Dahhal and his Son—Gradual declension and probable extinction of Arab tribes—The Agedach tribe—History of the Sheik Dahhal—The young Sheik and his Mare—Arab Saddles and mode of Riding—Arab Horses—An Introduction to the Sheik Dahhal—His manners—His character—An Arab prisoner—His treatment—Bargaining for a Conveyance across the Desert . 319

CHAPTER XXI.

Difficulties urged against crossing the Desert—The Sheik Dahhal on the unchangeableness of the Arabs—Confessions of Arab plundering prepossessions—Anecdotes in illustration of them—Sheik Abdallah on the milking of pigs—Burden of a Song of Arab children—The magnanimous Guide—His violent Return to Worldliness—Transitory beauty of Arab Women—A Bridal Party—Arab mode of contracting Marriage—Indifference of

PAGE

Turks to their Children—Turkish regular and irregular Troops —Their Duties—How they exercise them—Costume of the Koords—Reflections excited by the Scenery—Reach the Tscham Uschai River—Beauty of the Night Rides—We reach Yel Bagdad 338

CHAPTER XXII.

Apostrophe of the old Muleteer to Tel Bagdad—The Dying Englishman—The Khan of the Black Garden—Incivility of some Koords—View of the Tigris—Diarbekr—General description of that place—Made Acquaintance with more English Families—Silk produced at Diarbekr—Description of them—Bargain for a Raft—Ancient Accounts of Diarbekr—Description of the Raft, and how it was put together—Scenery on the Voyage—Places passed—Aledino Kalessi—Misadventure on the Voyage—A Man drowned—A Halt—Excessive Heat as we proceed—The pious Boatman—Mosul in Sight 362

CHAPTER XXIII.

Situation of Mosul—Opposite side of the River—Difficulties of Landing—Appearances from the River ere doing so—Iniquity of the Passport System at Mosul—Reception by Mr. Layard—Hospitality of the Consul—Researches of Mr. Layard—Domestic View from the top of a House—The Mussulman Servant Lad—Diversity of Languages at Mosul—General Appearance of Mosul—Christian Churches in the City—Reflections on the Religious Animosities of different Christian Sects in the East—The Maronites and the Missionaries—Adventures of a Wandering Artist—His Treatment on his Travels 384

TRAVELS IN THE EAST,

1850-51.

CHAPTER I.

Eastern Travel—Discomforts of Starting—The Train—Arrival at Southampton—Embarkation on board the Steamer—Passengers—Their reserve wears off—English Clergyman—Coast of Spain—Trafalgar Bay—Gibraltar—Etna—Arrival at Malta—Sight-seeing at Malta—Diversified Population—Padre Ryllo—His hapless fate—Greece—Mitylene and Tenedos—Troy and Olympus—Arrival at Constantinople—Early Impressions of that City rectified—Departure for Smyrna.

If anything could have dispelled the enchantments of Eastern travel, it would have been the discomfort of the start: the body, a rebellious subject, and perfectly unequal to the spirit that governs it, will often not see sense, or obey even necessity. Mine had kept a lively watch all the night, and had sunk into a profound slumber just as the servant called me. At the same time he added a warning to rise quickly or I should be too late. A sailor alone understands punctuality in rising; he is ready to the moment; but your landman either

over-does it, or is hours too late—the former was my fate.

After a hasty toilet, and one look at my dear sleeping mother, my companion and myself found ourselves at the train as the earliest porter was opening the door. No fire, stale gas, and a cold, grey, damp mist;—but all things must have an end. More railway functionaries dropped in; the ticket clerk was at his post; the old lady in the corner of the office pulled out buns that had been fresh once, and were, she maintained, fresh still, and disposed them on the cloth; cabs drove up feebly, and deposited their passengers noisily; porters rushed here and there; the news-boys shouted and waved damp newspapers about; the whistle sounded, and we were off on our first stage.

Arriving at Southampton nearly as per train-paper, there was breakfast to be eaten, not because we were hungry, but as a point to get over, and purchases before forgotten, to be made. Then, when once among the shops of that pretty cheerful town, (I have been there very often, and the sun always shone brightly,) there were seducing tradesmen tempting to

delay, till nothing but a hasty run saved our passage.

We found a boat with Her Majesty's mails about to go off, and for these alone our steamer was waiting far down the river. The guard strongly opposed our entry; but being in the boat, and she off from land, he turned moodily sulky, and sternly refused to answer any of our enquiries. Our introduction to the steamer was undignified, being effected by climbing over the bows, amidst the compliments of the crew, who probably doubted our gentility, or took us for bailiffs or runaways. Walking aft, however, we assumed the proper gait, nor could we help congratulating ourselves on the size and appearance of the noble vessel.

It is curious to observe stranger English when brought together. At first, each walked the deck with the one he knew, or alone; the rest were passed as if introduction was creation, and before making their acquaintance they were not; some were scuffling for cabins, surprised to find that the elaborate drawing, with numbers and dimensions, at the office in town, did not represent the real vessel afloat. The passage paid—parting's follies—tears' nonsense—the regular

form was gone through. The vessel cleared: Go ahead! sounded merrily—to me at least—and we were off:

——— "I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shore could grieve or glad mine eye."

Desks now appeared, new and shining ones—those latest gifts to the writers—youth, bound on its first voyage. Soon the paper was covered; promises made; vows vowed, that a few months would prove false, and the paper alone retain the impression of. It was early spring, and the weather keen, so the stove introduced many. "A few coals, if you please, sir," and we knew each other; a nudge of one's chair, so as to let another crowd round, produced very favourable impressions; and before Cape St. Vincent was rounded we were all old friends.

There was the cadet, half ambitious, yet half boy, and anxious to be at home; the young lady, already practising the arts that were to make her future lot; the tourist for pleasure, eager to get on; the man of business, frantic for news; the regular John Bull with his English eyes, going to see all, through English lens; the gentleman with

his real perfections, and all the rest. Among the many, though, I must distinguish one—a small, round, cosy, rosy man: anybody could see he was a clergyman, with a good digestion, and fond of his comforts. I had at this time taken rather a dislike to his class. My sojourn in England had shown me a Church warring only against herself; with huge inert power, she was tearing herself with her own arms: Charity banished from her synods—the spark was but wanting to ignite the whole. We had our quota of martial men; we had more than our proportion of men who earn a livelihood by the sword; yet I found that the small lowly figure, and common-place appearance of the clergyman, covered more heroism than we could boast of altogether.

He had returned to England after long pastorship in the East, his wife and children unable to bear its sultry heat. After twenty years he was compelled to leave his flock, and seek for health in his native land. Here he found every temporal comfort, and a home; but his spirits sank. Where were the friends, the fellow-communicants of years? Where the men whom as babes he had enlisted as followers in the cause of our Lord? Where the mild

daughters, whose virtues he had watered and dug about? He communed with himself, and then with humble prayer put his petition before his God. The answer came; it filled his soul and pervaded his spirit. Home, friends, family, wife, children, —all resigned,—he was now, though advanced in years, returning to stay by his fold. This was true greatness: within that lowly form was great nobility.

The gallant vessel glided on; sunshine and warmth clothed us, and we seemed, as we turned east, to leave clouds and cold behind. The coast of Spain, wild and green. How altered now, the spot! Trafalgar Bay, over whose smooth waters our vessel glides, once re-echoed the thunders of war; there the flag now floating at our peak sealed its preeminence; thence went forth, in fire, the herald sound that owned our Sovereign, Lord of the Seas.

Clouds hung over Africa; Calpe's hill was covered to the base, as we cut the smooth bay of Gibraltar. Owing to some mistake in our bill of health, we were not admitted to *pratique*, sorely to the disappointment of several of our passengers; so, except one gaze at the lion of the Straits,

we passed on, encountering a heavy easterly gale as we entered the Mediterranean. Few now appeared at breakfast, fewer at dinner; the youngsters deplored their lot, and one young cadet begged me to give him my advice, whether 80*l.* per annum was not better in England, than a soldier's career in India, with this as part of it,—the good ship dashed through the gale, and again the heavens smiled on us as we neared Malta. Etna (10,800 feet high), was plainly visible on our port beam, a mighty peak with snowy cap; the coast of Africa, rugged and rocky, on the other.

The whole beauty of spring was on us as we anchored in Malta. Here all rushed on shore. I had often visited it before, but it seemed to me cleaner and more quaint than of yore—more picturesque, more peculiar in itself. The mixture of warlike defences with Eastern comforts;* the stiff bastion and shaded arbour; the dread array

* The Eastern reclines on the cushioned divan, the embodiment of repose; the softest carpets, the freshest flowers, surround him—soft women attend the slightest motion of his eye—all breathes of indolence, abandonment, and ease; yet his girdle bristles with arms—his gates are locked and guarded. So at Malta, the bower is a bastion, the saloon a casemate, the serenade the call of martial music, the draperies war-flags, the ornaments shot in ready proximity.

of war; the Eastern lattice—all form a contrast peculiar to Malta, and are characteristic of its former lords. I visited the noble cathedral of St. John, but could not remove from my mind the impression of former years. It is ponderous and sombre, the columns heavy, and the arabesque tawdry. The mausoleum to the brother of Louis Philippe, put up since my last visit, is handsome: it represents a young man in a half military dress reclining on his arm, and an open scroll in his hand. The face and figure are well and naturally executed.

Though but the beginning of spring, the weather was warm enough to make us gladly take refuge in the cool room at an inn, which was happily situated; for we heard the band playing opposite the palace, as we ate an excellent dinner, and its flat terrace-roof commanded a very good view of the grand Plaza. Here, it being Sunday, the whole population were sauntering up and down. There were the lower classes of Maltese women, in their black faldetas; the European in bonnet and gay colours; the scarlet soldier; the blue sailor; the variegated Highlander; the swarthy Arab; the disdainful Moor; the pompous Turk; the furious Italian; the stealthy priest; the

swaggering Frank; the white-faced German;—and all passing beneath us, as if for our peculiar pleasure.

Few places, either, can match Malta for the various nations, and quaint costumes, that throng its crowded streets. If the eye wearies of the living scene, our terrace afforded views of other life on the flat roofs of the town, with their different parties; here whispering love, there screeching scandal. Beyond, the sea lay calm and still, save where cats'-paws of wind ran like a road upon its lifeless plain; vessels rested *motionless* on its surface, their sails reposing noiselessly. Sicily appeared blue and distinct in the distance, and a heat-line alone marked the most distant horizon.

In the evening I walked to the Florian gardens, calling at the Jesuit's house on my way. In answer to my enquiries for my old friend, Padre Ryllo, I was informed he had gone to rest—the sad history of his death I did not hear till long afterwards. Well-born, polished, and clever, he was courted by all classes. Recalled from his foreign mission, he resided for some time at Rome. Here he entered freely into the best society of the place—a linguist, scholar, and gentleman, he shone

a star of the first magnitude. One evening, returning from a brilliant party, he received an order to start for Abyssinia immediately: before six months had worn on, he died amidst its fetid jungles of starvation.

We embarked, and were off at midnight. Another set of passengers: introduction, acquaintance, familiarity. As before, we met a strong breeze, and in two days were off the coast of Greece—a fine, bold, rocky coast, with cold, bleak snow on its higher ridges—and now history, poetry, and tradition rise before us; each spot is a volume, each glimpse a story—

"Could'st thou forbode the dismal hour which now,
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain:
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
* * * * *
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmann'd."

For what is Greece? A puppet nation, with the fiction of law, but without its force.

Fast revolve the paddles; we dash by Mitylene and Tenedos, Troy and Olympus, each mound in view the grave of a hero, each spot bears a sacred name. Lemnos, with its snowy mountains is fading, and now we enter the Boghaz, and stay our

course at the Dardanelles, or Cape Janissary. The Dardanelles are by far the most picturesque part of the passage to the Black Sea. The weather was fine, and, though cool, not cold; all were on deck, and this oft admired scene received its well deserved praise. We stayed again between Sestos and Abydos, to get *pratique*, and here caught our first glimpse of the real East. The town, on the Asiatic side, is a quaint place, the buildings of wood, in a truly Turkish state of repair. The crowds of Turks; the noise of the boatmen; the immobility of the Mussulmans; the cypress, minaret, and tomb lands, all reminded me of years long passed, when scarce a man, and all a boy in enthusiasm and ardour, I first wandered over Asia. Now, though older grown and sedate, the scene worked its way, and old feelings of ardour revived at the thoughts of the journey before me. I now saw, however, what fancy hid in years gone by—that the houses were of wood, and the country around a desert.

Again we are roused from our slumbers—"Stamboul! Stamboul!" The first approach, however, to the deck, dispelled all illusions conjured up by the semi-magic call. In the words of

Anastasius, Constantinople in all its grandeur rose before us. Alas! in the concluding words of his apostrophe, he owns it was an illusion—our visions were dispelled. Snow, thick and deep, enveloped the town; cupola, dome, and cypress were burdened with icicles: above was an angry and a wintry sky, while the wind was keenly piercing; and it was with no regret we returned below to breakfast. A boat carried us afterwards to a wet, dirty yard, where amidst noise and confusion, porters carrying charcoal, others unshipping lime, our luggage was left till it suited the convenience of the officers to examine it, who full well knew that a message from the British Consul would be sent, and they would be compelled to let it through at once.

All one's attention was necessary on the way to the hotel; for the streets were knee-deep in snow and mud, and more fell in showers from the eaves of the houses. Misseri's Hotel, in Pera, is about a mile from the water side, up the hill of Galata, steep always, and now, from ice, rain, and mud, nearly impracticable. However, we plunged down the hole his house is in with joy, and forgot our cares, in the comforts of his hotel. For three

days we were blockaded by the weather; snow fell constantly, and the English fires and English coals were the best things I saw. Once, with desperate energy, I mounted the tower of Galata; but the view was only a greater extent of snow, and I pitied the ancient Genoese watcher whose ward fell in winter.

Again in a sedan to the Embassy, a huge penitentiary style of building: on my way home at night, somebody—an English youth or youths—joined the hinder bearer, raced with the sedan down a steep street, and finally overturned it in a snow-drift. Their laugh, as I emerged from the cold mass, reminded me of my old misdeeds; so the hotel received me in a subdued philosophic mood, but very wet. It was most assuredly useless as far as seeing anything else but snow, to remain; we therefore embarked on board an Austrian Lloyds steamer, bound for Smyrna.

CHAPTER II.

Leave-taking on board the Smyrna Steamer—Captain—Dinner of the Passengers—Carouse—French Packet in Distress—Touch at Tenedos—Arrival at Smyrna—Population—Increase of Buildings—Bazaars—Jewish Quarter—Bournabat—Caravan Bridge—Baths of Diana—Burial Grounds—View from the Castle—Turkish Quarter—Arch near the Amphitheatre—A Turkish Beauty—Case of doubtful Justice—Statue of Polycarp—Brief Notice of him—Alleged Miracle at his Death.

As we mounted the side of the steamer the crew were shovelling the deep drift off the deck, so we rushed below, where fifty Greek friends were bidding adieu to a dozen or more Greek passengers. Wine,—light in summer, vinegar now,—was drunk to friendship; all smoked, and every egress for the smoke being shut, the smell and noise drove us on deck, till the snow and cold again drove us below. Here our fellows were maudlin and kissing; more wine; more rapid cigarets. The agent of the vessel was signing more paper than an English firm would use in months. Why is it that foreigners use so much paper in all business transactions? At last there was quiet:

the friends kissed, knocked glasses, kissed and departed.

We were at war with the captain at once; for on asking for the stove, he said it had been forgotten; so we grumbled at everything. At four a start was pronounced impossible: this we said was ridiculous, as the day was clear though the snow fell fast: the battle of words continued till dinner was ready. Let me record this meal, which resembled all others on board the same vessel; but not (I trust for the comfort of travellers,) to be found elsewhere. Fancy a narrow, long cabin, the bulkheads beautifully varnished, the sofas, &c. perfect; the skylights and all other air-holes carefully closed; the whole atmosphere redolent of bad tobacco smoke. Fifteen persons were seated at a table sufficient for eight. These consisted of eleven Greeks of the Fanar and Smyrna, (who used their forks like harpoons, grasping them with the whole hand, low down, and their knives as forks—save when they likewise performed the duty of salt-spoons,) two officers, and ourselves. On the table were two plates of unripe oranges; two saucers of pickles; two ditto of salt Chilis; two wine-glasses of tooth-

picks; two plates, with nine Sardines disposed star-ways in each; and castors, salt, pepper, plates, &c.

The meal devoured, the agent of the boat took his ease, one calf crossed over the opposite leg, his elbow on the table, picking his teeth with a large steel carving-fork. But our troubles had only begun. We retired early, but only to listen from our cabin to noise and clinking of glasses: at last, unable to sleep, we were fain to open the door and lie gazing, as well as the atmosphere would allow, at the scene. One tall thin fellow held the sway, and told a story of his defeating four brave Turks with a small knife. He produced the weapon, offering to sell it, much as he valued it, to a soft-looking fellow who gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder. His first story being believed, he bragged on till contradicted by another. He offered to bet: the bet was caught at by a hard-visaged man, upon which the spokesman retired at last; and we dropped asleep, just as one poor fellow, who wore his spectacles up over his forehead, fell drunk on the deck, and was dragged to bed, offering to fight the company collectively.

It was not till late the next day that our captain would start: the same scene was renewed in the cabin; smoking, songs, and quarrels. At last we were off, gliding past the Seraglio Point, swathed in snow, and looking like a man in summer clothes caught in a wintry storm. Among our second-class passengers, was an Armenian convert to the Armenian missionaries. He spoke well and warmly of his cause, and related many painful stories of the persecutions endured for the faith's sake. Again we made a lengthened pause to endeavour to get a French packet-steamer off a mud bank, whither she had run during the night. She was lying quite comfortably on the bank, and our captain's unsailorlike efforts produced no effect, but that of snapping a few hawsers, and delaying the vessel. We received most of the Frenchman's passengers who, talking wildly of their adventures, called it a wreck. As we rounded the Janissary Point, and ran down the coast of Troy, the snow retired to the mountain tops, and the keen clear atmosphere displayed the scene to the fullest advantage.

We touched at Tenedos, a high barren-looking island, though producing the best wine of the Levant. The town is a straggling place with

a large strong castle at its northern side. In the evening we halted at Baba Kalusi, a small Zebek town on the coast, with a fortress and a garrison beyond it. The coast is most beautiful; low points of golden sand darting out into the wintry sea; the rocky coast covered with luxuriant shrubs; the mountains behind rising gradually, till in the far distance they tower grandly to the sky. Mitylene, all-classic ground, lay right a-head.

As we entered the channel between this island and the main, the breeze freshened fast, and the vessel urged by her steam against it, jumped and kicked like a frightened steed. Our passengers soon succumbed; and save groans and other disagreeable noises, all was quiet. The next morning, the stillness around, the unthrobbing of the vessel, spoke of port. On mounting the deck, our vessel lay on the smooth waters of the Bay of Smyrna. The morning was clear and beautiful; the bright early sun threw a light of beauty over the lovely scene: the town crowding along the beach, shut in by grave sands; the mountains smiling round, of every hue and form; the verdant shores; the stately castle; the vast bay—all formed

a scene worthy of the *ornament of Asia*, the *crown of Ionia*, the infidel Ismir.

Landing at a rotten, wooden wharf, we went to Mr. Milles' hotel, whose comforts and excellent *cuisine* made us forget the disagreeables we had endured. Smyrna has now become nearly a Frank town: one large quarter is newly built. It has broad and regular streets, and handsome shops in the European fashion. The population is composed of Greeks, who half adopt European customs and dress, and Levantines. Of the latter there is a large proportion. Its bazaars, though old and Eastern, display little else but European goods, and are chiefly kept by Jews, who pester you as you walk, in bad English, or worse Italian. The Turkish quarter, to their right, situated under the hill on which the castle is built, retains its old features; but even there innovation is at work, and new houses with light brass knockers start up. The Jews' part is the oldest and quaintest. As yet, spite of reform and their ameliorated condition, they dare not make a display. Commerce is now thriving, and trade increases almost as rapidly as its merchants could wish.

The weather enabled us to make various excur-

sions. The sun was pleasantly warm, the evenings cool and refreshing; and it was pleasant to introduce oneself to Oriental life; albeit, somewhat Europeanised. Bournabat is a nice ride of some six or seven miles; in the environs are the summer residences of most of the Franks, who live here to escape the heat of summer. The town, or rather village, is Oriental, and contains a fine mosque and many pretty cafés. On our return, we rode through the Armenian quarter, almost destroyed a few years ago by fire, but now in process of rebuilding. The Saracenic bridge—a stone work—over the Meles is well worth a visit.

Here the camels pass on for their start on their arrival from the interior; here also they encamp and remain previous to their return to the interior. Along the banks of the river, commanding pretty views, are cafés. Here Turks make *kief*, and Christians show their finery on a Sunday. We visited also the Baths of Diana, now environed by a paper-mill; and difficult would it be in the modern building, with its long low apartments and vigorous activity, to trace any remains of the chaste goddess. May we hope that the impressions made on the paper there produced, do no discredit

to the virtuous spirits who considered one stolen glance to be expiated only by the death of the offender!

The town contains few traces of antiquity, and none of any note; here and there a wall, an arch, a column—but little more: the extensive burial-grounds of the Turks are picturesque in the extreme. They never at least not for a very long period of years—turn up ground where a body has been buried; therefore as you walk beneath the stately cypresses that tower up so gracefully, you pass from the dead of old to the modern dead. Where the younger cypress springs, the tomb-stone is bright and new. Among the older graves, those of ages and generations gone exhibit the best ruins of ancient Smyrna; for pillar, carved work, and altar stone, have been culled from the ruins to mark where rest the dead. The scenery is fine; the mountains close round, and except the want of leaves to the trees, all looked fresh and green.

The sight most worthy to be seen, however, is the view from the castle itself; save the remains of the statue of Polycarp, the building has little interest. Of vast extent, great solidity, and in a fine

situation, it has little about it of the picturesque: the view, however, from its summit is one of surpassing beauty. The bay is beneath your feet, the town at them. The eye roams over the mosques appearing amidst the other buildings; the quaint old domes, the spiral cypress in large groves; the various-hued mountains, and far off, the high land of Scio floating on the sea. Round the hills are numerous traces of antiquity;—an aqueduct, wells, amphitheatre, curious old arch, &c.

We walked back through the Turkish quarter. Here are many remains of the ancient cities; entablatures in the walls, well carved stones used as bricks, and other barbarities.* As we descended its silent streets, a young girl opened her veil: one glance was all we were permitted, and then the envious sheet closed round again. But a face of more rapturous beauty I never saw. At the time, my knowledge of Turkish was small—let me own it—nothing; so had she addressed me, the pearls beyond price which such words might probably be,

* The arch near the amphitheatre, probably of one of the dens for animals for the arena, exhibits beautiful workmanship, and the fitting of the stones is well worthy of attention. They do not seem to need a key-stone, though there is one. It is now partly filled with rubbish. Strange! Even during my stay, a sharp-sighted Englishman found a coin in the castle: it was of copper, too much defaced for us to discover its inscription.

would have been thrown before swine. My star was, however, in the ascendant—I was fated to meet her again.

Smyrna is too travelled ground to need description. Visited twice a month by steamers, every shop-boy knows it well, has wandered over its bazaars, smoked his pipe at the Douane, and spoken of it as "the East." Let us hurry beyond, and on to the real East,—the far, far desert of the free.

It will not, however, be out of place here to mention an instance of rather doubtful justice, the theme of every tongue during our stay. England is a great nation, and Englishmen the greatest of people; there are, however, among English subjects some bad. Among these we may class many of the Greeks and Maltese that throng the Levant. Our government is jealous of all interference with her subjects by the Porte, and from the extreme difficulty of condemnation by a court at a distance, these blackguards are the terror of the towns; and yearly Pera is set on fire by these fellows in hopes of gain during the confusion.

At Smyrna, five or six men set all authorities at defiance, and became the terror of the place. After a long run of success, they resolved to attack

the Austrian consul's house, and meeting one of his native servants, made him promise under threats of death to leave a door open, and assist them in their adventure. Honest or frightened, he betrayed the plan to his master, who desired him to do as he had been commanded, but to warn him when a day was fixed. The evening arrived, the bolts were withdrawn, and armed kavaises ready within. The robbers, four in number, entered the house at the appointed time; and being allowed to penetrate to the inner court-yard, were there cut down. Not a scratch did the kavaises receive; so spite of assurances to the contrary, I believe the robbers were unarmed, as four men do not kill four without a wound. This certainly rid Symrna of a desperate gang; but the means can hardly be justified. Three were killed in the court, one managed to drag himself off, and died in a coffee-house close by.

Let us turn from such a dubious theme, and, ascending the castle hill, rest at its south-western gate. Cast the eye up the wall, and you will see a mark, as of something removed. There stood the statue of Polycarp,* martyred in the amphi-

* Polycarp was born in the reign of Nero, and suffered martyrdom A. D., 167, at the age of 100 or 110 years. The flames according to

theatre after more years of usefulness than are usually given to man. His statue was piously replaced here with honour by the descendants of those to whom he had taught the way of life. Avoiding persecution, he had originally fled from the town; but being taken and brought back, he suffered, blessing the Christians, praying for his murderers, and thanking the Lord who deemed him worthy to suffer in His cause. His statue, now but a shapeless trunk of marble, lies in a hole at our feet; it was spared for many years, and but a short time since fell a prey to some fanatical Moslems. After a few days spent in seeing the immediate environs, in pretty rides and pleasant walks, we prepared to start in the Grand Turk steamer for Beyrout.

monkish legends, refused to burn him. On being struck with a spear, the blood flowed from his wounds so as to quench the flames. His soul, in the form of a dove, fled from the wound up to heaven. The statue was larger than life, and of white marble.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from the Port—Passengers on board the Steamer—Scenes on Deck—Arrival at Rhodes—General Appearance—Where the Colossus probably stood—Tachtalu—Coast of Pamphylia—Anchor at Tarsus—Description of that place—The Ansaryii—Their Religion — Alexandretta — Town — Harbour — Pillar recording the Miracle of the Prophet Jonas—Kutchak Ali, the Robber Chief—Murder of Sir Christopher Jones, and by whom — The Issus—Darius and Alexander—Tancred, and Godfrey of Boulogne—Beilan described—Tomb of Abderahman Bey—Government of Ibrahim Pasha—Latakia, its ancient History—Wife of the British Consul—Aspect of the Town of Latakia—Its Exports—Adjacent Country—Departure from Latakia.

ACCORDING to the singular circuitous mockery of business peculiar to the Turkish authorities, we had, after leaving the wharf where we had fee'd the officers to reimbark what we had previously fee'd them to land, to pull to the Lazaretto and take on board a health officer, though another had already preceded us. Arriving on board the steamer, no easy affair, as she was pitching and diving, and surrounded with other boats, we found her decks crowded with subjects of the Sultan. Masses encumbered the decks, and our voluminous baggage was thrown into the passive heap, and

kicked about until it found quiet in the hold. The numbers thus congregated were principally pilgrims, on their way to Jerusalem and to the Jordan; though others on more worldly journey bent, were mingled with the rest. Each family had taken a spot on the deck, and there, piled over with coverings, and surrounded with their goods, they remained during the voyage; one side of the after-deck was alone kept clear for the first-class passengers, and even this was often invaded by others who wisely remarked that we had cabins below.

Each family forms a scene in itself, and an epitome of life in the East is found by a glance around. Four merchants on their return from a trading tour, have bivouacked between the sky-lights; and they sing and are sick; call kief and smoke, with true Moslem indifference. On the starboard quarter, our notions of Eastern domesticity are sadly put out, for there a Moslem husband is mercilessly bullied by a shrill-voiced Houri. It is curious to observe her perseverance in covering her face, even during the agonies of sea-sickness. Their black servant has taken us into the number of licensed ones, and her veil

now hangs over her neck like a loosened neck-cloth.

On the other side, a Greek family in three generations, lies along the deck, fortified by a stout man-servant across their legs, whose attentions to the girls during his own heart-rending ailments, is very pretty. The huge grandmother was set on fire and smouldered away most stoically, until her foot began to burn, when, while others put her out, she sunk blubbering to sleep again. The pretty grand-daughters find the long lie more irksome ; but send their flashing eyes about with careless movement, and so the mass goes on. Here one appears to be offering up *nazam*, but nearer inspection shows his shoe is only receiving the offering to the heaving waves.

Our steamer had passed sad hours of toil, and pitched and tossed us all out of temper before we entered the calm waters to leeward of Rhodes, and at last, passing the low points covered with detached houses and windmills, we shot round in front of the harbour. Our view of the intervening coast had been too vague to form a judgment upon it ; but here and there a peak towered up above the mists, all else being veiled by the cloudy sky.

Passing the first harbour, divided from the other but by a reef, against which the swell beat passionately, we shot by castle and fort and dropped anchor near a Turkish man-of-war. Being in quarantine none were permitted to quit the vessel, so midst coaling and dirt were passed our hours here.

No place it has ever been my fortune to visit, more, by its appearance, justifies its character than this. Around the harbour's shore, one continued line of high castellated wall, unbroken save by flanking towers or frowning portals; from the wave on either side, dovetailed to the rock, rise the knightly buildings, and as the eye reaches round, no dissonant work mars the effect, save that one lofty palm rears its tropic head; but it adds to rather than lessens the effect. Above the walls, a mosque with its domed roof or minaret appears, and the fragile building speaks, how truly, in its contrast to the massive walls and ponderous works of former rulers, that the battle is not always to the strong.

On the northern corner is a more sheltered dock almost, for walls from either banks nearly meet within. Some small vessels lay moored, and their

rest seemed indeed enviable as we rolled heavily in the outer harbour. It is across this probably that the Colossus strode, else he was a giant indeed. The day dragged on; one health officer got his arm crushed; the poor old man bore it admirably; and at last, with all the changeableness of Mediterranean weather, the sun set in a cloudless sky and in a sea unruffled by a cat's-paw; the moon shone down on the old towers; not a light broke their gloomy outline. Ere the scene was half admired, we were again steaming out into the dark expanse, our funnel making the only cloud that broke the uniformity of blue and star-studded sky overhead.

And now along the coast, the high snow-capped mountains of Lycia, till at noon we bring Tachtalu (7800 feet high) on the beam, and coast along Pamphylia. They want, however, the depth that gives to mountains their most brilliant beauty; those mystic shades of valley and gorge which, filled by the imagination, render the scene one of grandeur and magnificence. Passing Khelidonia, the steamer stood across the bay of Adalia, and as the evening drew on, the high land of Thracia was seen in the misty distance. By port Anumurium

ruins of an aqueduct and other scattered works lay strewn about; but Watts tugged us on before half our curiosity was gratified. The hills along the coast assumed a lower, less grand, and more barren appearance. Snow no more; a stunted vegetation half concealed the barren rock. At Aphrodasias, under Cape Cavaliere, a ring of ruins was distinctly visible; but for the rest it seemed as if it was undiscovered, unvisited land: not a trace of man or civilisation met the eye.

In the evening the steamer anchored at the port of the antient and modern Tarsus. The village, a modern place, built within the last twenty-five years, to assist the increasing trade to the interior, stands on a low unhealthy plain, which stretches inland nearly 150′, affording pasturage for the wandering Turkomans and their numerous herds. To the north the range of Lycian hills ran along till lost in the distance; snow lay on the summit, but the good spirit of warmth was in the ascendant, and warmth made all look well; camels in long strings, laden mules and horses at the gallop, spoke of trade and traffic.

Long ago this scene looked on beauty and on fame. Up that stream which now scarce forces its

silvery thread through sand and rock, the galley of Cleopatra floated in all her pride, in the height of her beauty and magnificence; there freighted with conquest, she sailed when she went to subdue the bravest general of Rome, the Conqueror of Conquerors.

The few houses were mostly those of the consuls, who, residing in the town of Tarsus about 20′ inland, come here merely to transact business. Under the guidance of a health officer we were permitted to land and walk freely about, even to enter the houses and take sherbet and coffee, though his voice warned us from stuffs, sofas, and clothes. To the north of the plain are the fine ruins of Pompeopolis, and in other parts are many objects well worthy of a visit. Near our anchorage stood a venerable tree, surrounded by a low wall, venerated as of peculiar sanctity by the Ansaryii, as marking the burial-place of St. George, one of their most venerated saints.

They are the most prevailing people from this to Tripoli; of their religion nothing hardly is known; their books they keep from prying eyes, and their faith seems a mixture of that of the surrounding people—an obscure Christianity; an impure

Mahometanism. They esteem St. Peter* as their spiritual chief, and even venerate our Saviour in a lesser degree. To the south, along the coast, are vast cemeteries which were described to us, (for, much to our regret, we were unable to visit them,) as of ancient Jews, and even crusaders.

Again we were off, as evening closed in. This is indeed talismanic—to sleep at Tarsus, to rise at Alexandretta—and so we journey for days: each eve the land recedes, each morn we enter on new and varied scenes, with no fatigue save sleeping, no discomfort save repose. It was strange to remark how little the native passengers cared to see; many did not even rise from their beds to look; others glanced up, then sank again grumbling to sleep. Dark and cloud-wrapped as we came on deck, the Amanus lay before us. Rossius and Cassius frowned over the low swamps on which stand the ruins of old, the skeleton of new Alexandretta.

The present town, a wreched collection of hovels, save the few houses of the consuls, stands on the beach. Behind it, in every direction, stretches a swampy plain, below the level of the sea: it is

* I know as little then as others of this singular people. This was what a native passenger told me of them.

fetid and stagnant; no wonder, then, that the plain is unhealthy, and that fever of the most malignant kind rages from May to October. There are few remnants of antiquity near, though several are scattered over the plain. Our Levant company had a fine khan, in whose vaulted stores the water now lies stagnant and putrid: the swamp was caused by a pleasant stream, whose pure, good waters can little contemplate the mess they make. Draining would remove this, and the fertility of the place would soon repay the expense; but the jealousy of the Porte, and the unfortunate position between two Pashalics—those of Adana and Aleppo—have hitherto caused all overtures from Europeans to be rejected. The Pashas each claim it when good or gain is to be got; but as inconsistently reject it when for trouble or loss.

It is a port of some importance, as the port of Aleppo, and the whole of Upper Arabistan. The harbour is splendid: then what a pity some means are not taken to render it healthy. Our consul can name the day on which the fever will attack him; and as he is ill, the view of the grave-yard whither his predecessors have gone in regular and rapid succession, must be far from pleasant.

About three miles to the northward of the town, a marble pillar marks the spot where Jonas was disgorged by the whale. If this event happened during the fever months, he had not much to congratulate himself on the change. In the passages above, the famous robber-chief Kutchuk Ali—literally little Ali—long held an independent sway, stopped travellers, robbed vessels, and a natural death alone relieved the Porte and visitors from his unconquerable rule. At present even the people are semi-independent, and are now resisting the conscription with success; though a large body of troops are in the mountains to enforce it. This coast, in fact, may be deemed the most dangerous to travel on of all the Sultan's dominions. Mountainous and thinly inhabited; nominally reduced, but really factious; not worthy of an army, but evading policy; its easy opportunities of escape and impracticable fastnesses, render it the abode of the bandit and the pirate.

On this coast, though very much further north, poor Sir Willoughby Jones was shot. Justice was sought in vain; the utmost interest could not at that time induce the Porte to convict a Mussulman on the evidence of Christians. The man was

sentenced to the galleys for life ; but obtained his manumission on a jail-delivery on the occasion of some joyful event to the Sultan. He may now be seen at Makri, an oracle among his fellows, and a living proof that Franks may be murdered with impunity. It was my good, or rather evil fortune to meet him at a coffee-house. On quitting the room he swaggered against me ; being about to enter from the street, I pushed him down the steps with some violence. Being well armed at the time, he only threatened me ; whether he would have dared attempt to injure me or not, I had no means of judging, as I left the place some few hours afterwards. My servants, however, were fearful he would, and rode with great caution for two or three days.

On the north-east portion of the bay is the Issus. Here history seems to have fixed the spot where Darius and Alexander met. A tel and a few stones alone remain, on the north of the Pindarus, now a petty stream : they probably mark a flank or centre of the Persian position. From these positions, the right bank being hilly and difficult, and the left, from whence Alexander led his force, flat and low, the danger of the attack is evident ;

and well and gallantly must each of his men have done their duty to win the day. From the ease with which they crossed the river, the action probably occurred in the summer, or early in the autumn. Nor must Darius have been soft and effeminate if, as historians relate, he rode from here, without rest, to the Euphrates. His treasure, wife, family, and arms fell into the hands of the conqueror, who would neither see nor hear of the latter respecting their misfortunes. He dismissed them with honour and without ransom. Tancred in the first crusade, probably led his forces round by the shore of the gulf; the rest passed over the steppes of Mount Taurus. But he would naturally follow this route from Tarsus, which he had just retaken. This was also the northern frontier won by the gallant descendants of his brother Godfrey. It would extend this work beyond all limit to mention more of its historic vicissitudes.

During our stay we procured horses and, accompanied by the kind and intelligent consul, started for Beilan, a village in the mountains about nine miles off, on the road to Aleppo, and supposed by some to be the third of the three Cilician, or Syrian gates.

Threading our way through the muddy village we emerged on a paved causeway in its rear, the only safe road through this swampy morass, over which we passed to the foot of the mountains, and then commenced the ascent of the Amanus. The road winds up an ascending gorge, the hills clothed with luxuriant trees or well-cared vines; bold and rocky heights exhibit views of much beauty; the eye upturned rests on bolder, higher eminences backwards over the muddy plain, in the distance green and pretty; over the deep waters of the bay. North over tract, plain, and hill famous and recorded in history, till lost in the lofty mountains of Cilicia. South it skirts along the track of the bay, kept in by the Jabel Keskrik, till it ends in the turret's peak of Mount Rossius, the modern Point Khangir, or Pig Point.

Every foot of road is trodden on by history: armies in the flush of victory have stepped, with lofty strides, these narrow ways; fugitives, in rapid haste, have rushed along its paths; pursuers, thirsting for blood, have dashed on impatient of its difficulties; Heathen, Moslem, Christian cries have reëchoed and died in its now quiet dells. Here Cyrus passed; here Xenophon, unfamous

then, marched through to war—he knew not where. In a less time than usual, we reached Beilan, a pretty village built on either side of a narrow valley, the houses rising on terraces one above the other. Unlike those of the surrounding country, they are flat-roofed, and, like them, built of mud. Each roof forms a fore-court for the house above it. The village is large, and many opulent Turks live in it.

Formerly, when the trade of Aleppo was greater, the Franks made it their summer residence; but their houses are now closed, or degraded into cottages. The air is pure and wholesome, and fever little known. A noisy stream dashes through the centre of the valley, plunging over stones and rocks; it freshens the scene, and supplies a constant coolness and healthy wealth to the inhabitants. It is down this valley that the north-east wind rushes to the bay; its tubular shape condenses its force, so as to spout it on the shipping there with destructive force. However, they have sea-room behind to run to.

On entering, an old aqueduct on the south adds beauty to the scene; with its droppings, water-creepers and plants that now shelter in its rents.

On a platform is the tomb of Abderahman Bey, the last of the hereditary chiefs of the place, who, a robber, murderer, and villain during his life, is now worshipped by the Mussulman population of the place as a saint. He has been dead some sixty years, but his tomb is freshly repaired by his pious followers. His grandsons form a council, and rule the district, having ousted the Cadi, who was appointed by the Pasha. He resisted a long while, but the feeling of the people went with their hereditary tyrants, and the Cadi's office sank into a sinecure. He now and then fulminates fierce orders; but, like many others, they are never obeyed.

After receiving the kind though dirty hospitality of a native, we started back. The evening was cool and delightful. Alexandretta now lay like an island in its swamp; the pilot-jack was up, and scarce were we bundled on board, over pilgrims and people, before we were off. Above Beilan is a village called Mortawan, where, in its debased customs, the curious trace the remains of the ancient rites of Venus. I have been told that these rites have been kept from time immemorial, and the people brave the disdain and abuse of

their neighbours sooner than quit their immemorial custom. Strangers are freely admitted; and he who offered not wife or daughter would be considered a niggard and degenerate.

I forgot to mention in our ride a pass where the road is encroached on by the head of a valley that runs off at right angles with it, and clothed with thick wood, offers ready concealment. The government of Ibrahim Pasha in the country was fair and good: his justice was prompt and stern, and affording such a contrast to the dilatoriness and peculation of the Turks, could not but be valued by all. To the Christians he was kind and fair; but that does not apply here. He said himself, and said truly, "Were it not for the conscription, I should be adored." But, knowing the insecure tenor of his rule, he was forced to maintain an enormous army greatly disproportionate to the population, and which, in fact, would in ten years have depopulated the land. On one occasion his emissaries had made a good haul, as fishermen say, of five mountain men, and were on their way back to Aleppo by this path. As they passed this spot, the fellows, though bound together, cast themselves, with one accord, into the hollow,

cast and, amidst firing, noise, and confusion, all escaped.

Again the vessel cuts the wave. The mountains become a feeble, bleached outline, save Cassius on the north, who frowns on his unrecorded fame. Yes, noble hill! though not so high as Strabo tells; though not lofty and imposing; though dark thy path now, unnoticed, solitary; there blazed up the last effort of the flame of pagan civilisation: there Julian the Great—whatever name bigots may give him—offered his solemn sacrifice to Jupiter the Avenger, previous to his last campaign, when the eagles were to wave over Mesopotamia.

The Sabbath dawned fresh, unclouded, and beautiful, as we anchored in the pretty little port of Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. The town of Latakia, built by Seleucus Nicator, in honour of his mother, is comprehended in the Pashalic of Saida, or Beyrout. It stands on a spur of the Ansayrii Mountains. About half a mile inland, the spur falls into the sea, and forms Cape Zairet; the town stands on its southern slope, and is joined, by gardens and a port, to the sea. The port is small and well sheltered; but time, Turks, and ruins are filling it up. The buildings on the shore,

having their backs to the sea, present the appearance of a fortification. On a reef of rock that shelters the harbour, stands a pile of building of different eras. It seems to be castle, mosque, and church. Along the beach lie hundreds of shafts of columns, and many are built into the walls, of whose remains you catch a glimpse on the southern side.

Latakia has played a smaller game than most of the Syrian towns. It was founded B.C. 300, and received its name in honour of the founder's mother. The Jews settled in it in great numbers, and were granted the same privileges as the Greeks and Macedonians. In the third century of the Christian era, it was pronounced unable to bear the expenses of building a temple to Tiberius, though its revenues then were great, and it bore the remains of vast ancient splendour. It has generally fallen under the race, or conquerors, that held Aleppo. It surrendered to the first crusade, they marching down the coast and taking the cities to Jaffa. It possesses many ancient remains, and the people appear happy and prosperous. The hill on which it stands was gay and green with gardens, and the holiday made the gardens

and houses bring forth gaily-dressed men and white, veil-covered, ghost-like women. We landed as soon as possible, and receiving a very needless, lengthy examination at the Quarantine, were afterwards allowed to pass on.

How delightful it is to be again in a land one loves; among people one has known before; among those whose language and manners are familiar to one! Now for the first time the reality of travel broke on me: the wish to welcome each passer by: to be friends with—to conciliate all. No grog-shops and marks of civilisation marred the sight: if a word was spoken it was Arabic, and I had no longer to exclaim, as the slave Dames did, "What a cursed tongue these dogs speak." A walk of twenty minutes through walled-in lanes, amidst fallen ruins, and then through the narrow picturesque streets of the town, brought us to the consul's. His house is one of the best, and himself and brother represent half the sovereignties of the world.

His wife, already celebrated by former travellers, and who well deserved their utmost praise, received us most civilly. She possessed a face of medallion beauty of the highest classic caste, yet it wanted

not the soft beauty more peculiarly Syrian. Some traveller had written on the wall of the guest room the following rhapsody, to which the whole of our party subscribed their names. "Oh lovely and intelligent creature, why did you marry till I came ?"

We started off to see all we could in the short space allowed previous to the departure of the steamer. The town is built of stone, the houses good, and flat roofed, the streets narrow—by far the best plan in hot climates, whatever the Health of Towns' Commission may say. There are connecting arches across the streets to support the walls. The bazaars are good, and well supplied. The streets have a high raised trottoir on either side, between which is a narrow path for horses, so that a man riding does not overtop the foot passengers.

The chief export from here is tobacco, for which it is famous; it now exports about 3000 quintals yearly; the greater portion to Egypt. However, a market is now opening for it to Marseilles, so the quantity will soon increase. Besides this, it exports a little oil and silk; it also produces fruit of a superior description, and its oranges are famed

all over Northern Syria. It now contains 7000 houses;* and its population consists of 5000 Turks, 200 Catholics, and 1800 Greeks.

The adjacent country is Ansayrii. The persons I asked attributed to them a Greek origin—why, they knew not. We examined many remains, none of any peculiar interest till we came to the ruins of a temple, now a mosque. The pillars are about twenty-four feet clear, of the Corinthian order, and standing twelve or fourteen feet apart: they probably formed the portico of some temple; but the mosque and surrounding buildings prevented a further examination. Near it we saw the noble triumphal arch attributed to Septimus Severus, a native of Syria. The ornaments are good, and its commanding situation shows it off to the best advantage. Much more remained; the

* This was probably a mistake, and 7000 people, I should think, would be nearer. In the East they always reckon by houses: thus, you ask how many houses such or such a place has? About five persons are generally allowed to a house; but the authorities, natives, &c. are proverbially ignorant of such matters. A census has been endeavoured to be made this year, but it bears no approach to correctness. The Easterns have a strong prejudice against numbering their people; all deem it unlucky—the Mussulmans, as directly against the command of their prophet. They all also have a shrewd suspicion it is connected with further taxation; or worse—more dreaded than all—with the conscription. Their aversion to the army is extraordinary in so warlike a people.

ruins of the ancient Acropolis, tombs in the neighbouring rocks, &c., but we were forced to hurry off.

Latakia, however, thus hastily seen, appeared to me perfect—visions of fair women, of Eastern streets, of what I once lived in, and long to live in yet, as we steamed off. The place looked venerable in its ruins, gloomy in its age-worn buildings, but smiling in its verdure, and all alive with the flutter of veils and women.

Latakia was the birth-place of the famous Bishop-poet, Appollinaris, A.D., 362: his son also was a poet and philosopher. They endeavoured to supply to the Christian youth the literature of the ancients, which Julian forbade them to read. Here also is still retained the old and pretty custom of greeting on Easter-day; and soft voices from Christian hearts even now salute on that blessed day, with "Christ is risen, brother!" South of this harbour, close in to the coast, lies the island of Ruad, the ancient Aradus, once a large independent city. It is now seldom visited. The inhabitants are said, by tradition, to have derived their water from a sub-marine fresh spring, over which they placed a leaden bell, whilst others obtained the water fresh at the surface.

CHAPTER IV.

Beyrout — Description by Lamartine — Meeting with old friends — Beyrout, as it now is—Policy of the Pasha—Progress of the Turks — Influence of European Consuls — European Ball given to the Pasha — Ball given to the Turkish Ladies — Their Acknowledgment of the Courtesy and its Effect—Second Tomb of Jonas—Sidon—Old Friends there—Call of the Muezzin—Prayers of the Mahomedans—Antiquities of Sidon—Its refusal to admit Ibrahim Pasha—Lady Hester Stanhope and her attendant—Stud of the Emir Beshir.

"AND, I pray thee, let me go over and see the goodly land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." What was denied to the Lawgiver of old was permitted to us, and at early morning we were at anchor beneath it in the bright blue waters of Beyrout. It would be vain to attempt a description. Lamartine's rhapsodies, dear Warburton's poetic prose, have displayed the view to the world in happier phrases than could fall from my pen. They have monopolised the prettiest form of laudatory words, the happiest expressions of descriptive praise.

Yet Beyrout deserves them all. The views of the mountain range are superb, and the various-

tinted plain forms no unworthy foreground; the town was outwardly transformed to a white-housed Frank place. Within, however, it still is a capital specimen of the Eastern city, its narrow passage, streets closed in by arches, the strictly latticed overhanging windows, the low doors, the old walls, with here and there the columns of handsome workmanship built in, the old grey khans, the marble-paved mosques, the Eastern baths, bazaars, and cafés,—all are worthy of inspection.

It was with boyish enthusiasm I had gazed at it before; it was with calmer emotions, yet pleasureable still, that I looked over it now. We landed at Turkino's, and old acquaintances of many ranks soon crowded around me. Breakfast over, we sat upon the terrace; the pipe sent up its first incense, a meet sacrifice, and the news of the place was heard.

> "Some were dead, and some were gone,
> Some were scattered and alone,
> And some were rebels on the hills."

The wildest, freest and best had gone as they ever do. Some had risen; some had fallen; the young timid maid was the matronly wife—the happy mother; boys were now grown to couriers, and the courier settled into the innkeeper. Every

moment brought some old companion. With this one I had been once robbed by the Ansayrii; with that captured by the Druses; with another had fled from the fierce-pursuing Arnouts. Each was an episode in my history, and all made up the chapters of the freer, happier portion of my life. But the old spirit was upon me, and I resolved to start at once for the road.

Beyrout, since my last visit, now eight years ago, has nearly doubled in its size: each Christian merchant has now his villa. The Franks have pleasant houses surrounded by green gardens; the wastes around us all cultivated, rich mulberry groves, fruit trees, and other verdure, imbed the whole in one mass of green. Enquiring of a native the cause of all this prosperity, he at once imputed the whole of it to the Sultan's visit. "Ibrahim Pasha," he said, "first treated the Christians well and taught them that the possession of wealth was no direct crime; but the presence of the Padishah blessed us, and now we prosper." Prosper it does—whether from the benign visit of the man-slayer (one of the Sultan's titles), or from the reform forced on him by the English ambassador, I leave unsettled. But now new and good houses spring

up on every side: the indolent Turk must either give way, or pocket his dignity, and move. When I was here before, one small schooner ran once a month, now three large steamers during the same time find good work. The Boockrah (to-morrow) of the Turk is lost, and he boldly exclaims, "The steamer goes; I must do so and so to-day."

The presence of European consuls also, while it affords great protection to trade, does away with nearly all cases of oppression, furnishing a proof of what can be done by a fair and equitable government. A ball had been given by the Frank residents some time before our arrival, to which the Pasha and the principal officers of his government were invited. On their return home they praised the Frank women, the dresses, &c., and above all, the beautiful dances in which they had joined the fair houris of the west. So lavish was their praise, that the helps of the true believers felt their blood boil and their hearts big for revenge.

Calling on some Frank ladies, they repeated the stories they had heard, and begged a similar exhibition might take place before them, stating that no male Caffer* was to be present. An evening was

* Infidel—the Giaour of the Turk.

appointed; they came, and several Frank ladies present stood up and danced waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, &c. On the conclusion of the festival, the slaves of the Pasha's wife put a purse of gold into each of the dancers' laps. Down went the Westerns in a faint; cries, hysterics,—was ever such an insult! The Pasha's wife calmly departed, saying, she had only followed her country's custom of paying dancers.

The history of Beyrout * has been often told, and it is vain seeking for new matter among my papers:—let us to horse. The Salome of Warburton, no longer as of yore, speaks soft words of safety for my journey. She is an old matron, and says we are bad people, but the horses are as fresh

* The origin of the name is ascribed to the Arabic word Birath, a well. The *ath* must have been put for the sake of euphony; *Bir* is a well. But it seems to me, (for I have no authority up in these wilds to strengthen my opinion), to be more probably derived from the Greek Βήρυτ.

The ancient town may probably have been founded by the General of Alexander, to whom Syria fell in the division of his empire. Far also from its being a place of wells, the water consumed is brought into the town, not one well existing within the walls. Its roads cut in the rocks, and numerous remains, mark it as a place of importance ages ago.

Among the remains of antiquity at Beyrout, tesselated pavement shows itself here and there, particularly after rains, on the road between Beyrout and Rars Beyrout; also the remains of a sea wall and other artificial works in the cliffs. Frequent pillars are visible here and there about the bazaars; and there are one or two remains on the Maidan to the north of the town.

as their fathers, we rode; and the same lanes lead us by the same road. Passing out through garden and grove, I followed a route, peculiarly my own, by the sea. Jumped two walls for old association's sake, for which the owner condemned my father's beard to be burnt, and my mother to bear no more children, and was soon fairly on the sands alone on my travels.

Beyond Beyrout, to the south, the mountains swerve back, leaving a beautiful plain. On their varied sides lay villas, convents, and gardens. I passed the second tomb of Jonas I have met already (few men have so many mansions), and at sunset was on the rough road round the ancient point, Adonis. The sun set gloriously over the ocean, one blaze of light; henceforth he sets not on the sea for me. And what is in the book? "Will these eyes e'er see him thus?" My moralising was stayed by a sound ducking from the Nahr el Damur; but we galloped on and were barked at by the dogs of Sidon ere the boots were empty of the holy waters.

The gates were opened by a silver key, and I was soon in the arms of one of my best and dearest friends. Time had a litttle played about his hair;

but spared with pitying hand his truly beautiful wife. No change was in her—ten years before she was as now. The first greetings over, the girl I had known a babe, peeped slily up; but where was the older, darker beauty? Alas! so it ever is. In the beautiful words of that poet of our soul, Longfellow:

> "There is no flock however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair.
> The air is full of farewells to the dying,
> And mournings for the dead;
> The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
> Will not be comforted."

Their news was told, how, save one loss, all was well; the worms spun merrily, the plough throws cheerily, while I had, like a bad merchant, returned to them with but the hair upon my head.* My welcome, however, was most warm; and we passed the evening delightfully.

For the edification of quiet people at home, and those who dread Eastern travel for their sons, from its debaucheries and the pleasures presented them,

* On the western coast of Africa, when a merchant returns from a trading voyage, his friends and acquaintances assemble to welcome him. He spreads before them such presents as he has brought for each, and relates the adventures of his journey, and the profit he has made. If it has been a bad trade, the carpet before him remains unspread with gifts; he removes his turban, and says, "I am a fool; I have brought back but my hair."

let me say they may banish most of their fears. If a young man is inclined to drink during four-fifths of his time, he must do so alone, and he may traverse the land from Beyrout to Bombay without seeing the face of woman, or in familiar conversation hearing the sound of her voice. The illnesses incidental to travellers, indeed, are many, and his risks of death from them great. Look at the numbers of our countrymen who fall and lie buried everywhere! but the smile of beauty is really accorded but to few except in the houses of consuls, &c.

Mattresses were spread on the ground of the sitting-room, a thinner one folded at the feet to use as a coverlid. My host and family retired, and I was soon in the land of dreams. At midnight the Muezzin's call awoke me: the minaret from whence he shouted was close to the window of the room I slept in, and it was with little regret that I lay awake and listened to the beautifully rich voice that thus broke on the stillness of the night to bid the faithful rise and pray. His voice, full and clear, rose on the silence, swelled through the gloom; and taken up, as by an echo from the further

mosques, melted away into the depths of night and all around was a solemn stillness.

The calls are a good deal varied by different Muezzins, but the following is the general call: "Allah Akber, Allah Akber, eschadou in la illah ilallah eschadou in Mahomet Ressoul Allah hi alle fallatt hi alle fallatt Allah Akber Allah Akber, Allah Akber Allah Akber, la illah illallah." God is great, God is great; God is great. Show that there is but one God; show that Mahomet is his prophet. Come and present yourselves to the mercy of God, and ask forgiveness of your sins. God is great, God is Great; there is no other God but God!

It is hard to discover whence we got our word mosque from, as such a term is totally unknown to the Mussulmans. It is, however, probably a degeneration from Madjni; but the term in ordinary use is Djamma, literally "place of assembly;" and what we call the minaret is madjni. The men who call the muezzin have generally, unless at the largest mosques, some other calling. This one I subsequently found was a dyer of calico. Prayer is particularly enjoined by the Koran; and though charity in its most extended meaning is placed before it, still it is necessary to salvation. Accord-

ing to the Koran, the Lord taught Adam words of prayer after his fall, for as it beautifully expresses it :—"And God turned unto him, for he is easy to be reconciled and merciful." Again, their prophet says : "Be constant in prayer and give alms ; and what good ye have sent before for your souls, you shall find it with God. Surely God seeth that which ye do."*

Mahomet, it is averred, was himself enjoined to pray and celebrate the praise of the Lord "before the rising of the sun and before the setting thereof, and to praise Him in the hours of the night, and in the extremities of the day, that thou mayest be well pleased with the prospect of receiving favour from God." Again : "Be constant in prayer, for prayer preserveth a man from filthy crimes and from that which is blameable, and the remembering of God is surely a most important duty." In another chapter : "And be ye turned unto Him, and fear Him, and be constant in prayer, and be not idolatrous." They were allowed to shorten their prayers in war, or even omit them in times of pressing danger : if this was done without sufficient cause, they were to seek pardon in prayer, "for He is indulgent and merciful." The particular

* These, and the following, are extracts from the Koran.

hours were not named precisely. The prophet says: "Regularly perform thy prayer at the declension of the sun, at the first darkness of the night, and the prayer of day-break; for the prayer of day-break is borne witness unto by angels."

These hours have been subjects of endless controversy: the declension of the sun is by many interpreted as the noon, by others as sunset. Commentaries have been written on either side. At present, the more usually received hours of prayer and muezzin calls are: Salaam, one hour and a half before sunrise; El Doohr, at noon; El Asser, from two to three hours before sunset; El Mougarat, sunset; Nussuf El Layl, midnight.* The Koran gives no precise form of prayer; but the following verse, which those who have seen the Mussulman pray must allow he obeys, is very beautiful: "Call upon God, or call upon the Merciful; by whichsoever of the two names ye invoke Him, it is equal, for He hath most excellent names. Pronounce not thy prayer aloud, neither pronounce it with too low a voice; but follow a middle way between these, and say,

* The five hours of prayer are also called Fidger, Suback, Aser, Mougurib, Lilak, or Ashee.

'Praise be unto God who hath not begotten any child, who hath no partner in the kingdom, and magnify Him by proclaiming his greatness.'"

They are also enjoined to pray previous to commencing the reading of the Koran, and to invoke God in these words: "I have recourse unto God for assistance against Satan driven away with stones."* The injunctions to pray are numerous, nor can the meed of respect be withheld from them for the way the Mussulman fulfils them. Rising from his business, his carpet spread, he composes his mind; his face towards Mecca, he reverently prays; abstracted from all around, he calmly supplicates his God. In the road, on the sea, in the mart, the camp, the wild, or the solitary room, as the hour arrives, divesting himself of the world, putting off his shoes,† in respect to Him before whom he bows, he humbles himself before the Lord God in calm and holy prayer. Many, it is to be regretted, never pray; but a lesson is read us to which both heathen and Christian may listen with profit.

* In this they, as well as all Eastern travellers, follow the command of the Old Testament: "Put off thy shoes, for the ground on which thou standest is holy." The climate would not permit, still less their head-dress, the following the commandment of the New, "to pray uncovered." The Christians, however, remove theirs, at particular portions of the service.

† This refers to a legend the reader will find in the early fathers, and referred to in the Koran; where, however, no explanation is offered.

In the morning at daylight, the household was astir. I was regaled with coffee, nargilehs, and under the guidance of my host, paid a visit to the curiosities of the place. Sidon, that city famous for its antiquity and the renown of its founder, the begotten of Canaan—"Sidon, where the fair and clear glasses was made, and which is the mother of the great Thebes and Beotia"—the mother of Tyre, has been often described. Like most of the cities of Syria, it has undergone revolutions and changes, stood sieges, repulsed conquerors, subdued and been subdued, persecuted and been persecuted. Ibrahim Pasha intended to make it the capital of Syria, for which its position is better adapted than Beyrout. The mountain passes in its rear are never closed in winter, and its harbour, which little labour could clear out, would be secure, which that of Beyrout never is. But on Ibrahim's advance, Sidon closed its gates and resisted his march.

Around it are many interesting ruins. It possesses fine baths, and several old mosques. Its khans, more particularly the old Frank khan, is large and well-built; the gardens and fine country around it make it a pleasant residence, and its climate is as good as any in Syria. Josephus

derives the name of Sidon from its founder, the eldest son of Canaan: others supposed it to be derived from the Phœnician word Sidon, fish, of which abundance are found in the harbour. Caught they are not, for except very much distressed for money, no one will pursue such a laborious occupation as fishing.*

Among other things I was taken to the house of an old servant of Lady Hester Stanhope's, where her cup and saucer were preserved with religious care. It was a plain plated metal cup, with L. H. S. engraved upon it; but the attached servant assured me that her ladyship for twenty years used no other. Neither persuasions nor offers could induce her to part with them; they were to me, as to her, interesting relics.

From here we went to see the Emir Beshir's stud. Eight years before I had seen them; in fact for ten years now, they have never been moved, except to shift their hobbles, since his

* Near the gate of the city is a small square building, now neglected. It contains the tombs of such of the Emirs of the Druses as died when Saide was in their possession. The once magnificent Palace of Fakr el Deen is now a mass of ruins. Legend also points out the tomb of the Canaanitish woman; it seems to be the ruins of an old chapel. The tombs, said to be those of the ancient kings of Syria, well merit a visit; but it is too long since I saw them to warrant my describing them without reference to the notes then made, and which were left in England.

leaving the country. Save one or two sent to him at his place of exile, Brusa, and some inferior ones given away, they have remained here. Their hoofs, from want of wear, are turned up at the end. The blood of all is good; but only two claim great admiration, the far-famed mare Hasse-fereemee—a grey mare of upwards of thirty years of age. She would never breed; but at last she did from a donkey. The mule, however, died, since which the Emir says it is Kismet. There is also a chesnut stallion of noble make, but tender-legged and old.

We were shown also a celebrated Arab mare from the Anase Jemeli, or the Beautiful. She was worthy of the pen of a Warburton or a Lamartine: clean grey, with black mane and tail silvered at the end; her skin thin as a kid glove, and the long hair as fine as that which drops over the shoulders of beauty. The eye was bright, wild and flashing; the nostrils full—almost bell-shaped: tall and strong, yet light and active, she well deserved her name—the Beautiful. The sight of such creatures made our own hacks look wretched; but spurs are invented, so mounting the said hacks with many regrets, we were out of the town by noon.

CHAPTER V.

Anxiety to reach Djouni—Antipater the Poet—The road to Djouni—The Kiah and his Daughter—Late Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope—The Life of that Lady—Arab recollections of her—General Lastanau and the Prophecies of Lady Hester—Her eccentricity—Mischances on the Road—The great Hero of the Christians—Palace of Beit ed Deen—The Country of the Yezdeky—Ascent of Barouk—Plain of the Bekaa—Arrival at Jeb Jenin—Dispute of the Geographers.

SKIRTING the beach for a mile or so, we turned up into the mountains, anxious to reach Djouni, Lady Hester Stanhope's former residence. On talking over our projected tour, our hostess said, "You are going to stupid people: the Cairenes, if asked a question, have a ready reply; the Damascene has to hunt for one in her sleeve; the Halebeen has to run to her mother to ask what to say."

Sidon was the birth-place of Antipater the poet, A.M. 3856. He had great powers, and composed verses extemporaneously; he was noted also for regularly having the fever once every year, on the same day—that of his birth, which was also that

of his death. He was one of the most esteemed of the Stoics.

Passing the Anta, or modern river of Sidon, we sent the servants and baggage on to Deir El Khammer while we proceeded at a more rapid pace to Djouni. At a former period, while stationed at Beyrout in a vessel of war, it had been my almost weekly practice to ride to Djouni, and leaving Beyrout at midnight, generally to arrive there at eight or ten in the morning. The day was passed in learning Arabic from ruby lips under the kiosks and shade of the lovely but neglected garden. The night saw me again on horseback, to regain the ship and probably walk a four hours' watch; but long years had passed, and the very face of the country had changed under quiet peace and protection.

The road lay along the mountain side, affording here and there beautiful glimpses of the river and narrow gorge below; every available spot was cultivated; the earth kept from being carried off by stone walls. Thus, the whole mountain side was terrace on terrace, verdant in the young spring, save where some tough boulder of rock refused all compromise and reared his front bald

and barren. The road, a mere goat's track, wound up now on one hill, now on another, crossing the stream with wayward turns, as it jumped and frisked fresh from its native springs. The mountains got higher, and scenery wilder, till, after three hours of patient toil, the much loved spot appeared, but still far off, and we had to wind up and through the small village of Abka.

Here my first endeavour was to find the house of my old friend, the Kiah or head of the village, whose lovely daughter had made the groves of Djouni a paradise. After some trouble we found the house; a middle-aged hag put her head over the terrace, and yelled to us to be gone. "Ya sit,"* I said, "where is the Bint Miriaim?" "Married," was the short reply: a handsome matron showed herself over the terrace; "and I am she." The appearance of a huge mountaineer stopped any desire that arose to recall old scenes; so we descended the hill, and climbed up to the old convent, Lady Hester's residence for so many years. Sad, sad, was the change!

* *Ya sit* means "my lady." It is a term which, being totally undeserved, save by the wives and daughters of the Shebab family, is seldom used to any others. It, therefore, rarely fails to conciliate even the outrageous demons of old women met with only in the East.

Low portions of the walls alone stood: the interior, a green grass-grown heap, formed by the fallen roof and walls; the garden, once a mass of tangled beauty, all the more beautiful, that no hand had watched or trained it for years, was gone; and the cold furrows of the plough gave a sadder appearance to the spot. Some few lemon and lime trees alone were left for their intrinsic worth. The very ground she reposed on was envied by the plough, whose sharp traces had run round it in scraping propinquity. The beautiful kiosks into which, on my last visit, a way had to be forced through honeysuckles and jessamine, were entirely removed: the outer wall around the plateau of the hill alone was left. Her tomb had been respected, and the isolation she sought was indeed perfect:—choosing out the sunniest spot, we lay and mused. Often in other climes and beautiful scenes had fancy strayed back to the bright hours spent amidst this once lovely grove; and now the return to it in desolation seemed but a necessary act in the drama of life. We dream; but rarely does the glad fulfilment come.

A room where once the merry laugh of gay companions rang, now is a grassy bank; its own

green tomb formed our resting-place. Each scene was re-enacted from memory. The bivouac fire and the manly strength; the lonely travel and mournful Arab ditty of love and danger; the soft words from softer lips; the intellectual feast when the future author of the Crescent and the Cross lit up the scene with brilliant words.

It was too sad to linger long; the horses, who probably liked the grass better than the flowers we mourned for, were saddled, and we withdrew down the mountain side, happy that a fragrance had been distilled from those flowers that gave the fragrance of summer, though summer was gone.

"So memory draws from delight ere it dies
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus sweet to my heart as 'twas then to my eyes,
Are those flowers that bloomed on the mountain so dear."

Hers was a sad life, sadder, perhaps, that the stern spirit sought no communion, asked no relief from her kind. Too proud to descend to the humble station of private life, after the notable position she once occupied, she preferred even exile to such a fall, however at first amused and excited, she may have enjoyed it. But imagine the long years of solitude and distress that preceded her

death, embittered by actual poverty, and no longer surrounded by the wild romance of its beginning. Latterly pecuniary embarrassments pressed with redoubled force. Alone and unattended, her life must have been sad beyond measure. Possessed of a large, though certainly most extraordinary collection of books,* she seldom, as her old servants have told me, ever read. Passing most of her time in bed, living on the same fare as the common people, she gradually sank dying alone, and in the same haughty, unconfessing spirit, she had lived.

Though so many years in the country, she merely spoke the colloquial Arabic, and barely could read it; yet who can help admiring the strong will and firm determined resolution displayed in her life. All was consistent: she who had awed the puppy in the most polished circles of the most civilised part of the earth, with the same spirit subdued to her will the proud and

* Her books, which were sold at Beyrout during my former sojourn there, were a most heterogeneous collection. Odd volumes of travels, receipts of domestic physicking, military tactics, French novels, cookery, manuscripts of remedies, cottage architecture, farriery—in fact, on all odd subjects. There were some on gardening; and none who saw her garden can deny that these must have been used: it abounded with every English flower, and was laid out with perfect taste.

haughty chieftains of the land she adopted. Alone, unaided, she defied Ibrahim Pasha, and spite of all his threats maintained her points; uncomplaining she bore the lot she had chosen. Not sullying her resolve with vain complaints and useless words of bitterness, she closed her gates on the world, and died in no communion with it.*

The sheiks and emirs of the mountains have often conversed with me about her, and the elder ones have described in glowing terms the receptions they met with from her in former days. Even the villagers approaching her tomb would cover their eyes and salute it with respect. Their fears of her were great; as though perhaps not inclined to believe her prophetic character, they did not question her power of inflicting temporal evils on themselves. A Frenchman formerly in the service of Ibrahim Pasha, and residing at Sidon, used to relate stories of her in connection with General

* To many of the stories of her no belief ought to be given. Her head servant—who, however, had gone to Sidon on the morning of her death—told me, latterly people used to steal the very utensils from the house. The people of the village, who had formerly suffered much from the tyranny of the servants, even to being forced to labour without wages and supply of food, would not protect her. The outhouses were in ruins then; and latterly her own room would not keep out the rains. This, however, is so usual a defect in the Syrian houses as not to be worth mentioning.

Lastanau, who was some time a guest in her house.

At first she vouched for his prophetic mission, he prophesying about her own. But at last the general appears to have prophesied of himself, and given her but a very subordinate place in the procession in triumph to Jerusalem. On this point they quarrelled, and he was driven to Sidon. She, however, long continued to support him, which he repaid by loud declamations against her prophetic character. His life, as told by Kelly, and also by the Frenchman, was one of the most curious on record. He subsequently died at Sidon.

If, however, her spiritual prophecies were vague, many, as regards temporal affairs, were singularly borne out by the result. In this, doubtless, her strong intellect, and, spite of appearances, her perfect knowledge of all the intrigues of the country, helped her, and there is no doubt she prophesied to a month the battle of Nejeeb, its result, its effects, and also the subsequent recapture of Syria by the Turks and allies. She foretold to almost a day the capture of Sidon, and many other predictions of a like import are well

authenticated. In conclusion, how well these beautiful lines of Byron's may be applied :—

"Meanwhile, I seek no sympathies, nor need:
The thorns that I have reaped are of the tree
I planted;—they have torn me, and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."

Who can wonder at the pride of Lady Hester not descending to private life and poverty, when England's great minister had so flattered her! Who does not remember the story when the king on the slopes of Windsor, condoling with Mr. Pitt on his declining health, said—"Ah! whom shall I look to for advice when you are gone?" "Your Majesty need never want an adviser as long as my niece lives." On one occasion, while at Djouni, she had asked Shiek Besheer Jamblett of Mocktara, one of the most powerful Druse chiefs in the mountains, to dine with her. The sheik arrived, but unfortunately one hour behind the time named by her ladyship. He found the gates closed, and no answer being vouchsafed to his repeated calls, shouts, shots, &c., he and his train had to pick their way through the dirt, seven long hours of mountain road back to his home. Various stories of this sort are told of her; nor would she overlook

the least ceremony due to her rank, which she assumed as equal with that of the princes of the mountains.

Descending the eastern side of the mountain we commenced our journey with a stock of about five words of Arabic and no guide. The result may easily be guessed. We rode on admiring the scenery as it grew wilder and wilder, talking, jesting, quoting, soliloquising, till sunset. The idea then sprang up that we might have lost the road.

Far beyond the inhabited regions the only man we saw ran off at our approach; murmurs, discontents, repentance of our folly, occupied a few hours more. Darkness came on, and with it every prospect of a bivouac without tobacco, food, fire, or cloaks: falls, stumbles, loss of the only road left us, a heavy cold mist, and absolute despair succeeded one another, when huge through the fog came a big old man perched on a very small donkey. He ran off, indeed; but a supper and bed depending on the hunt, we caught him, and by repeated cries of "Iptadeen" and "Backshish" made him understand our wants.

He led us through scenery wild and grand, over

which the fog-sick moon threw a pale light, and, I suppose, alarmed at our appearance, ran away as we reached the village of Deir El Khammer. Here we found our servants had quietly eaten the food they had intended us to eat at an earlier hour, and had retired to rest. Our fatigues, however, were soon forgotten in tea and bed.

At Deir El Khammer at present resides, Abou Semera, the great hero of the Christians. He was a poor muleteer, but on the advance of Ibrahim Pasha, took up the profession of arms, and distinguished himself above all warriors. Fabulous stories without end are told of him. He surpasses the heroic Antar, and like him, killed his thousands and tens of thousands. On one occasion he galloped to the gates of Beyrout while it was held by the Egyptians, hurled his jereed against it, caught it up and retired unwounded by the fire of the enemy. He fires with unerring precision, and aims at full gallop, throwing himself under his horse's belly to reload. He defeated the famous Druse chief, Chiblearean, and Omar Pasha was forced to call in his individual aid to complete the defeat of the Koords. I am thus diffuse on his fabulous history, to introduce the first lines of the verse

written in his favour; they were made and sung by the Christians—

"Fee Sabahein fee Hadderee,
Abou Semera ou Shanteree."

"There are two lions in the land,
Abou Semera and Shanteree."

The Druses alter this to—

"Fee Kelbein fee Hadderee," &c.

"There are two dogs in the land," &c.

April 4th—Deir El Hhamar to Jeb Jenin, eight hours.* Having visited the Palace of Beit ed Deen (Anglice,† the house of religion), formerly, before the soldiers had plugged up its fountains and picked out its mosaic, we started soon after breakfast. The morning was cool and beautiful; our road over paved causeways was a continual ascent in a north-easterly direction; the scenery was of the grandest description; deep green vallies, lofty precipices, ridges covered with snow, slopes clothed in sunshine; before us towered loftier heights that showed there was much to be done before we reached our journey's end.

* Generally written Deir el Khamar. Why? *H*hamar is "moon;" *unde derivatur* the *K*?

† *Beittedden*, also, means in the Syriac language "two teats." This is said by some to be the origin of the name; but I incline more to the other, "the house of faith."

The country around Beit ed Deen is richly cultivated, but here even the mountaneer has deemed it useless to struggle with the rock, and, except a few vines and some thin native goats, there is no sign of cultivation. The Saback Bil Hhair* of the Maronite and Christian has been exchanged for the Salaam Alikoom of the Moslem, and as we ascend the mountain, moist and keen snow-breeze succeeds to sun and heat.

The houses of the villages are smaller—one door, one window; and being built of grey stone, they have an old and ruined appearance. We are now in the county of the Yezdeky, one of the faction of the Druses. I was particularly struck by the enormous distance the voices of the mountaineers can be heard. They speak to each other across the valleys and at distances seemingly impracticable; a peculiar pitch of the voice is required, and a clear distinct pronunciation of the vowels. We waited for some time at some Druse tombs, but could learn nothing of them beyond that they were of sheiks, and much venerated. They had

* Among other salutations of the mountaineers, *Mah habbah* is not uncommon: it is a curious salute, as it literally means "I thank you." In a subsequent chapter, I hope to give at full length all the modes of address; they are infinite.

chosen a lovely resting-place at the head of a beautiful valley. Between the two villages of Feridies or Fridesk and Barrouk, passing the two villages of Rilla Barouk and Barouk,—the one Christian and the other Druse,—we commenced the ascent of the pass of Barouk. Burckhardt had passed it in March, and makes a remark we may repeat, that it is dreadful and covered with snow.

We were one hour and a quarter on the ascent. Naturally steep, the half frozen stream rendered it a work of desperation. The mountain, magnificently awful in its sterility, rose above us; mists of spectral aspect stalked noiselessly about athwart the snow—athwart the rocks, as if they had their homes in its solitary glens. The whole scene was grandly sublime, barrenly magnificent. "Oh, Lebanon where is thy thistle now, where thy cedar? —Why did thy father beget thee?"* But at last we surmounted the steep, and putting the baggage to rights, crossed the snow-drifts.

It was pretty to see where the roaring torrents of the hills and the fertilising stream of the valleys

* 2 Kings, xiv. 9. See the Visnu Purana, Bhogavat Purana, and others. There the Lebanon is said to be the son of Haviosta, cousin of Casius Anti-Lebanus, &c.

were born; how gently at first, ushered by the warm rays of the sun, they parted out of the bosom of the snow bank; anon how joyously they flung themselves from crag to rock, till joined by others, young and fresh as themselves, they disdained restraint and roared down towards the plains. Meanwhile, the poor mother exhausted by the labour, melts away her snowy bosom, dries, and, her offspring gone, dies out. The snow lay in every gulley, and following the track of a man who had luckily gone before us, we passed—not, however, without many falls and bruises—and arrived at the further side. The plain of the Bekaa or Cœlo-Syria lay before us, and sending the baggage on, we lighted our pipes and made kief,* while our eyes feasted on the view.

At our feet was the Bekaa, tinted to every shade; here red from the plough, there whitening with advancing harvest, there green with fresh pastures; the Anti-Libanus rose before us, with Mount Hermon towering up. To the north the plain stretched away beyond the ken; while,

* *Kief:* this word it is quite impossible to translate: it means repose, perfect, thorough and complete.

south, blue mountains, faint from distance, closed in the view. The descent was easy, taking an hour or so; and then a smart gallop over the plain brought us to the Liettiani, a pretty, though lazy stream, the ancient Leontes, which takes its rise a few miles north-east of Baalbec, and flows into the sea, a large river north of Tyre, which we crossed by a long, badly-built, worse-kept bridge; from thence a quarter of an hour brought us to Jeb Jenin, one of the principal villages of the Bekaa.

The keen evening air drove us from our tent, and we gladly sat over a fire, in a house prepared for us. Burckhardt divides this plain into two districts, the Bekaa and Belbech; but doubt may be entertained if they are not two names for the same place. Bekaa means, in the Hebrew, mulberry, which constitutes one of the principal sources of its wealth. The natives frequently call the northern portions also Bekaa. Its principal inhabitants are Mussulmans, with some few Greek Christians. It is, however, scarcely half in cultivation. This arises from the indolence of the Mussulmans, who are sedentary Arabs; the oppression to the Christians; the enormous rents

levied by the holders of the property which, belonging principally to the Sultan, is farmed out to inhabitants of Damascus; and, worse than all, particularly in the northern districts, the incursions of the Metualis, who are a restless, lawless people.

It is disputed whether this is the ancient Cœlo-Syria, some ancient geographers giving that name to the country east of the Anti-Lebanon, commonly known as the Haoran, while some give the name to more northern plains.

CHAPTER VI.

Zea—Some Account of him—Prejudice of Jews against Dogs—Hills around the Anti-Lebanon—Pharpar and Abana—The Keblah—What are its Points—Mahomet and his Commentators—First View of Damascus—Four Paradises of Persian Poets—Damascus one of them—Arrival at Damascus—Certain social Changes in the City—Multitude of Dogs—Their Persecution—Take Refuge in the Hotel de Palmyra.

APRIL 5TH.—Job Jenin to Damascus, thirteen hours.—The morning was keen; went off early, and, leaving the baggage, pushed on at a fast walk. Zea chose our company in preference to that of the more slothful baggage.

It would be but a poor tribute to his worth to pass over this companion of many wanderings, without a more lengthened description. He was one of the most intelligent of his species, and more travelled than any. Originally a gift from an Albanian chief, he was the perfection of a Grecian greyhound. Well-built, tall, and strong, of a perfect white, of great speed, bottom and pluck, he kept up with my horses for many

months. Conscious of his worth, he insisted on the lion's share of my bed and board; and when we occasionally stopped in houses, he ensconced himself in the best corner of the best divan. Unfettered by religious prejudices, he was friendly, as occasion served, with Turks, Koords, and Jews. Now, these several races will not touch, nor hardly tolerate dogs near them. A Turk considers a dog's nose impure, but will, if he wishes for a favour, condescend to pat him elsewhere; but to the Jew and Koord, any contact is a profanation. Zea's irruptions on their carpets was a perfect plague to them, so much so as to compel us to tie him up while visiting them. If, however, they came to us, he kindly patronised them; nor was he easily driven away, for he knew perfectly who was master, and often dislodged the usurper.

On one occasion, a Jew who had imbibed liberal notions with a Russian, whose protection he enjoyed, established himself at my door, and, in spite of threats, refused to move, unless compelled by force. Unwilling to indulge my servants in what they would have delighted in, throwing the intruder, traps and all, into the river, we shut the dog out; and he, finding no access to his usual

bed, took possession of the Jew's. During the early hours of the night, we could hear the sounds of frequent war. In the morning the Jew begged for permission to depart, and that I would order the dog away while he got together his traps; he then advanced, and threw away the remains of his stock of provisions, upon which Zea breakfasted. He had supped on the other part during the evening.*

Crossing the plain obliquely in an E.N.E. direction, we mounted the low hills which cluster round the base of the anti-Lebanon, light, broad vallies, but far less picturesque than their western

* The prejudice of the Jews against dogs is easily accounted for; they held them in abhorrence from the earliest times: thus, flesh unfit for man, was to be thrown to dogs. The next mention of them, however, holds them in higher esteem, "It is better to be a living dog than a dead lion." Dogs ate Jezebel. Job mentions those that triumphed over him, as persons whom formerly he would not have allowed to sit with his dogs. David in his grief exclaims, "Deliver my darling from the power of the dog." St. Matthew bids us not cast what is holy unto dogs. They are frequently mentioned as symbols of evil, as in the list of those shut out of the heavenly Jerusalem, "Without are dogs," &c. Mahomet expressly admits the little dog who followed the holy men, to heaven, and allows his followers to breed up dogs for sporting. They are protected, too, in their streets, both by law and custom. Among the Christian population the prejudice against them is very great. Once, on the road, I was driven out of a village for letting my dog finish a bowl of milk: he was never suffered to drink or eat out of any vessel, though otherwise they exhibited a by no means scrupulous cleanliness. They point out his constantly grubbing about, and cleansing himself with his nose, as indications of his very uncleanly nature. Koords or Turks will repeat their ablutions if accidentally brought in contact with his nose.

brother. Here and there detached rocks lured us from the road by their semblance to ruins. At four hours from Job Jenin we found, on passing through a narrow gorge, several sarcophagi, cut out of the solid rock. The lids, pent-house shaped, were thrown off; some were merely interiorly hollowed, but the others exterior, and all were hewn out. The stump of a column, without pediment, was standing on a recess in the rock, and two other portions of the same lay broken near. The sarcophagus had no inscriptions. The round for the head was in all of these towards the south.

The mountains now lowered into undulating plain, and at each minute we put up frankolin or partridge; but leaving their haunts behind, we wearied on for hours over a rocky plain, save the distant mountains on the right and in our rear, whose cool snow-covered tops but increased the feeling of horror for the plain we trod.

Nothing broke the monotony. The rocks threw back the sun's heat painfully; the heavens overhead, in their cold blue, seemed of brass heated to furnace-heat; the rock beneath our feet, of iron, vibrating and polished, threatening us with sunstrokes and brain fevers. Still we rode on, too weary to spur the cattle on, while they just moved

with subdued energies; but time came to our relief, and we felt as if escaping from purgatory to paradise as we descended into the beautifully green valley of the Barada (Pharpar). Then would we have exclaimed with Naaman, "Are not Pharpar and Abana better than all the rivers of Israel?" Its fresh cool waters flowed along a mere rent in the plain. A belt of greenest green lived on the banks. Birds sang and sported in their branches, made rapid swoops out into the plain, but wiser and steadier grown, dashed back into its deep shades, and sang for very joy of their return. The hawthorn tree, in full blossom, sent forth its sweetest odour; the budding mulberry looked gay and happy, while in the middle the river ran broad, rapid, cool, and fresh. We trod on, fearing it was but a mirage, and would soon disappear, and leave us again on that sadly sunny waste; but the road seemed to love the scene, and clung round the stream in its sportive windings, following each wayward turn, and courting the deepest shade of the trees.

"Oh, delight, the stream,
Gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhead with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest."

At last we crossed the river by a stone bridge, Djissr-fumar. Here pious hands had raised a fountain and keblah on the platform above it. A traveller had stayed his way, and now, the world, the road, the toils forgot, was bending in lowly prostrations to his God, the one true God of all.

The points of the keblah,* or whither his followers should turn to any particular spot, and if so, to which, was one Mahomet was long in doubt on, and, in fact, never exactly decided. He says, in the chapter entitled the Cow—"To God belongeth the east and the west; therefore, whithersoever ye turn yourselves to pray, there is the face of God; for God is," &c. At first there was no direction enjoined on the faithful. After his flight to Medina he ordered them to turn in their prayers towards Jerusalem. This was probably to conciliate the Jews; but finding all means fail of gaining them as proselytes, and that they used this order as a handle against himself, and also that it was impossible to erase their love and veneration for holy Mecca from the Arabs' breasts, he had

* Why do we call and write it so in English? It is pronounced *eble:* the literal meaning of the word is "place in front," or towards which the eyes are turned.

opportunely revealed to him the order to turn towards Mecca.

Accounting for his former order as a desire to prove their faith, he goes on to say—"Turn therefore thy face towards the holy temple of Mecca; and wherever ye be, turn your face towards that place," &c. The prophet also asserted, and the learned Jallalo'ddin so translates it, that the Caaba of Mecca was the point toward which Moses commanded the Jews to turn. Many long passages might be quoted, which would perhaps prove little more than the clever mode Mahomet had of escaping from any doctrinal mess he got into, by an opportune revelation.

On most points, also, Mussulman commentators have almost superseded the Koran, and as with various sects of Christians, legendary tradition or abstruse explanations have taken the lead of the original revelation. Credit, however, must be given to Mahomet, that he gave a purer, better religion to his followers than the absurd, idolatrous corruption of Christianity they possessed before: *Nulla falsa doctrina est quæ non aliquid veri permiscuit.*

Leaving the pleasant valley, we breasted a high

and barren hill, and were all eager for the first view of the heavenly-smiling Damascus—Sham Geneth Mesham, as it is styled. My eyes had feasted on it before, years gone by, when youth and boundless enthusiasm filled my veins. Not so my companion, though much travelled. This was new, and had been praised by me with all the force of language. A fear now came over me lest my description should have exceeded its deserts; lest, having seen it through the eye of youth, his keener judgment should view it less brightly.

We urged our horses up the ascent, crossed its plateau, and entered the road cut in the solid rock; —a few yards further it burst on us in all its mighty beauty. Well might the Damascene love his city; far may her sons journey; well may they explore earth's utmost bounds, they will after all return and find the scene our eyes feasted on more beautiful than all. Well may the prophet say that Damascus is the head of Syria; well may the far-off Persian poet extol it as one of the earthly paradises. I dare not sully it with my description —it is lovely, all lovely.

The four Paradises of Persian poetry are the

Valley of Soghd, at Samarkand ; Sha Abi Bowan, Kalch Sojid, in Fars ; Masham Jud, at Hamadan ; and the Ghutchah (or plain) of Damascus, (see Nozhetu-E-Kolub). We descended the hill, and, finding a guide, after skirting the wall, entered at the gate of the Christian quarter, crossing the Barrada, "the golden stream," which has here for very delight divided itself into three branches, the more lavishly to extend its fertilisation. We passed the suburb of Salakie, and rode along a broad paved causway.

Water flowed on every side, as eager as ourselves to enter El Sham Shereef, the noble Damascus. Fanaticism has dropped its head now in Turkey : exist it does, but they know the power and dread the vengeance of the Frank. The hat may be fearlessly flaunted before the turban, but we are doomed to another scourge. All eastern towns abound in dogs ; these are of a cowardly disposition, and belonging to nobody, live in and eat the garbage of the streets. As drains are unknown they are a useful evil : sets of these belong to every street, and if an unlucky dog wanders beyond his station the intruded upon attack him

in a body and generally add him to their evening meal. No sooner did Zea, therefore, appear, than the whole pack assailed him, and he wisely retired between us. Each step was now contested, and it was as much as four stout fellows of us could do to get him and ourselves into the Locanda alive. Under cover of the night I used a huge bowie-knife on them with great effect, but it was no small relief when we were safely housed and the battle over. Times are changed: Damascus, however, unchanged in her beauty, must advance too, and an inn, the Hotel de Palmyra, profanes the classic town.

CHAPTER VII.

Description of Damascene Inns—The Leewan—Luxury of Fountains—A Saunter about the Streets—Bazaars—Vendors and their Goods—Varied Dresses and Appearance of those who frequent the Bazaars—The Women—Distinctions of Dress in Damascus—The Term Hadgi—Mode of wearing the Hair—The Beard—How the Beard was regarded by the Jews—Dresses of the Women particularly described—Veils—Their Origin—Dress of the Men described—Mosques—Christian Churches—Mosque of the Dancing Dervishes—Probable Population of Damascus, and of whom composed—The Castle.

THE inn lately established by Demitrii, an old acquaintance of mine, is a fine large Damascene house, and as a fair sample of them generally, one description will do for all.

The walls are built of rammed mud, and present nothing towards the street but a bare continued wall with, perhaps, one lofty window, a species of balcony closely latticed. The door, a wretched ill-fitting affair, opens on a small court, with one or two small rooms for servants and dirt. In it another door admits you to the principal court, called Dar; many of the finer houses have two or three: it is usually of from thirty to fifty feet square, paved with marble or stone, and often laid out

with flowers or handsome trees. Sometimes the flowers are on raised parterres; in the centre is invariably a fountain or reservoir of water. Round this are the rooms, generally a room on either side, with a large open room, or rather room open in front, in the middle. This is the Leewan: a raised dais of marble occupies the space, (except the extreme front,) and on this, round the three sides, is a raised seat of stone, a foot in height and some five broad. On this are spread cushions, carpets, and pillows, and it forms during the warm months the principal sitting-room. Some have one or two of the other rooms also fitted with divans and clear for reception, but usually they are appropriated for sleeping and stores. Some even have seven or eight reception rooms; but this is rare.

Where there are several leewans, the family migrate from one to the other to avoid the sun and court the breeze. Fountains sometimes adorn the centres of the sitting-room, and a delightful piece of furniture they are.

All must have felt the charm of pictures; perhaps the portrait of some dear and valued friend, perhaps one beloved with all a heart's love, now gone, or, harder still, now cold and changed; may-

be a picture of a once loved scene, a spot endeared by a thousand recollections, or, better still, the walls concealed by books, those essences of the brains of ages, those *salmés* of talent; but all have not felt this sweet companionship of water—the soft splash: how pleasant the *tête-a-tête* with this Undine—

> "And gentle winds and waters near
> Make music to the listening ear."

In the soft evenings of the East, it is delightful to sit, and as the eve grows old, to hear the murmuring tones, so cool, so quiet, so unobtrusive; the perfumed nargilleh lends intenseness to the powers of enjoyment, and so floats on the life.

> "Still o'er those scenes my memory wakes,
> And fondly dreams with miser care;
> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

Not idly pass those hours. The mind free from care breeds thought; the energies of the mind are awake; and so the spirit, inspired by the water-tempered weed, expands—*ex fumo dare lucem.* Some, but few, of the houses have more than one story, and these are very desirable; for during the winter months the climate is very damp, and many a fever is escaped by sleeping in an upper room.

ASIATIC

The roofs of all the houses are flat, with a raised parapet. On these the people spend their evenings and sleep during the summer months.

Let us now saunter about the streets:—this is verily the East. The streets narrow; which, say what they may, is the form best adapted for coolness. No noisy carriages along; you may stray among them, far and near, without seeing aught save dogs. A veiled figure perhaps flits past, but a door receives her—she disappears; and noiseless as a sudden dream is gone.

But here is life: not the bustling active make-money life of the West, but life as lively as it ever is in the East. We reach the bazaars; long lines of stalls, raised about three feet from the ground; round the sides of the place are the goods, and more perhaps are displayed on the front. The shop-keeper is within; no lively bustling fellow, anxious to sell, but a calm sedate personage, who, though very keen indeed at a bargain, will not let you see it, but appears as if he carried on the business for fun. They seldom, however, do make much money, particularly the Turk. He lives by his trade, and that is all. The stalls are in long rows, frequently

in long arcades; roofed over so during the day that even they are cool and pleasant.

A bazaar is appropriated to each description of goods. Here you may walk through one hundred yards of shoemakers—here two hundred men are tinkering up copper, brass, or tin. There are other bazaars for horse-furniture, goods of all sorts, &c. In these, English goods are much superseding the native manufactures. They can be procured cheaper. Silks, however, and a more durable cheaper stuff, made of a mixture of silk and cotton, are its staple produce. The fruit-market is very rich. Tobacco-pipe makers each have their peculiar locality;—and, oh, keep in my remembrance several delicious places where preserves and pastry, worthy of immortality, are found in plenty.

To me it was a never-failing pleasure to saunter about these cool walks; to watch the crowd, and, seated on one of the shop-boards, to see the panorama of Eastern life. Each individual of the crowd was a picture. The dresses of gorgeous colours, the face adorned with its natural ornament, the costumes, the peculiarities of ages long gone by. On the countenances how many races! What mixture here, what purity there! First comes the lordly

Turk; dominion in his walk; coolly pursuing his way; slipping his beads slowly through his hands, nor deeming aught can dare dispute his sway. Next, the officer in the employ of government, his red fez, the only Orientalism about him, the rest of his costume slovenly and dirty European. A frock coat richly braided, buttoned all but a few buttons on the top, where it opens enough to display a dirty Oriental shirt, crumpled beneath a dirty pocket-handkerchief, used as a neckcloth; the coat probably very dusty, and *mal chaussée* to a degree. Next a Christian, portly and sleek, glides along, eager to be presumptuous, but ready to cringe. The Derwieh in his belt proclaims him a man of peace. Next, perhaps, a Jew, with his high caste yet disagreeable beauty; they are a numerous body in Damascus, but he only dares swagger among his brethren.

But here, swathed in their shrouds, come the women. Yellow slippers proclaim them true believers. The first, from long experience, I should think old; the second, no doubt, is young. See the spring of her walk, the tall slim figure—what beauties may not be underneath? They halt at the stall, but the mother only speaks. We ask

the shopkeeper about her. She is the daughter of Hassan Effendi, the most beautiful girl in Damascus. See, four slaves follow—their black would be quite hid, and they might pass for mysterious beauties; but, from a fancy of collecting as much of their loose garments as they can in their hands, they display a small ring of black between their yellow boots' top and their izar.*

This wild fellow, half naked, no trousers, in a long loose shirt of cotton, once, but long since, white, slit in the front, the narrow waist bound in with a leather girdle—a dirty handkerchief of silk and cotton with plaited fringes over his head, kept in its place by a long rope made of lengths of worsted, or camel's hair yarn, bound together at small intervals—perhaps an old pair of slippers, worn more as if in accordance with where he is, than from any use he sees in them—he is an Arab; all our romance may be wasted, and he be but one of the sedentary men who have disgraced themselves by doing work, and earning an honest livelihood. But he may be a Bedawee, a true son of the rock.

And thus, troop after troop. The women come and pass, one mass of white shroud, save opposite

* The sheet that the women shroud themselves in.

the face, where they wear a black gauze or coloured silk handkerchief. Etiquette is in every movement in the East; every act, every thought, is subject to certain rules. None are, or rather were—for this is passing away—more strictly enforced than dress. Every means were used to degrade the unbeliever; certain colours were forbidden him, and he was not allowed to pass on horseback by a true believer, nor to ride in the town. Even now the distinctions of dress are pretty well observed. Nobody but a Mussulman is allowed to wear yellow shoes, or white turban. Other colours are also proscribed; but though the Christian must die fifty deaths before he may wear these colours, he may be as gay and splendid as he likes in his own.

This regulation has one good; for, after a short residence, you can tell exactly to what rank, what class, what occupation, every man you meet belongs. The shoes are well adapted for their habits; a leather highlow, without sole, fits close to the foot. It is called elsheen; over this goes a large boot about nine inches in height, or a shoe. At Constantinople, or wherever its customs are adopted, they wear an overshoe much resembling our galoche; the outer shoe receives all the dirt, while the

inner is clean. On entering a room, the outer ones are left at the door: servants, and others less refined, wear but the outer, and enter the room in their stockings, or more usually their bare feet. The green turban, as all know, is only permitted to the Hadgi, or pilgrims, and the Seyd, or descendant of the Prophet. This last distinction, however, is allowed to others, descendants of his principal companions, and has been purchased also.*

The term Hadgi is very common. It is an honorary rank conferred in the provinces on all Egyptians; for their country, as it has been explained to me, is near Mecca. Also, a Christian, in addressing a Mussulman from whom he wishes information or otherwise, will say "Ya, Hadgee!" The white (perfectly white) turban is confined to the Ulema (council,) or persons attached to it, and the mosques; but this is not now rigidly adhered to, and I have met Christians here in Mount Lebanon who wore it. They would be stoned, however, if

*. The turban, or cloth wound round the head, appears to have been a most ancient dress in the East. On Mahomet's triumphal entry into Medina, on his expulsion from Mecca, a turban unfolded was borne before him on a spear as a banner (he rode on a she camel with an umbrella over his head). In their Syrian campaign the Moslems used a yellow turban cloth as a banner: this was borne by Caled really.

they did so in the eastern or more fanatical provinces. Arms are now forbidden throughout the Turkish dominions; but this law is much evaded. A chief or head-man has to buy permission for his servants to bear arms. Virtually the whole population were disarmed, and this was carried out as regards the Christians rigidly,—not so much so with the Mussulmans. Few men of the western provinces wear turbans before their fortieth year; a handkerchief or scarf is wound round the universal tarboush. The Constantinople fashion is the tarboush only. With regard to their hair, the Mussulmans usually shave after circumcision,—a rite never performed till they are aware of the promises they make; before that they wear it, as we do. The boy's is often long and plaited like a girl's; but after, it is shaved, when he visits the bath, except a knot at the top of the head.*

At Constantinople it has ceased to be the fashion: they wear it like Europeans. The beard

* This was a custom probably of older date than Mahomet. I cannot hear or see that he enjoined it, nor does it prevail among the Bedawee, who deny it is ordered by Mahomet. The Sheites also do not consider it as necessary. There is a legend that the Arab followers of the Prophet shaved their heads—their enemies therefore were forced to hold their heads up by the mouth when they decapitated them after battle; to avoid this profanation of a true believer's mouth by a darkened infidel, they left the one long tuft they generally have.

is almost universally shaved till after the fortieth year; the moustache seldom or ever touched, as it destroys the shape and fine points of its after growth: this refers to all sects—after that age it is never cut again, and they say the Mussulman who shaved his beard, once having allowed it to grow, would be deserted by his wife and stoned by the populace. It is considered by them all as a manly appendage, and the man who has no hair on his face is considered a woman. Let me give another hint. They say of a man who wears whiskers, he is but half a man, and has a monkey face to boot. On one occasion, while living with a native family in one of the towns in the interior, I, who before had a rather flourishing beard, shaved it off. On my appearing at breakfast, I was saluted by men, women, and children, with "Suback bil Hhair ya sit—Antee Mabsout ya sit?" "Good morning to you, my lady: Are you well, your ladyship?" And I was pressed to tell what had happened to me in the night to produce so dreadful a change.

With the Jews shaving the beard was a lasting disgrace. They are even enjoined in Leviticus viii., 27, "Not to mar the corners of the beard." Shakspeare makes use of almost the words of

David, who took the lion, as Othello took the circumcised dog, and "smote him thus." So ashamed were David's ambassadors at the disgrace of having their beards shaved, that David allowed them to remain in retirement till they grew. Mephiboseth showeth his grief by not trimming or caring for it. David shows his madness by letting his spittle run down it. Joab takes Amasa by the beard to kiss it, to show him honour. To show plenty, it flows over his (Aaron's) beard. As a plague, the Lord was to consume the beard—but the examples are numberless on the antiquity and nobility of this manly mark. The glorious Cid Campeador boasted, among his loftiest honours, that he was called "of the perfect beard." The Jews in the dominions of the Sultan may be known by the small curl of the hair at either temple.

The dress of the women of the East is infinite in its variety, and now great innovations creep in. They usually wear huge loose trousers (lebass) gathered in round the ankles; from the waist a species of apron falls before and behind (embass): many now adopt a later fashion, and wear one petticoat over the trousers (sittere); a long sort of dressing-gown open in front, the sleeves wide and

83483

open, displaying the embroidered fringes of the fine shirt beneath. This is tucked into the trousers, and a jacket (fustan or fistan) over all; and a shawl or scarf (zenar) round the waist. A tarboush or not on the head; if so, the tassel is opened, sewed down behind. Of this there are various fashions both for men and women. The small short one now usually worn was first brought into vogue by the present Sultan, Abdel Medjid, and is called after him. Another, with a full top but short sides, Tunisy or Tuniscan fashion; the long one is Egyptian, Merooken, Frank, &c. The previous one is the best and most desirable. The tassel of the caps, of which the fashions are infinite, is called *therrabbee*, the handkerchief wound round it is called *mandeel*, and the cloth of the turban *lefiee*. But their heads are most differently dressed; the hair often plaited, and the whole head adorned with diamonds, gold or silver; the hair plaited down the back in numerous plaits, silk plaits at the end, to which are appended gold. In fact, they are covered with ornaments or not, according to their wealth: the horn is peculiar to the mountains. They wear yellow highlows (elsheen) without soles, and shoes with only an

instep; no guard or sides behind over it; the Christians black or red. I do not find that there is any difference in the dress of the married or unmarried. Parents begin to adorn their children (girls) from the earliest age, and this is their dowry. Many have hundreds of pounds on their heads; nor, when married, is the husband allowed to sell their ornaments save with their consent. The materials of dress of course are various; the poorer classes mostly are without the fistan. Silks, furs, cloth of gold, are the usual dress of the rich, and it was always a wonder to me how all the household work could be done in, and seemingly without damage to, their beautiful costume; but, alas, except a few of us most favoured, all this mysterious, romantic, fascinating dress is worn in vain; for when women leave their houses they are swathed up in a huge sheet.

In the villages and country a veil alone covers the face; but in the towns a huge white calico sheet (izar) shrouds the whole body. Across the middle runs a selvage two or three inches wide; this, when they put the affair on, is tucked inside the zenar right round: one part is permitted to fall to the ground, the other

goes over the head, and is either held closed on a handkerchief of coloured silk, or sometimes a piece of black stiffened crape or gauze, called *mandele*, covers that. This is dreadfully unfair, as they can see all, themselves unseen; sometimes, however—and I always find it is with pretty women it happens—the *izar* is most untractable, and requires to be opened a moment to be adjusted, or a good light will reveal the veiled beauty.

The origin of veils was probably from the remotest ages. In Genesis we see the women had veils, though there it seems that they were rather occasionally than constantly worn. In the New Testament women were enjoined to cover their heads, and to pray with them covered. That this should be a veil seems more probable than that it should be a bonnet, as that was unknown then. I cannot see that the Egyptian monuments show us any veils, nor do the Assyrian. It was the custom among the Arabs long previous to Mahomet. He, however, enforces it, saying, "O, prophets, speak unto thy wives, and unto thy daughters, and the wives of the true believers, that they cast their outer garments upon them (the word in the Arabic is

"great wrapper") when they walk abroad. This will be more proper, that they may be known to be matrons of reputation when they walk abroad and may not be affronted by unseemly words or actions."* In other places he enforces the same. It is not everywhere enforced, but in the towns most rigidly. Girls, however, seldom veil till they have reached the age of puberty.

The dress of the men consists of the large trousers called, when made of cloth—as they usually are in the higher classes—*sharwall;* when of linen or calico, *shintean.* They come down to the centre of the calf, where they are usually met by high red boots, or yellow ones (jesmee): beneath this are naked feet: socks (jerabb), either of native, or now, as cheaper, of European manufacture, and sometimes *alsheen* are worn; underneath the trousers are drawers smaller and shorter than the trousers (elbass); in the top of the trousers is a tuck, in which a long silk sash of plaited silk is seen, called *dickie.* Above is a shirt like the outer coat, of very

* Chapter 33 of the Koran. The whole chapter shows how jealous the Prophet was of his wives, and that though he loved Ayesha too much to believe the scandal against her, he seems to have by no means relied on the others with confidence.

fine linen, silk, or coarse cotton, called *amisse*;* another above it of the same shape, generally of silk or cotton (mintrean); a waistcoat buttoned up the front with round covered buttons and plaited eyes (suderee); over this a jacket called *kebran* or *dameer*; over this is often worn a long dressing-gown affair, called *ferterkea* at Aleppo, *jibbee*, if stout, *capote*, &c. The sleeves of all these are long and open, and though incovenient, are beyond measure graceful. A large shawl, or broad silk scarf, goes round the loins (zenaar).

The mosques of Damascus, one hundred in number, are not generally fine. The grand mosque loses much of its beauty by being so closely surrounded with other buildings: it is shut in by a bazaar also ancient, and whose roof is supported on fine columns; these have been almost hid by successive coats of whitewash: the floor of marble, and not as is mostly the case, covered with mats, is polished bright with naked feet.

Benjamin of Tudela, who visited this city in the ninth century, but was afraid, or not permitted to enter a mosque, gives a truly extravagant

* This is a Levantine (lingua Franca) word, but as it has entirely superseded the other, I use it.

description of one. He mentions that it was supposed to have been the royal palace of Ben Hadad; but other accounts seem to show that it was the Christian cathedral, dedicated to St. John. There is another account, also, that it was the church built by Heraclius, and dedicated to Zachariah. It is a fine building, composed of three aisles running parallel to each other, supported by handsome Corinthian pillars with five or seven verde antique columns* brought from a former temple. It has a noble court, and a fountain throwing up a column of water to a considerable height. I visited this mosque on a former occasion, and as it nearly cost me my life, through the fears of a native who accompanied me, I did not repeat the visit.

The rest, though many, are ancient, and there are some Christian churches, hardly worth detaining us from the road. The mosque of the dancing dervishes is one of the finest; being built on the plan of the mosque at Mecca: its minaret cannot be excelled for grace and symmetry. Unlike

* I say verde antique, because they are said to be so; but on my visit there, they were whitewashed. I also am one of the very few who have entered the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, which I did as an Arab of Nejid.

most of this singular community, these dervishes are poor, and labour at the silk-loom for subsistence. An account of this, or rather these orders, would be a valuable work. We do wrong in imputing to them fanaticism, for they are generally liberal, and advocates of improvement. It is perhaps not known that the Sultan is a dervish.

Let us rest after all this—and what city on earth affords more opportunity? Cafés or dekkan shops, or perhaps more properly, *awee*, (coffee)—look at Eothen, read Warburton—their descriptions almost realise these shades of comfort. For me, I can enjoy them, smoke their nargillehs, and think over what these, my dear friends, have said of them.

It is impossible anywhere in Turkey to get statistics. The other day I was asking one of the Ulema how many baths there were; he said 300; I said *saihhaia* (truly); he mentioned twenty that he knew, but did not convince me that the others existed: probably there are fifty. Some of the khans are very fine; that of Asad Pasha, built of black and white stone, is a noble building: there are others, also, nearly as fine.

Volney, in his time, calculated the population at 80,000. Buckingham is perhaps more nearly correct, when he says 150,000. They may be divided into 80,000 Mussulmans, 10,000 of whom are Turks, employés of the government, shopkeepers, soldiers, &c.; 15,000 Jews; 40,000 Christians; and 5000 strangers, Arabs, mountaineers, servants, &c. The Jews have six or seven synagogues, the Roman Catholics a convent and church. I advise anybody who wishes to see the fair catholics of Sham to go there: they throng its passages unveiled, committing their sins to the judgment of the fathers. One Greek church; one Armenian; one Syrian; one Maronite. The Castle offers nothing remarkable: in the armoury are some fine pieces of armour, principally Saracenic, and some ancient cannon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Origin of Damascus—Supposed to be the Site of Eden—The Word Paradise—The Name Damascus—Sham—Ancient History of Damascus—Gallantry of the Saracens—Saladin—Tamerlane—Mehemet Ali and the Damascenes—Hospitality of the Damascenes—Impressive Legend—Legend of the Four Young Men—Anecdotes of Ibrahim Pasha—His Treatment of the Arabs—Songs in praise and in ridicule of Ibrahim—Hospital—Antiquities of Damascus—The so-called House of Ananias—Window whence St. Paul escaped—Site of St. Stephen's Martyrdom—Houses of Damascus—The Caab—Purchase Horses—Animals for Sale—The Auctioneer—Fanaticism of the Turks at Damascus—Ancient Families there—Gardens—Prepare to bid adieu to Damascus.

DAMASCUS,' that ancient city, which was, and is, and will be always great, has its origin variously accounted for. Spite of the sacks and sieges it has endured—spite of revolutions and oppressions, its commanding situation has perpetuated its splendour, and its numberless advantages of position, for trade, for climate, and for beauty, will probably keep it great till men shall cease to be. The inhabitants, with pretty fondness, claim Eden for its site, and say that here was that earthly Paradise God first gave to man; they show the spot below the town, amidst the gardens called El Roobbie, where the Fede and Barrada

divide into four streams; these, they say, are the four streams of the Holy Eden, the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. They further strengthen their proof by showing the spot where Cain slew Abel. Probably, if one went first to the latter, they would prove its authenticity by the site of the former. It may be Eden, for Eves still tempt, and if report or tale tells true, still many Adams fall, weak as their first father, whose failing, alas, seems such an hereditary one, that they now as then,

> "Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
> And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe."

Shakspeare casts in the weight of his word in favour of the spot, where he makes the Bishop of Winchester defy the Duke of Gloster, saying—

> "Nay, stand thou back! I will not budge a foot:
> This be Damascus; be thou cursed Cain,
> To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
> *Henry Sixth*, Act I., Scene 3.

The word Paradise is originally Greek, derived from the word Παραδεισος, an orchard. Eden is supposed to be from the Hebrew, meaning pleasure or delight. The Arabs use the word Jinni usually, but also know Phardose, which they probably obtained from the Greek. The Mahometans do not believe in this as the site of Eden: they place it

altogether in another sphere, and load the deceived father of our race with the further punishment of a separation of 2000 years from his serpent-tempted spouse. The name Damascus was by many supposed to be derived from the Hebrew *Damasck* or *Dèmesk*. The Arabs again assert it is from Demis el Sham (Shâm the Beautiful). Sham means a mole, and this is given, the natives say, as the best description of the place. Volney ascribes its origin to the habit of the people of giving the name of the country to the capital. None of the people know it by any other than Sham. Scripture speaks of it in the earliest ages. Abram, in his appeal to God on his childlessness, says his steward is Eliezer of Damascus.

Damascus was besieged and taken by David and by Jeroboam. It was one of the western frontier towns of the great Persian empire: it was independent—surrendered to Alexander; it has played its part in every succeeding age, and yet it is green and lovely as ever, though beauty and verdure have been its own for upwards of forty centuries. At the time of St. Paul it belonged to the kingdom of Arabia Petræa.

In A.D. 632, Abubeker, having secured his

throne and his faith, sent his circular to the Arab tribes :—"In the name of the most merciful God—Health and happiness and the mercy and blessing of God be upon you, &c. I intend to send you to Syria, to take it out of the hands of the infidels." Quickly the chivalry of the Desert poured in at his call, panting with heat, and longing for spoil. They murmured at the delay necessary to accumulate their forces. He himself reviewed them at Mecca, and on foot led them forth. Soft words of peace, of charity, and of mercy flowed from his lips as he waved them onwards to ruin and to spoil. And what could withstand such a force? An effeminate and unwarlike soldiery, an impotent monarch, a faith debased by its own dominance—how could it encounter with any hope of success the hardy sons of freedom, panting for spoil and conquest; a heaven above promised if they fell, a heaven on earth theirs if victorious?

"Paradise is under the shadow of swords," and they spread over the Haoran with the speed of their hailans (high-bred horses). Abu Obediah had the nominal command, but the Sword of God (Caled) was their real leader. In A.D. 633, they encamped in the environs of Damascus. Not as

their prophet did they turn from it to the Desert, but though the resistance was desperate, so was their pertinacity. A noble ransom was offered by the city. "Ye Christian dogs," replied the Caliph, "you know your option—the Koran, the tribute, or the sword!" Then, nobly worthy of more glorious days, the Romans mustered for the fray. The Moslems, life-long conquerors, paused, and feared., "Ah!" exclaimed their chief, "this is God's mercy. We cannot escape, but Syria may now be ours in one single day." Twice the sun rose upon the field, twice he set; but the second eve, he saw the loss of the once proud empire of the East: that day sealed its fate—henceforth the Crescent ruled its destinies.

Damascus made a short and gallant resistance. Two women caused its immediate fall. The Moslem wife Aban, who rallied their hosts and led their van; and the fair Eudocia, whose lover for the love she scorned, betrayed his faith, his country, and his cause. It was subsequently, during the Ommaide dynasty, the capital of the Caliphs, those monarchs wisely preferring it to the more sanctified but less delightful Medina. During the Crusades, it was rather the stronghold of the Saracens

than the actual scene of battle. Then commenced an encounter, such as, perhaps, the world never saw." Then faith met faith, enthusiasm battled enthusiasm. And while, like duteous children, we love and respect the mail-clad Crusader, we must do impartial justice to the men who met, who warred against, and overcame them.

Even in our own histories, drawn from partial cotemporaries, or only on one side informed historians, see their noble carriage. Each page records their courage and renown, and their high-souled honour illumines the lines over which Crusaders have cast the stain of faithlessness. The hearts of the sons of the West still bound high as they read of the exploits of their fathers; many a tribute the Moslems pay to their honour. "We are worthy of each other; we alone are soldiers," they exclaimed, when first they met by Nicea. Alas, how often had they to reproach with want of faith, the followers of him who was all truth. Who does not remember the words of Badazet to the Duke of Burgundy,* in 1397? "I despise thee and thy arms. Thou art young, and may be ambitious

* He had already once been conquered, but was released without ransom or pledge.

of effacing the disgrace or misfortune of thy first chivalry. Assemble thy powers; proclaim thy design, and be assured that Badazet will be rejoiced to meet thee in a second field." The Crusaders appeared before the city in 1148, but, weakened by dissensions and treachery, retreated without hostility.

It was here, in 1193, the shroud on the spear of Saladin announced that, in his fairest city, the mighty warrior had breathed his last. His enemies called him a barbarian only in his creed. The bright roll of chivalry holds no nobler name. Brave, clement, tolerant and bountiful, we must be the prouder of our own Richard in that he measured swords with the great Saladin. On the morning of his death, he distributed alms to the poor, without reference to creed, and left a name still dear from Bagdad to Cairo. Tamerlane subsequently took Damascus, and, since then, it has degenerated to be the capital of a Turkish Pashalic, and the head quarters of the army of Arabistan, which ought to consist of 38,000 men (regulars), but seldom is really above 15 or 18,000.

Previous to Mehemet Ali taking possession of the country, the inhabitants, accusing the Pasha

of favouring the Christians, and, in fact, of being a Christian himself, rose against him. He retired to the Castle, and made a desperate but unavailing resistance. His garrison was cut to pieces, and himself burnt. The advance of the Egyptians prevented this rebellion from being properly punished, and Ibrahim Pasha at once offered them the alternative of oblivion for their late act, if they opened their gates, or flames and sack, if they resisted him.

And here we actually are at a good inn, and in Damascus, and pleasantly passed the day ; now at one house, now at another. Turks, Christians, and Jews, all received us well. Severe was the course the stomach had to stand—at each visit, coffee, sherbet, preserves, pipes, nargillehs, and sometimes liqueurs. Yet all were kind, and it was not without many regrets we thought of exchanging this hospitality for the saddle and the road. Zea and a tame gazelle had established a firm, comprising community of beds and mutual play ; but it was regularly broken at meal times, to be renewed when the *causa belli* was finished.

Many are the legends besides these I have related, told, and perhaps also perfectly believed. They relate that when the principal mosque was

first converted to its present use, one chamber of it remained unopened; even the bravest Moslem forbore to intrude into the holy spot where lay the body of the great saint, St. John. At last, one bolder than the rest, ordered it to be forced. Not till mighty engines had plied all their strength did the door yield. Slowly then, of its own accord, it opened wide. All paused in wonder; out from the room rolled one deep stream of blood. It filled the mosque, flowed over the court, drowned the white waters, and itself threw up strange fiendish jets. Now it bursts forth over the town, and, savagely licking up the Christian blood, rolls on to the Turkish quarter. Quickly the Jews are brought, and, beneath the sword, are made to pray to their God to withdraw the plague. It foams but the fiercer—a deeper deadlier red: forth then come the Christians; and, with fervent prayers, and words of kindness, pray for their Moslem tyrants. Slower flows the stream—the prayers grow louder. Now it stops; they show their wounds, their bleeding hearts bare before God; and pray for those who caused them. The stream recoils, and, as the sounding anthem swelled to the clear unclouded heaven, it wound back, like

a serpent, its gory folds. Slowly the doors closed, and on their face, in words of fire, was written—"Cursed be he, his sons, his house, who dares disturb the rest of those who sleep in the Lord."

Another legend is also related, not without wit:—

Four young men* arrived in Damascus and resolved forthwith to learn Nahoe (grammar), or more properly, the high Arabic. Averse to study, they resolved to sit in the bazaar and listen to the conversation that went on around them; each thus spent a day, and on the fifth day all asserted their knowledge of the language; the first had learnt the word *we*; the next, *he had no charity or kindness*; the third, *oh, he had gold and silver*; the fourth, *illan abauk*, &c. "Curse your fathers if you do not do it." All were perfectly ignorant of the meaning of the words they knew, but perfectly confident of their powers, set off to spend the evening. Pleasant was their host, and swiftly passed the hours, so when they rose to depart the hour of sunset had long passed. In all Moslem towns it is forbidden to walk about the streets after dark without a lantern; being unprovided with this, they crept along, anxious to escape the Bashi

* Of course, English.

Bosoocks (police), who parade the streets. Presently they saw them coming, and hid in a corner: here to their surprise they found a dead body. The police approached their retreat, and, seeing the body, exclaimed, "Who killed this man?" "*We*," exclaimed the first. "But, why?" said the officer. "Because," replied the second, "*he had no charity or kindness.*" "And do you kill all men who have no charity or kindness." "*Oh, he had gold and silver*," said the third. "Then, we must kill you in return." "*And curse your fathers if you do not do it*," added the last. The law had its course.

In this way the time passed swiftly; sometimes we adjourned to the cafés, where there were singers and tale-tellers, and it wanted but little to make us feel as if the Arabian Nights were still—such were the evenings we passed. They now sadly ridicule Ibrahim Pasha, and show the versatility of their poetical talents, by parodying the very songs they themselves made during his rule; they now ridicule his person, his habits, and all but his justice and courage; for, to his rule the Christians owe everything, and his biographer might use his own expression with thorough truth, "I should be adored in Syria if it were not for the conscription."

His rule was fair, just, and prompt, and if the taxes were high, they were fairly levied, and the loss was on the gatherer, who dared not eat money. Christians were allowed, even preferred, in offices of trust, more especially those connected with the revenue, and justice was summary and unbought.

As a proof of his determined character, the following story was related to me by a French officer who served in the expedition.

On one occasion, he required a quota of four hundred men from the Druse villages of the Hâoran, and summoning their principal sheik, he ordered him forthwith to furnish it. In vain the Druses pleaded inability to comply with the request, stating that already they had not enough men to till their fields; all the Pasha's answer was, "By a certain day I shall send a party of irregulars, and shall expect the men to be ready." The irregulars were there on the day named, and were received with more than hospitable kindness by the people. After being feasted and entertained, one was assigned to each house, and lay down to sleep. Of the whole sixty but one man was alive at dawn; each had been slain by his host, save this

one who, having been taken ill, had crept out of the house. Ibrahim Pasha despatched 2000 men to take vengeance on the Druses; 2000 more were sent to revenge their defeat, and 4000 more fell during the various encounters; thus, when he had subdued them, he had gained 400 and lost 8000. If, as he said, however, he had not done so, the whole country would have been in arms against him.

With the Arabs he dealt most severely: as he himself said after his expulsion from Syria, when he heard of the subsequent commotions there, and the insecurity of the road, "I am the only man who can govern Syria. If an Arab lied, I cut his tongue out; if he stole, I cut off his hand." With regard to the Ansayrii, the wild and lawless tribe who inhabit the country north of the Lebanon, he obtained recruits from among them by a cunning equal to their own. They, hearing that he was about to take the conscription, retired to their high mountain fastnesses, and there he had no wish to pursue them. After a time, however, his scouts caught some twenty or so who were sculking about. These were brought before Ibrahim, who no sooner saw them than he

exclaimed, "Why do you bring me such dogs as these? I want true believers; men, not curs such as these:—let them go." Highly delighted at the estimation the great man held them in, they returned to their friends and spread the intelligence among their countrymen, who forthwith returned to their villages. Scarcely were they comfortably settled, than on them rushed the troops, and half the men were carried in chains to Aleppo, where they were just in time to share in the victory of Nezeeb.

But enough: let me just repeat one song I heard, that was sung every where on his advance:

"Sun of the East, of the holy Egypt,
May prosperity attend thy arms;
May they advance to the wild,
Till night shuts in the world.

May soft maids attend thee,
Loving go before thee,
Their breezes thy soft couch be,
Fanning and sheltering thee.
May thy arms be victorious,
Whilst we sing thy praises;
May thy troops be victorious,
Greatest of men!"

There is a great quantity of wretched verses such as these, and they became familiar to me from my servants keeping up choruses of them

on our long marches. There is one whose tune is beautiful; many may remember it from its chorus:

"Och Laley Laley Why Why
Ibrahim Pasha," &c.

This is a song describing his victories, and would well merit a translation, for the words and expressions are very graceful:

"Ibraham Pasha ra a la Saide
Ya ene Saida
Tar ejoum a la mackboub
Estadou Saida.

Ibraham Pasha ra a la Hamah serubee
La oolu el Hareem âtturbe
Ibrahim Pasha ya Meiseri
Hadjee temseck el Nizam.

Ibrahim Pasha ra a la Musciat
La aatee lel Buabee shellatt Bennatt
Ibrahim Pasha tack out matt
All meri ou urshell el addie.

Ibrahim la ten hem
Sciephak um be nuecket dum
I Slamack untill tum
Alla Homs ou Burrt Shamee
Ya Ibrahim maye itchtara
Tickeroub min ouel rara.

Abou Mackmoud sa hebb du barra
Be jeek be sueph el Macknee
Ibraham Pasha ya Roume
Yaboo lefet ma broumee
Atenee sharra min duckanak
Ta hiet a ta soumee.

Ibrahim Pasha fee asakeer
Cam mussel mouge el Baah zackeer
Asaker la ouel walha Achier
Musfoofee min el Ind la belad Saido."

After his defeat, and even now, they sing this; most of those who have travelled in the East will remember the song so often heard on the road:

"Ibrahim Pasha tack ou matt," &c.

"Ibrahim Pasha split and burst
At the taking of Acre, which he had nurst
For seven long years with all his powers,
While he lost it again in three short hours," &c.

Another is probably alluding to the Nishan,* or order of the Pasha's when invested with command.

"Oh, thou of the turnip face,
Why did you come to this place,
Only to run away?
Give me a hair to lace
My shoes, from your hairy face.
Do not now say nay.

Only a hair or two;
You can well spare it, too,
From your old beard.
'Twas not right, you well knew;
And now you do rue it, too;
So you're off, as you feared.

Make it up with the Sultan, then;
For very well you ken,
He can beat you.
Leave off your strong liquor,
And trot off to Mecca,
And he will well treat you."

---

* On a Pasha receiving an appointment to a post, he is invested by the Sultan with a diamond crescent and star appended round his neck, like our orders. The Pasha of three tails has three of the hairs of Mahomet's beard in his Nishan; of two tails, two; of one, one. This order is returned on his removal from office. The horse-tails are

Among other curious places at Damascus is the slave-market—now dismal, for no slaves are permitted to be publicly sold. The dealers, therefore, hawk them about from house to house, as crockery is hawked about in England. I suppose the man says, "Any slaves to-day, Marm?" The price is from 5*l.* to 40*l.*; for a white, much more. The khan, where the market was formerly held is small, and a dingy, prison-looking place, of two stories high, and with small iron doors, opening to the court, or the verandah, with a small grated window above it. On the occasion of our visit, there were a few dark ladies residing there, who wished us to buy them, extolling their various accomplishments.

Among the public buildings of Damascus, I ought to mention the hospital erected by the famous Sultan conqueror of Rhodes.

Of antiquities and relics there are, as our Jew guide observed, *too small;* the street, called Straight, may be authentic; but other places, such as the house of Ananias, the window from whence

carried on a spear before the Pasha. They are probably derived from the Turkomans or Tartar conquerors. The Arabs of Sana, south of Yemen, at this day, have a tuft of horse-hair on the shaft of their spears close up to the head; it is merely tied on, I believe. The Pashas created by Mehemet Ali received a neechan from him; as the beard of Mahomet is a perquisite of the race of Othman at present, these had no sacred hair in them; hence the jokes at Ibrahim's beard.

St. Paul was let down, the site of St. Stephen's martyrdom, &c., are very hypothetical. There, or *there*—what matters it where?—first flowed Christian blood, for Christian faith; and who can count the oceans shed since—the pain, the agony endured for that cause? Verily, it brought not peace on the earth, but a sword.

The rooms of Damascus have, along the front, two rows of windows, a small one near the ceiling, and larger ones lower; the jalousie work of these is generally different in every one, and they have seldom, except at a foreign consul's, the luxury of glass windows. Shutters there are; so, during the winter, if you will have light, you must have cold. The walls, in the commoner houses, are of plaster, prettily painted in gay patterns; but, in the richer, inlaid mosaic, beautifully executed, with niches for vases, china,* &c.: the rafters and planking of the roof over it, is painted in arabesque; and those who have seen the Alhambra, can tell how beautiful it is. A room was shown me at Aleppo, painted two hundred years ago, as fresh in colour and gloss as if the painters had but just finished it. The floors and fronts of

* Damascus is famed for its old and beautiful china; occasionally rare and costly gems of it may be picked up there.

divan in the Leewan are mosaic in marble, oftentimes by workmen brought expressly from Persia.

An essential part of the women's costume is their high pattens (*cabcab*) often twelve inches high, made of rich wood, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl; from the flat sole hang small silver chains, with coins or ornaments attached, and the band across, into which the foot is thrust, is richly adorned with silver or gold. These are used for crossing the stone passages, and are left at the door of the apartment entered. Their skill in walking in them, getting them on and off, is very great, and, like the rest of the dress, they are charming. The pace in them is rather a short-stepped run than a walk, and they make a pleasant noise—one lively and romantic. In fact, no house is perfect where they are not heard; and the sound reminds one of soft visions of Eastern beauty, bringing you, perhaps, the fragrant coffee, the aromatic pipe, or the soothing nargilleh.

It was deemed advisable, from motives of economy, to buy horses, at all events, for our own riding. Accordingly, early one morning, we were up and dressed, and wended our way through the

streets on our search; for each town in the East has a horse-market. At Damascus, a large city, there is one daily; at the smaller towns it is held only once a week or so. The first animals that presented themselves on nearing the horse-market were long rows of jackasses: these vary in price from 1*l.* to 15*l.* or 20*l.*, from the small weak one, fit for carrying rubbish, &c., through various grades of excellence, up to the huge animal of Cyprus, as big as a mule, or the beautiful, white-pacing donkey of Bagdad. Next came lines of mules: these are fine, strong, and the best for baggage. A good one fetches from 8*l.* to 15*l.*; the pair will fetch more. We now come upon a large Maidan (open space). Round it a great number of horses of all sorts were tethered; mares, foals, baggage-horses, hacks, whose prices vary from 3*l.* to 15*l.* The better animals are in the khans around, and not brought out unless called for. We ascended a raised tuckt,* called for coffee and nargillehs, and looked on.

There are regular auctioneers, who mount the horses, and pace them backwards and forwards,

* Literally but a small raised stage to lounge in.

extolling their merits. They dash off at full gallop, stand up in their stirrups, and throw him suddenly on his haunches. This is one of their greatest acquirements in native eyes, and, of course, puts the poor brute to much torture, as it strains the body and legs, and the cruel bit is much used. It has, however, one advantage, that the eye can at once detect any unsoundness. While the auctioneer is galloping about in this manner, he shouts the price, and either diminishes or increases it, as offers are made ; but, generally, as the ideas of the owner and purchaser relative to his value differ, it resembles a Dutch auction. Twelve piastres, or about 2*s.* 2*d.*, are given by the seller to the auctioneer, and the bit, if it is a riding-horse, is included in the purchase.

The Turks of Damascus are famed for their fanaticism, but late acts of the consuls had conciliated them. The government of the Porte had kindly offered to take charge of the title deeds of such as had them, and further stated their intention of raising a tax on all increase of property. This the consuls represented as unfair and destructive ; it was therefore petitioned against, and through the ambassadors the petition

received a favourable reception. Many old and fine families of Mussulmans reside here, and also there is, what elsewhere in the Ottoman dominions has no existence, an hereditary Saracenic nobility—families descended from the conquerors—collateral descendants of Abubeker and others, who for years have given Pashas to the empire. Many of the Christians also claim high and proud descent; but boast more of their faithful adherence to the faith of their fathers through good and much evil, through generations of persecutions, spoliations, and oppression.

The beauty of the gardens of Damascus are proverbial; historic through Pliny and Kinglake, on them each traveller has lavished his praises as Nature has poured on them her beauties. Let me, then, quote the words of Eothen's closing account of them:—

"Never for an instant will the people of Damascus attempt to separate the idea of bliss from these wild gardens and rushing waters, even where your best affections are concerned. And you —prudent preachers hold hard and turn aside when they come near the mysteries of the happy state—and we (prudent preachers too) will hush

our voices, and never reveal to finite beings the joys of the earthly paradise."

We found upon inquiry that it was impossible to proceed to Aleppo without a large escort. The Arabs were plundering and at open war with the Pasha, who had a short time previously entertained two of their sheiks, who had entered the town under a promise of safe conduct, in his house, and for fear of their tiring of his hospitality had given them an underground apartment, well secured. Subsequently, finding them still insensible to his kindness, he had administered a pleasant potion, which had so strangely disagreed with their stomachs, that after a short illness they died.

A regiment, however, was about to march to fodder their horses at Homs, and we were allowed to take advantage of their escort. All the necessary preparations were soon completed, and we prepared to bid adieu to Damascus.*

* Since the above was written, I saw a note in Mr. Buckingham's Travels, which says, that some of the older writers (who?) considered Damascus as the ancient city of the Jews, *i. e.* the city of Abram. How can the text, Genesis, xv. 2, ever lead to such a supposition? Quoting from the same author, he says, that the Syrian kings boast their descent in a direct line from Semiramis, and that the city received its name from a king so called.

CHAPTER IX.

Last Look at Damascus—Scenery on the Journey—Cultivation of the Soil—Douma—Dead Camels—An irregular Soldier—Pay of his Force—The Persian Shauzerdah and the English Ambassador, touching the relative Merits of British and Persian Soldiers—Escort—Castal—Nepth—Jacobites—Houses of Nepth—Dispense Medicines—Arrive at Karah—Opinion of England by the Officers of the Escort—Interesting Ruins—Conversation with the Villagers—Visits from the Sick—What they were prescribed.

APRIL 9th, 1850—Damascus to Kiafta, six hours. —We were not off till nine,* as the day's journey was short, we having only to overtake the cavalry, who, marching slowly, had started the previous evening. Passing out of the northern gate, our road lay over a paved chaussée, gardens, water, and mud walls on all sides, and it was at least an hour before we reached the open country. Here we halted, and took our last look at the beautiful place we were leaving. The town reposed in a mass of verdure, smothered, as it were,

* My stay at Damascus, the reader may observe, had been very short; but on previous visits I had spent some time there; and it was during these, that the information contained in the previous chapter was obtained.

in its own beauty, while a few cupolas alone were visible over the green sea of trees; here and there the cypress towered up, saddening, as the poet says, the sacred mosque; there an opening revealed the gleaming turrets or the gay kiosk.

The open country that succeeded was most richly cultivated, and the labourers were busy irrigating the fields. For a description of the method, I cannot do better than refer the reader to the Thousand-and-One Nights: as it was done then, so it is now, and the result certainly is perfect. Others were ploughing with the light plough so often described, drawn by a pair of the small handsome oxen of the country. The spade is of a peculiar shape; it is entirely of wood, sometimes, but rarely, shod with iron, and is sadly inefficient. It exactly resembles one of the pieces used in the game of spillikins, and a curious inquiry might be made from it into their origin.

If the ground is required to be turned up beyond the depth to which the plough attains, a broad board, sharpened on one side, is used; to this is fixed a handle. One man uses it as a spade, digging it into the dusty earth, while two others pull it over by a string attached to its surface.

The sowing is broad-cast, and more seed is put in than is necessary. The whole agriculture is here lazy and negligent. Nature does all the rest.

In one and a half hours from the time of leaving the gates, we reached Douna, a small mud village, with one minaret. Here the Aleppo caravans generally halt the first day, and our soldiers had done so on the previous evening. The country is now open plain, little cultivated; for, except in the immediate vicinity of a town, there is no great certainty that the hand which sowed will reap. Leaving two other villages on our left, Kusair and Menin, we entered a wild plain. Away on the east the plain made a round sea-like horizon; on the west was the Anti-Lebanon. In the south, Damascus seemed a mass of green under the magnificent Jebel Sheik, Mount Hermon. Here we saw two men skinning camels, that had dropped from a caravan bound from Bagdad to Damascus. Crowds of vultures hovered about, while higher over head in large circles, with impatient flights, soared the noble eagle of the Lebanon.

There was rain occasionally, the wind keen. The road now led over a spur of the mountains, and was still good. On reaching its summit the

small and pretty village of Kiafta lay before us, surrounded by a low mud wall, but of sufficient strength to resist the sudden attacks of the Arabs. At a short distance on the east of it the green tents of the regulars glistened in the afternoon sun. We pitched our tents at the entrance of a large finely built khan here on the Hadjee road. The khans are very fine. This was of a black species of granite, and little out of repair, consisting of two large courts, with a cistern in each, and large vaulted buildings all round. We had passed several of inferior size on the day's march, also one tomb high up in the rocks on our right. An irregular soldier joined himself to us. This is common in the East, where food is never refused; and in return they help to load, and do any odd jobs wanted. He stated his pay at twenty piastres, rather less than four shillings a month; he is allowed rations besides: But how does he find arms, horse-accoutrements, &c., for such a sum? This reminds one of Fett Ali Shah, the Shauzerdah of Persia: he took the English ambassador to a window of his palace, and pointing to his troops, a large body of men, below, said, "Has your sovereign any troops like those?" The minister

paused, unwilling to offend, fearful of telling an untruth. "Well, I do not think he has," resumed his Majesty. "They have had no pay or rations for eighteen months. Your king cannot show such fellows."

April 10*th*—Kteefa to Nepth, eight hours over plain.—Started with the troops early, and rode over undulating plain. Four hours brought us past a village called Castal, situated on a hill on our right. The cavalry, now augmented to 800 men, lancers and carbineers, marched well. A bugle-man carried an hour-glass, and they usually halted twice during the march. The men were fine heavy young fellows; the horses small, but stoutly built and active, chiefly from Anatolia. They purchase them where they can; colour principally grey; their accoutrements good, and generally well kept. The officers, who were very civil, were for the most part mounted on troop horses; their own, none very fine, being led. Their baggage was carried on camels and a few mules. The camels kept up well, considering that the march was a jog-trot. The caravan consisted of at least three hundred people, besides those who had joined, like ourselves, for the sake of protection.

As we passed Castal, the people flocked down with bread, milk, raisins, Leban cheese, and hard-boiled eggs, which told well for the soldiery. No disputes occurred. Nepth is as usual a wretched village, on a hill, with a large khan at the foot. The country through which we travelled all day had been uncultivated desert, but not desert now; for it was one mass of flowers, the ground rich with them as a Persian carpet. Alas, they were soon to fade—

> "Like the violet in the spring-time of nature:
> Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting."

Passed many wells, covered over, and descended to by steps; also some more ruined khans. Pitched our tents in the inner court of the khan, which, though now half in ruins, has only been built, we are told, some fifty years. No sooner were the soldiers released from their duties than they patiently sat and watched all our proceedings, remarking what beautiful trousers the fine English tents would make.

The village of Nepth, or Nebk, is partly inhabited by Mussulmans, partly by Christians; nor, if report speaks truth, can much be said for the honesty of either population. The Christians are

curious, as being Jacobites, of which sect few are found in this part of the country.* Doctor Robinson says that the same tests of Syriac origin may be found among them as among the Maronites. Their church service is in Syriac, though they only speak Arabic. They receive their Patriarch from Mesopotamia, and he resides at the convent of Mar Musa, a few hours only distant. There are others of the sect at Sudad, supposed to be the northern extremity of the Holy Land, the ancient Zedad of Numbers and Ezekiel. The sect is not held in much estimation, being poor and few.

The village is built of mud; the houses, however, are neat and clean, with low doors, into which it is necessary to creep. These are to prevent the entrance of animals and avoid giving facilities for carrying off their goods by plunderers. The Arabs, however, do not often plunder such large villages, fearful of the musqueteers they furnish, and also because they are necessary friends to buy corn, &c., from. The country around was well

* In reckoning the number of Jacobites, the priest mentioned congregations of them as found in the southern parts of Hindostan, which, he said, owned the same Metropolitan as they did. I shall speak more fully of them when at Mosul, where they are found in greater numbers.

cultivated, and, possessing irrigation, is no doubt very fertile. The priest showed me over his church, the neatness and order of which did him great credit: he showed me some old Greek books, and appeared much surprised at my being able to read and translate them.

Served out a great number of harmless medicines. Having at all times very small faith in doctors, I am convinced that half and more of the cure is the effect of imagination. Surely, then, it is but kind to humour these poor people; and besides they never attach the smallest belief to one's denial of medical knowledge.

One poor woman besought me most importunately to visit her son. On acceding to her request I found him far too ill for me to venture to doctor him, and therefore offered to fetch the Turkish doctor to see him, as I knew nothing of medicine. She said to me, "Of what use is a Turk or an Arab? I know their knowledge, but want yours, the Frank wisdom." Read the priest a lecture on his duties, when I found all the Moslem boys could read, while few of those of his flock could.

Nebk is governed by five sheiks or elders; has five mosques, two churches.

April 11th,—Nebk to Karah, two and three quarter hours. Off with the soldiers. The river has its rise (eight hours) about thirty miles east of the village, among some low hills that break the plain, and appears to be lost again to the south-east of Zebdani. The natives called the hills where it took its rise, Djebel Djouk. The road ran N.N.E. for an hour over a hill and undulated plain; then leaving a village, Daratea, on our right, we rode nearly east. The natives call the Anti-Lebanon, Djebel Museri, and a range that ran east, and before us, Djebel Deratea.

Reached Karah early, encamped in an old tomb. The people told us Ibrahim Pasha had pitched his tents in the same place on his way to Aleppo, just before Nezeeb; "Beware," they said, "of bad luck." Our tents just fitted it nicely. The colonel and his officers paid us a visit, when we thanked them for their escort, they us for our company. Complained of service amidst such savages as the Arabs, and that Stamboul was the only place to live in. We nodded, drank coffee, and puffed our pipes. The chief grievance seemed to be leaving Damascus, their wives, and comforts: they departed wondering profoundly why we travelled,

and satisfied that ours must be a most wretched country, if we, of our own accord, changed it for this. The village of Karah, a wretched collection of mud hovels, contains 200 Mussulmans and 100 Christians. Around were the ruins of several fine khans, one evidently an old Christian church and convents attached; one of the mosques had also been a Christian church: its exterior was handsomely ornamented.

Sat in the sun and chatted with the fathers of the place, smoking our pipes; no grog-shops, no ale-houses. A meditative pipe and a sunny spot (for in the shade the air is still keen and cold) and then happiness is complete. Here they tell and hear tales or news—any thing interests this quiet people. Not boisterously gay, their enjoyment is expressed in quiet pleasure (kief—kief kateer). One told how Ibrahim Pasha's force in all the panoply of victory, had encamped where the Turkish troops now lay; how his Arabs and irregulars had dashed about, playing jereed, &c., in all the intoxication of a triumphant advance.

At sun-set the shouts of the troops recalled us; the scene was a most pleasing one: the lovely eve, the bleating flocks following the shepherds, the

dark ancient-looking khans, with the high-pointed arch entrance, the green mass of tents, the moving stream of life, the barren hills in the faint distance. Towards the south-west the mountains assumed a curious form, like following surfs petrified as they curled ready to burst upon the plain. Yet each crag in itself was sharp and angular, as if carved by a mason.

We were soon disturbed by a multitude of sick. It recalled to one's mind how in this land, of old, the same style of faces, probably in the same costumes, crowded to Him who healed. The lame, carried by the healthy; feeble mothers with sickly babes; hale men showing wounds long self-healed; others with or without complaints. A rope had to be put across the tents to keep off the crowd: behind this stood E——. A servant attended with tumblers and water, and he administered seidlitz-powders to the mass, a specific for fevers, jaundice, ague, scrofula, sore eyes, fancies and frailties.

CHAPTER X.

The Whirro—Sleight of hand of the Natives of Karah—Halt at a large Khan—Description of it—Son of the Montselim—Firing at a Mark—Muskets of Damascus—Dine with the Montselim—His Guests—Their Manners—The Bedawee and his Evolutions—Mailed Bedawee Warriors—The Old Man and the Fire—Beautiful Scenery—Hasiah—Populations of the Pashalics of Aleppo and Damascus—The Euruque and Koords.

APRIL 12th, Karah to Ekikopole, five and a half hours' plain. Made two halts during the march. Awoke by the shrill whirro* of a woman: it instantly occurred to us that one of the patients of yesterday had not recovered. It proved, however, only a demand for more physic. While our loads were packing, the colonel kindly sent us a guard, as he said the road was dangerous. The natives sat with us for a last talk: they picked E——'s pocket, and gave me the contents, at the same time picking mine and transferring the things

* This dreadful cry is caused by vibrating the tongue up and down in the mouth, and patting the half-closed lips rapidly with the hand. It excites the Mussulman to any pitch, and is made use of by the fair sex on all occasions of excitement.

to his—it spoke more for their talents than their honesty. Our tomb had crumbled in showers on the tents all night.

Off at last, rode N.N.E. Mountains now on all sides of the plain we rode over. On the near eminences were tombs of those who had fallen or died on their pious pilgrimage. Halted at a large khan, in which, in this country of the Bedawee, the villagers are found to live. Seldom daring to stray far, they receive corn, &c., by caravans, and sell it again to the Hadge or travellers. This one is called *Perisuh* (Turkish for chicken). Not a sign of cultivation. They brought out eggs, leban, and bread. Rode now north, over a rich flowery plain, the wild hyacinth and camomile smelling sweetly as its scent was trodden out by the horses' feet. The mountains had sunk to rounded hills, save on the west a building similar to an English cottage appeared ahead on the horizon; soon it appeared but an upper story peering over the wall of a huge khan, whose walls held villages, hostel, &c., all for fear of Arabs. We ensconced ourselves in a corner, being warned not to encamp outside, as it was a risk.

A gay scene of yells and cries, as the soldiers in

the court endeavour to make unruly camels kneel while they unload them. The Montselim's son, a boy about eleven years old, attached to an Austrian small sword, came and ordered the people about, strutted and cursed so vigorously that we soon had all the place could afford. After our meal I ascended a watch-tower near the vault we had appropriated. An inscription over the entrance said it had been built by Said, son of Said, some hundred years ago. The whole consisted of a large court, with a double story of vaulted rooms running round; a walk on the roof; the greater part falling to decay; in the centre a mosque, in whose portico, it being wholly deserted, our horses were now quietly feeding; the watch-tower I sit in, from whence danger is seen, and the women warned by the approach of travellers, to grind and bake, hens to lay, &c. Within the same walls is the entire village, whose inhabitants now, save the Montselim, are all Christians.

Away: east and north, plain, plain; west, rises the Djebel Essharki, or morning-ward Lebanon, while the lofty peak beyond is probably Djebel Akkar, the old Hev Ha Hor. South, lie the hills we

have wound among for the last three days; the reservoir of water, a huge tank of stone, is outside, as the one well inside affords but a scanty supply. The khan has two gates, north and south; the Gate of the Pilgrim on the north, that of Mecca on the south. The sun sets—sets like a warrior flushed with conquest. Every spot yet glows with his glory, while around him is one bright halo of splendour. The earth reposes under his parting beams—faint warm gleam—and he is gone, nought but the bright spot he illumines left in the sky.

To what can one of these khans be compared? A short residence in a light vessel, or the Eddystone in fine weather, might give the reader a pretty fair idea of it. As for the people, they live, they sell, they die. The musqueteers of the place were out firing at a mark, a piece of wood some 80 or 100 yards off, and, considering the unwieldy nature of the weapon, they did it well. The barrels of Damascus, or native manufacture, were, as they usually are, very good; but the stock very short, saw butted, and the lock bad, commonly an old worn-out European one, or, even worse, one made in the country: the weapon, being from five to six feet long, is but very badly balanced.

They pile up a small heap of stones, and crouching behind it take a long aim, firing well; but as this advantage can seldom be gained, most targets fired at from necessity, being unwilling to wait so long, their fire is usually inefficient: the Turks joined in without any great display of skill. The village contains about 500 or 600 people, a fine sturdy race.

In the evening we received a most pressing message from the Montselim to dine there. On our arrival we were shown into a high enclosed court, ascending some very steep steps. We entered a large bare room, in which the Montselim and Turkish officers were sitting on carpets. On a carpet in the centre was a large circular piece of leather: in the middle of this were three huge circular copper platters tinned over, piled two feet high, with rice boiled in grease; to which is added a herb that gives it a yellowish colour. Round these were earthenware plates of savoury messes; while, around all, flat cakes of the unleavened bread of the country formed a ring: a few wooden spoons were disposed here and there. A ewer, of classic form, was handed round, and each washed his hands. The basin is fitted with a false bottom full of holes, so

when one has washed his hands, which is done with soap and water from the ewer poured over them, his dirty water sinks below and does not offend the eye of the next to wash: the false bottom has a place in the centre for the soap, the common soap of the country. This act of cleanliness over, all hitched round the food; the legs were tucked well in, the left, or impure hand lay passive on the lap, the right went to work; a piece of thin cake served as a spoon when gravy was in the case; for the rest fingers sufficed. I can only say, that many of the dishes were excellent, and the sauces not bad. As each had finished, he hitched back to his place, said *A ham del Ællah*, (thank God,) washed his hands, made noises in your face to show his repletion; and, coffee over, the smoking of pipes began. Some, I noticed, swallowed a handful of soap, a liqueur I felt no inclination to taste.

Scarcely was the table cleared—or rather the floor—than yells, cries, shouts, &c., broke on our ears; dark figures filled the door, and a half-naked Bedawee came in, brandishing his sixteen or eighteen foot spear. These spears are full that length, the pole being of bamboo, or a species of

lance-wood, found near Damascus. The iron head is about nine inches long; then, bayonet-shaped, close beneath it, is a huge circular tuft of ostrich feathers, and frequently two or three small bits of iron to keep up a jingling: it is called Rhummer. He held it horizontally in his right hand and caused it to vibrate rapidly, chanting his war-song the while, in which some twelve or sixteen others joined. He darted about, rushing now at one, now at another, approaching the point in most unpleasant propinquity to one's face; those who bobbed, which many did, were cheered by fresh yells. The yell was most piercing in its higher pitches;—the Arabs close their own ears to render it more so, and I do not think that anybody who has once heard the Anase war-cry will readily forget it. They got more furious as they warmed; threw off their *chefias* or *kephea*, (head-handkerchiefs), shook down their long black hair, and cried surprisingly.

At the colonel's request, they showed us the dance of their women; but, except contortions, it was nothing wonderful. When these retired, sixteen more, all clothed in armour, came forward to welcome the colonel. Their armour consisted

of long coats of chain mail reaching to the knees, and a low steel morion, with a movable bar down the face, instead of a visor. I fancied, and in fact I still believe, the suits were ancient, though they all maintained they were not. One helmet struck me as French; and when one considers the armoured men slain in this country, one can easily account for its being found. These men, however, said it came from Kourdistan, and towns in the north, where it was made. They also said, in their division of the Anase, they could bring 500 horsemen thus clothed; but for their mares' sakes they seldom wore it, save in actual fight.

Retired: three men were sent to guard our quarters, who sang dolefully all night, and at daylight, began clamouring loudly for backshish. The Montselim saw us home, but left such a wild wind behind him as prevented our sleeping.

13*th April*, 1850—Ekikopole, or Haseah, as the Arabs call it, to Homs the ancient Emesa, nine hours': plain.—We were told of large ruins existing seven hours S.E., but whether with truth or not, we had no opportunity of ascertaining, for without a large fee to the Anase it would have

been impossible, and the lateness of the season made us anxious to push on. Our Arabs of last night, it appears, had come in to greet the soldiers; but none of them were men of consequence, whose capture would have been of any importance to their tribe or worth the while of the Turks.

It was curious to see the whole female population out gleaning on the spot where the troops had encamped: they collected the very refuse of the chaff left by the horses. As I was standing by our fire, for which we had paid some most exorbitant charge, an old fellow advanced with a bucket. I did not warn him off, as I thought he wished perhaps to warm his old bones, but he had no sooner got near than he commenced purloining the half burnt, burning bits, which he threw into his bucket full of water: we emptied his bucket over him, a process he grumbled at considerably.

Again upon the road—the desert gay with flowers; each day it seems to wear a different dress, so quickly come and fade the flowers: as Spenser moralises—

> "So passeth in the passing of a day
> Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower."

North, south and east, dead plain; west, a low range of hills, and beyond, the fair Anti-Lebanon in all its snowy beauty. Desert all around us, but no dreary waste. Here and there were loose stones and rocks, the rest a carpet of green, fresh, dewy grass, filled with every hue of wild flowers —the poppy in its gorgeous red, the hyacinth, the simple daisy and others, thick as they could struggle up, all freshened with a breeze heavy with the scents of thyme. The lark sent forth its thrill of joy in welcome to the coming day; before us the pennon of the spearmen gleamed as they wound along the plain. We passed the site of an Arab encampment strewn with fire-blackened stones, bones and well picked carcases. Storks and painted quails sauntered slowly away at our approach, or perched and looked as if they questioned our right to pass. At eight o'clock halted at a khan called Hasiah also. The population consisting of robust, wild-looking fellows; and very pretty women poured out to sell hard-boiled eggs, leban, bread, and milk: they were all Mussulmans.

The populations of this country are most varied. It is calculated that, besides Arabs, Christians, &c., in the two Pashalics of Aleppo and Damascus,

there are 30,000 Turkomans, and 20,000 tents of Koords (plural Krat), or as they generally call themselves Kourmanche: they inhabit the more northern portions however. The Turkomans now, as in the days of Ezekiel, trade with Syria, even down to Gaza, in sheep and horses; in fact, they chiefly supply the country with these. The Turkomans or Euruque, and Koords are a vast nation, and an inquiry into their customs would well repay the trouble, as there is no doubt that many tribes of them, though professing Mussulmans, are heathens and idolators. If my memory serves, several scholars have endeavoured theoretically to trace this people, designing Armenia and Media as their country. In the former they are certainly modern interlopers, within the proper limits of the latter they were hardly found. Probably, theirs has been a gradual migration from the east, from the vast plains south, and south and east of the Caspian, pressed forward by conquest or for conquest, or driven out by a more united and settled people.

CHAPTER XI.

Solitude—Enormous Burial Ground—Arrival at Homs—Host and his Daughters—Lake of Kades—Mode of making Coffee—The Greek Doctor and his Antiquities—The Christian and the Turk compared—Stupidity of the Homs People exemplified—Ancient Tomb—Vast Cemetery—Town and Castle of Homs—I explore the latter—Asmodean View—Cemetery of the Greeks—Greek Church—Conduct of the Congregation—House of the Bishop—Population of Homs—Visit the Bazaars—Prepare to start from Homs with an Escort of Soldiers—Early History of Emessa—Bassianus—Heliogabalus—Zenobia and her Husband—Close of the Career of Zenobia—Heraclius and the Moslems—The Cousin of Kaled—Chivalry of Kaled, "the Sword of God"—Food of the Homs People.

And now my companions are far behind; I am alone, not a living creature within my horizon: the stillness is oppressive, no bird, no bee breaks the awful silence; the sun is hid by clouds; so vast and overpowering seems the solitude,

> "That God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be."

But now a mound,—long, jagged, and broken,—rose on the northern horizon. Minaret and tree grew up by its side. Our soldiers, as if there was no sun, no lameness, no hard stones in the track, dashed about in chase of one another. We passed a most desert-looking Arab on his dromedary, another on

his mare. Corn and plough succeed to desert and flowery sward, the towers were now full grown into monuments; the jagged mound to an imposing Acropolis in picturesque ruin.

We passed through an enormous Moslem burial ground, with ruins in it; from the top of these, women crowded to see the arrivals, closely veiled; one, old and ugly, thrust her face at mine, cursing my respected father (illan abouk); for this I thanked her beauty and her youth, which caused a loud titter among her friends. Here we bade a kind farewell to the officers, who with their men filed by in the plain beyond, where they were to encamp, and entering by an old arched gate, rode along the deserted streets of Homs. They were clean, and had, like many of the streets in Syrian towns, a raised paved trottoir on either side.

A Mussulman offered to receive us into his house: he had a good room, and we were soon reposing on the carpets within it. The house was kept by a man named Machmoud: his brother and family occupy the next within the same court, and—dreadful to relate—beat his wife, because she liked watching us. Fatma and Cadija (Anglice, come and take), the daughters of our host, eleven and four-

teen years of age, after a proper hour of coyness and coquetry at the door, came in, soon found their veils uncomfortable, and we were speedily on good terms. We give them some English coins for their hair; Fatma looks down, then up, and blushing runs off to put them among her other treasures; Cadija retires and asks our servant how much they are worth, and if he will change them for base current coin of the realm.

Fish for dinner, from the Lake of Homs or Kades, whose blue waters we saw in the distance to-day: the Lebanon opens behind it, and you may pass to the sea, on the plain, without a hill. This plain, but rarely visited, is among the most interesting portions of Syria, containing numerous convents, castles, and ruins, and its people are still but little known. Maszyad, the principal seat of the sect called Ismayly, the Ansayrii also, and Koords, besides Turks, Christians, and gipsys, may be found among its varied population. The ancient castle of El Hoshn, supposed, by the lions over its gates, to have been built by the Count of Thoulouse, is well worth a visit. The Orontes taking its rise in a rock, from whence it gushes just west of the Tel of Khroumee,—true bearing from

Homs from south 60° 32′ east,—flows through the Lake of Kades and passes about 2° to the west of Homs: it is called Nahr El Aazzy, or the rebel river, some say because of its running north, while all the other rivers run south; more probably, however, on account of its rapidity and strength of current. It is an historical stream; on its banks were altars, and the country it waters is almost unmatched for beauty—

> "Oh, sacred stream! whose dust
> Is the fragments of the altars of idolatry."

Coffee is burnt here over a charcoal fire in an iron spoon, and pounded directly with a wooden pestle in a wooden mortar, which is sometimes handsomely carved; just enough is done for immediate use: water is then put on in a small tin or copper pot. When boiling, the pounded coffee is put at the top, a moment or two is allowed for it to settle, and it is served up,—it is burnt, pounded, and drunk within half an hour. The oven is a square brick or stone pile, in which is a circular hollow, whose opening is in the upper front. One woman sets on the pile and kneads the dough; she deposits round lumps of it on a cloth; another passes these from one hand to the other rapidly till they become

flat, then wetting them with water, she dabs them on the upper sides of the oven, removing them as fast as she requires their space; thus the bread is a half baked, flabby stuff, like thick damp brown paper. The oven is heated with sticks; when these are half burnt and form a smouldering mass at the bottom, the baking begins: the bread, however, is said to be wholesome. By rebaking it till hard and crisp, I found it very palatable—when there was no other, at least.

A Greek doctor, in the service of the Porte, paid us a visit. He complained sadly of many things—of the service he was in, of the pay of the people, who considered they ought to be paid for taking the vile stuff he ordered, instead of being disgusted and paying also. He told us of vast hidden treasures at the Lake Kades, but—what was more immediately profitable—of a stream of water he had found, and which he hoped to dispose of advantageously; for there is no water at Homs—it has all to be brought from a distance. He expatiated long and earnestly on the lax morals of the whole community, and related how a poor girl who had fallen had been so badly treated by her parents and the priesthood, that he had called

in the Turkish authorities to protect her from them. He added a curious finish to his tale; for he said: "I gave a man at last twenty-five piastres (five shillings) to marry her!"

As conversation flagged, he put his hand far into the depths of his pocket, and pulled out coins, curiosities, and sundries. Among the things he produced were two cylinders: these it is to be regretted my delicacy prevented my offering to purchase, as they are of great value in elucidating the Assyrian mysteries now puzzling so many. They were similar in all, save their legend, to several lodged in the British Museum by Mr. Layard, and would have been of much value; as they were, he assured me, dug up at the ruins here. For coins I care little, but we read their inscriptions; as some old poet says:—

> "The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
> Through climes and ages bears each form and name.
> In one short view subjected to our eye,
> Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie;
> With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
> The inscription value—but the rust adore."

We passed the evening pleasantly, and obtained the doctor's consent to accompany us in our explorings the next morning. He knew and

seemed much interested about the antiquities of Homs, most of which he had himself copied. The two girls and their mother, whose company we requested, made themselves agreeable; though their lot was humble, their ambition was small, and they had no wish apparently to better it. This is a feature which all those conversant with Turks must have remarked; they are seldom ambitious. They take life as it is, content with ease and comfort, hoping to enjoy existence as their fathers have done before them. They bear the extraordinary rises and falls to which they are subject with an admirable philosophy; and I am inclined to ascribe to this their never seeming parvenus when raised to an unexpected position: they behave as if born to the rank they have attained.

With the Christian, however, it is far different; active, keen in business, he cares for little so he gain money, nor is he over scrupulous as to the means: cringing towards all he fears—suffer him to hold up his head, and he becomes intolerably insolent. From this cause the Turk is no match for him in the advance of civilisation. Distanced in trade, he lags behind, and has but his pride to wrap himself in; in this march of

mind, religious prejudices of course increase his difficulties.

The fair Damascenes, who, while they own the superiority of the Egyptians to themselves in conversational powers, abuse all others, yet say that the people of Homs are particularly stupid. The following story is told, among many of the same kind. A woman of Hamath wrote to her sister at Homs to send her a stone mortar, used for pounding sugar. "In order," she said, "that it may arrive quickly, send it by Aazzy," such being the name of the muleteer who, in default of a post, carried her letter. The sister bought the article, and instead of taking it to the man, took it to the river, and attaching a letter and direction to it, threw it in.

Awoke before the sun by cries from our host's brother's house. He must either have beaten his family all round, by the various keys in which they screamed, or else they all cried for sympathy. He disappeared for the day afterwards, so I had not an opportunity of seeing this justice-distributing Turk. When I was up, however, his pretty wife was hard at work, her eyes bright as ever. She received my condolements with a

"Why do you listen? I dare say I deserved it." Wondrous woman! reasonable! Went and had a bath (this is not described in my journal; for a description of it, look to Warburton's "Crescent and Cross," or Titmarsh's "Cornhill to Cairo"); the marble floor and attendants good. After a short kief, returned to breakfast, and at seven walked out to see the place.

Passing out of the town by a half ruined gate, we proceeded to the tomb described by Kelly. It now consists of but one side of the ancient edifice, and that much resembles the tombs found by Fellowes in Lycia, and some of those at Palmyra. On the face, in the centre, is an inscription; the portion removed is in the serai of the Montselim. On what now remains is written, "Alexeus Alexeonos," but time, and—more fatal still—treasure-hunters, have entirely destroyed the building. Masses of it thrown down, still held together by the cement, lie on every side. On the inside, part of the vaulted ceiling of the first floor still remains. The usual stories are told of treasure; and while we were there a hole was pointed out as the last place from whence it had been taken. A Maughrebin (Moor) arrived one

night on a jet-black barb; he went to the spot; it opened, and he took from thence a pot of gold. Vain was all search for him; none saw him go, none saw him afterwards. "*Ya beg*, we should not believe the tale, did not the hole show us it was true."

To the west of the city is the vast cemetery of the Mussulmans, and among the head-stones are many remains of the ancient city. The walls have not been built more than 500 years, though, in tracing them, many portions appear of an earlier era. The town has seven gates, one of which, and the finest, has been walled up for 300 years: it is handsomely built of alternate layers of black and white stone, and is still in good repair. A Pasha, it appears, died while passing under it, and it has been walled up ever since: a long inscription in Arabic over it, tells the story.

The castle presents a remarkable object. It is an oblong mound, of considerable area, about 150 feet high, and about half a mile in circumference at the plateau on the top. The whole hill is cased over with solid masonry, immense blocks of black, ferruginous stone, of great depth and solidity: here and there columns of the same have been worked

in. Many portions of this are now in ruins, as it is much used by the inhabitants for the lower portions of their houses, tombs, &c. Of the castle above little now remains; Ibrahim Pasha blew it up, in return for the resistance it made to his forces. He built some fine cavalry barracks outside the town, which the Turks have been far too stingy to finish, so they keep straw in them while their troops are under canvas. The uncultivated plain near makes it an excellent cavalry station in the spring, when grass is very abundant, and regiments and horse-artillery are sent here yearly.

The Doctor and my companion declined ascending the hill, so, mounting by a goat-path, I proceeded to explore it myself. One entrance-gate alone remains, built of alternate layers of black and white stone; it is of modern architecture. All round the plain, west and north-east, faintly appear mountains. The Orontes can be traced from the lake to the far north; the plain is variegated with every tinted verdure, or with red where it is ready for the seed. Within all is grass-covered ruins, broken arches, tumbling walls. I noticed a rather well-cut Corinthian column, built into a modern mosque, and another, rudely carved

in black stone in the base of the wall, still standing. The stones are of almost Cyclopean size. It has, however, evidently been patched at very different eras. Here and there carved marble scroll-work is built in; gloomy entrances led to the huge passages underneath; in fact, most of the holes I saw seemed only intended to give light to passages below. These are said to run all over the interior of the hill; and a large one which I followed, ran round inside the revêtement masonry on a level with the bottom of the ditch.

Much conjecture has arisen as to whether the hill is natural or artificial. By the frequency of hills of almost similar shape, I should be led to believe it was a natural formation, its shape altered by art to suit the purpose for which it was originally adapted; though, doubtless, the people who revêted its face with such care and labour, could have cast up the mound with comparatively little trouble. The whole is surrounded by a broad deep ditch, whose bottom and sides are faced in a similar manner to the rest. From the ruined walls I had an Asmodean view of the houses of the Turkish quarter. Within the sanctity of their courts, the veil laid aside, they pursued their occupations.

Oh, glorious invention, the deer-stalking glass! It protrudes no long tube, courting observation. Beneath me, then, was a superior sort of a house; a lady sat on the open leewan; a man comes up the street; he looks up and down to see if passers are near; he knocks; a black, who has been sitting in another court doing a kind action to the head of his fellow, opens; he walks on through the door, shuts it very carefully after him; she rises, and they stand facing each other. I suppose

> "She looked down to blush,
> And she looked up to sigh,
> With a smile on her lips
> And a tear in her eye."

They sat down lovingly on the dewan.

It was just mass time as we entered the crowded cemetery of the Greeks. It is within the town, walled in, and the church stands in the centre of it. The small space was crowded with dead, and half the congregation were clustered outside, the church being too small to hold them. The church possessed no architectural beauties, and was most dismally blackened with the incense of years. It was rich in silver lamps, several of them of most delicate workmanship; and a picture of a black Virgin seemed, by its richly covered figure and

frame, to be an object of peculiar sanctity. It was dreadful to hear the way the mass was gabbled over; and a priest, with a piece of stick on which was wrapped a piece of cotton wool, anointed my eyes and hands from a pot, much against my will, though I smothered it with a *Katheer hheurak Abounee!* "I thank you, father." The mind flew home to England in thoughts of her pure fanes and simple worship; and I felt, sadly felt, how much the soul strays from God when not led by others and by outward invitation. At this hour, in my own land, from how many thousand voices heartfelt prayers are humbly lifted; how many knees are bent in holy adoration; how many hearts attuned to prayer by the simple solemnity of our dear Church.

Here a noise prevents all that quiet repose so necessary to prayer. They jostle one another to kiss the bishop's hand,—a mortal perhaps frailer than themselves; they drown the sound of prayers which with their utmost attention they could not understand. The ceremony is all stopped while we are introduced to the bishop, and our Greek friend explains who we are. He presses us to go to his house, and wait while devotees press round

him to slobber over his fingers. As I stood outside, waiting for my companions, a boy asked me what I was. "A Christian, thank God!" I replied. A woman addressed the same question, to which I made the same answer. "Why not go to church, then?" "I am a Protestant," I replied. "Alas!" she said, shrinking from me, "he is a Catholic."

We went to the bishop's house, in the rear of, but adjoining the church. The cloisters were supported on light and well-cut pillars, dug up from the ruins. He hurried after us, and received us most hospitably, introduced pipes and coffee, and mentioned his great anxiety for foreigners to settle, as it would bring also consuls and protection. He said that now at this present time they had nothing to complain of; but it was rather a toleration that might be infringed upon than a security that could be relied on. His flock in Homs consisted of seven thousand persons, for which this and another church equally small, did not afford sufficient space. He complained sadly of his brother, who, won by a pretty face, was about to commit matrimony, and to resign his hopes of a bishopric, as it is only the lower orders who are permitted such indulgence.

We visited a school newly established, partly by a present from Russia of three thousand piastres (about 30*l.*), to which a sum raised by subscription among themselves has been added. This put out to interest, supported a school in which one hundred and twenty children were educated. It was held in a small building adjoining the church, and would doubtless be productive of much good, though great opposition was found in the parents, who removed their children at an early age to assist them in their labours. The bishop has been translated here but a year from Damascus, whose pleasant groves and other comforts he seemed much to regret. He reckoned the total population at 40,000 men; but this I should think much exaggerated, as scarce two-thirds of the space within the walls is inhabited. The Roman Catholics number from thirty to forty houses.

Sauntered about the bazaars, which were mean and dirty. The principal trade is with the Arabs, who frequent this place to make their purchases, as being much safer for them than Damascus; visited all manner of out of the way places in search of inscriptions. The most valuable are said to be in a mosque, and I regret much having been unable to

procure a copy. Pillars, capitals, &c. abound; and in digging they constantly come on the ruins, and almost as constantly break or deface any ornaments found on them. It was late in the evening before my search was completed, and then there was Cadiga and Fatma's prattle to pass the rest, till it was time to retire for the night—my companion had withdrawn earlier. Then there was packing for the morrow, and other preparations for a fresh start. A number of discharged soldiers were about to proceed north, so we agreed to accompany them, thus affording each other mutual protection and assistance on the road, which was pronounced totally impracticable to travel without an escort. However, there are none who know less, and whose information is more limited, than those who live at a place, so we resolved to start whether or no, and leave the rest to the chapter of accidents.

Homs is the best starting point for visiting Palmyra, as the Arabs, with whom the bargain must be made, are more readily found. It is about ninety miles distant in a direct line, and the journey takes four easy days. I forgot to mention, in my day's rambles, that we saw a curious dance at one of the coffee-houses. Two men, armed with

sticks and round shields, advanced with mincing curious steps to the music of the tambour and a shrill fife. They began by striking one another's shields; this was repeated, the music varying with every stage of the combat.

The origin of Emessa seems unknown; it was long celebrated for its Temple of the Sun, dedicated under the title of Allah Gabal. About the year of our Lord 217, the Roman soldiery, enraged at the severe discipline maintained by Macrinus, and fancying they recognised in the features of Bassianus a resemblance to their murdered Emperor Caracalla, raised him to the throne. His subsequent reign under the name of Heliogabalus adds no lustre to the residence of his youth. He propagated, however, its worship; and the black stone of Emessa, supposed to have fallen from heaven, was bowed down to by the Roman world. He was murdered by those who had raised him to power, after having disgusted the world by his vices, seemingly unrelieved by a single virtue.

In A.D. 271, Emessa again emerged from its obscurity as a small provincial town. Aurelian turned east to conquer Zenobia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt; equalled in

beauty her ancestress Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. She gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, had raised himself to the dominion of the East. Her talents soon made her overcome the prejudices entertained against her sex, and she became the companion, friend, and counsellor of her warrior-hero husband. Odenathus was killed by his nephew Mæanius. Zenobia avenged her husband's death, and with the concurrence of all, mounted his throne, which, with the assistance of her friends, she ruled with manly vigour. On Aurelian's approach she behaved with judgment and precision. In two battles her fate was decided, and, retiring to Palmyra, she made preparations for a vigorous resistance.

It was at Emessa that she was brought as a captive into the presence of Aurelian. Why did she not there fall? Why add those lustreless years to her life? Why, in the words of Gibbon, sink insensibly into the Roman matron? Zenobia, fat, dowdy, and contented—profanation! Zimmerman invests the close of her career with graceful philosophy: here he says—speaking of the villa presented her by Aurelian at Tibur or Tivoli, in happy

tranquillity—she fed the greatness of her soul with the noble image of Homer and the exalted precepts of Plato; supported the adversity of her fortunes with fortitude and resignation, and learnt that the anxieties attendant on ambition are happily exchanged for the employments of ease and the comforts of philosophy—

"And here, where once she reigned,—what now remaineth here,
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger, spurns around!"

It was at Emessa, in A.D. 633, that Heraclius received an embassy from Mahomet; the letter of the Prophet he reverently kissed, and deposited under his pillow. The ambassadors who invited the world to profess Islamism he treated with distinguished consideration; but their friendship was of short duration, and the hordes of the Desert spread over the land. Then arose the cry of fierce chivalry, burning with religious zeal, and thirsting for conquest. Allah Akbar, Alhamlah, Alhamlah, Alfannah, Alfannah—God is great, fight, fight. Paradise, Paradise. In two years the whole of southern Syria was theirs, and like eagles round a prey, their host appeared at Emessa. The commander

of the faithful reproved the slowness of their conquests, and the Saracens, bewailing their remissness, begged with tears of rage to be led against the enemies of their God, to fight for his faith. In the fight the cousin of Kaled was heard to exclaim—"Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me; for one of whom, should she appear in this world, all mankind would die of love, and I see in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk and a cap of precious stones; and she beckons me, and calls out, come hither quickly, for I love thee." He spurs with dreadful charge amidst the Christian ranks. The Governor of Homs, however, with his javelin, put a stop to his visions—in this world at least.

Heraclius, awaked from his lethargy, mustered his force; keeping himself aloof from the dangers of the campaign, he ordered the fate of the country to be decided in one field. The Saracens withdrew to the south, and the battle of Yermuk, or Hieromax, saw Syria lost to the empire. The loss of the Christians was enormous; that of the Saracens, no doubt, severe; but what to them was loss? The sword is the key of heaven and of hell. "Paradise is beneath the shadow of swords," cried

the prophet. "A drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and of prayer," says the Koran. What precepts for conquest—what maxims to make warriors! It was one of the four cities which was not possessed by the Christians after their first crusade — the strip comprising Aleppo, Hamath, Homs and Damascus, never being subdued, or wrung rather, from the Moslems.

Kaled, or Caled, "the sword of God," is buried in the mosque; he deserted from the revolution raised against Mahomet, and in the first war with the Roman empire he bravely won his name: this was at the battle of Muta. Καλεδος (says Theophanes) ὁν λεγουσι μαχαιραν του θεου, of that day. He was of immense importance to the cause under Caliph Abubeker, attended the army through the Syrian conquest, was foremost among the bravest in cruelty, as in valour, at Damascus and at Aignadin, and commanded the army at Yormuk. After such a life of danger he died quietly, having survived most of his distinguished companions in arms. This immunity from death on the field was imputed to a cap he wore, which had been blessed by the

prophet of God. Surely all must admire the high-souled cavalier of the Moslem cause. Who does not remember the boy's apostrophe, as he parted from his home, his mother, and soft, loving sister? "It is not, mother mine (*emee*), the delicacies of Syria, or the fading delights of this world, that have prompted me to devote my life in the cause of religion; but I seek the favour of God and his apostle; and I have heard from one of the companions of the Prophet, that the spirits of martyrs shall be lodged in the crops of green birds who shall taste the fruits and drink of the rivers of Paradise. Farewell; we shall meet again, among the groves and by the fountains which God has chosen for his elect."

The speedy conquest of the land may be imputed to the degeneracy of the empire. Her soldiers were aliens, hated and feared: looked upon as conquerors, they treated the people as conquered. The inhabitants looked almost with apathy on a struggle, for the result of which they cared little. Spite of every search and enquiry, it was impossible to find or hear of any trace of the once-famed temple. If descriptions are true, it equalled that of Baalbec, and the

poet has compared it to the Lebanon in splendour—

> " Emesa fastigia celsa resident
> Manu diffusa solo latus explicit; ac subit auras
> Turribus in cœlum nitentibus; incola claris
> Cor studiis ac erit
> Denique flammicomo devoti pectora soli
> Vitam agitant: Libanus frondosa cacumina turget,
> Et tamen bis certant celsi fastigia templi."

The food of the people is poor and meagre in the extreme, and no doubt renders them more liable to the attacks of the fever and ague so prevalent here during the midsummer months. On the Christians, owing to their long fasts, it falls with greater severity. Meat they seldom eat; bread, leban, milk made sour on purpose, and bruised maize form their chief sustenance. The Turks indulge occasionally in camels' flesh, which is very cheap; this the Christians will not touch.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Homs—Tel Bissè—Description of that village—Tel el Cartel and Djebel Mariam — Kubbes — Arrival at Hamath — Our Reception—The Bazqars—Manufactures of Hamath—The Orontes—How the Town is supplied with Water—The Algerine Arab and his Stories—The Provident Turk and his Silly Wife—Hamath to Khan Shokune—Scenery on the Way—Two Algerine Moors and Abd-el Kader—Columns and Ruins—Shokune to Marra—Corn-holes—Use they are put to—Beautiful Ruins.

We quitted the town at daylight: the gate we passed out at was fine with carved marble, but fast falling to decay. We crossed the wheat fields that environ the town, and then on into the flower-strewn desert. At length, a mound broke the roundness of the horizon, and we came upon a village built on it. The mud houses had dome-shaped roofs, a form seemingly better adapted for a country subject to rain, than the flat roofs universal in Syria. They looked like enormous native ovens. The village is called Tel Bissè, and is about nine miles N.N.E. from Homs. On again over uncultivated verdure; in one hour and ten minutes we reached Rastan, the ancient

Arethusia. The ruins are extensive, built of black ferruginous stone. They occupy a long hill on the right bank of the Orontes, which flows in a deep channel far beneath: the northernmost part is occupied by the village. All is perfectly ruined.

We noticed one spring of an arch composed of alternate layers of black and white stone — Saracenic, and comparatively modern, and some remnants of walls built of huge blocks uncemented. The rows of pedestals form a broad way for some distance till lost in the village. Shafts, in all stages of decay, lie strewn about. The present village is built of blocks about a foot square: these compose the walls, yards, &c. Roofed with sticks and mud, well rammed over all this, they form wretched, low, dark hovels, light and air being admitted only by the door. I saw only one capital of black stone, small, and perfectly unornamented.

We passed through the modern village, and descending the hill rejoined the baggage, which had halted at a large spacious khan close to the banks of the river. This we crossed by a fine solid stone bridge, and climbed a long, steep

ascent, leaving the river on our left, while we traversed a broad, barren plain. Some mountains separated us from the stream: these are put down in Palmer's map as Djebel Erbayeen, or Mountains of the Forty; but I asked several persons, in order to ascertain correctly, and found the more southernly was called Tel el Cartel, and the other Djebel Mariam. One man told me the whole were called Djebel Swadia; but this I doubt. To the west lay a plain rich with cultivation; before us over the rising ground rose a few kubbes, or tombs, built on the hill over Hamath. As we approached, we met rich Turks riding out with their suites, and at last entered the gates.

Here we were surrounded by Turks anxious to have us for lodgers. One little girl scrambled under the crowd and entreated us; her pretty face won the day, and we were lodged in a wretched place in less than no time. My voice was for the tent which we always carried with us, but never used. I must not forget to mention that our little hostess was nearly torn to pieces by the rest, and then dreadfully worsted in a single combat; finally, under our protection, defeating the main body by her speed and sharpness of

speech. It takes eight or, with baggage, nine hours from Homs to Hamath.

After dinner I took a walk through the town, and was severely pelted by small boys in a by-street: the brutes seemed never to miss one, and running after them produced no other result than fatigue. A Turk, however, licked them soundly, and I knocked over a couple with stones with admirable effect, and for the rest of my walk was unmolested. I visited a fine large khan: the upper story is in ruins; but the lower, with its great size and clean Saracenic arched entrance, is very fine. It was built about seventy years ago by a Mourad Pasha, who subsequently was what the Chinamen call *squeezed*, and lost his head; *i. e.* avernised for peculation.

It was amusing, as we entered to-day, to see the admirable conduct of the Turks. Oh wise Moslems! In the battle attendant on our coming, they let the women do the fighting; these crowded round us, but the men kept entirely aloof, looking on with apathy, while their wives and daughters fought it out, which they did with hands, nails and tongue. The damage would have been much greater, bnt all employed one hand in keeping the

veils over their faces. Oh Turks, you are a great nation!

Night dreadful! Insects within, cats without, Zea drove one off who was drinking a pan of milk. Zea finishes the milk; cat returns with friends. Zea victorious; break of crockery—cats without—most painful noises. Breakfast; smoking; out to see the town—how much one's habits change with circumstances! Three months ago it was painful to be up to breakfast at ten; now five sees one up, hungry, fresh and active.

The bazaars present nothing very remarkable. Hamath, however, manufactures a fine cotton towel worked with silk, much prized; also narbeeshes, the leather snakes for nargillehs, and *abas*, or cloaks. These are made of wool; some are fine and handsomely embroidered with silk and gold.

The views of the Orontes—or rather the glimpses caught of it between the streets—are fine; girded in with houses, it flows through the centre of the town in a deep low bed: on its high banks stand the houses. The two portions of the town thus divided are called Hadher, and El Djisser. On the plain to the west where we were lodged, are El

Aleyat, and El Medine, on the farther side. Of the former castle little remains except the mound. The Orontes is crossed by three bridges—they say four, but I did not see them. The water is supplied to the town by means of water wheels—*naoura*—which empty themselves into stone aqueducts, supported on arches, which again spread it over the town. They are moved by the stream which is dammed off to meet them. They are usually sadly out of repair; so the quantity of water thrown is not very great. The largest, Naoura el Mohammedge, is seventy feet in diameter, and there are several others of nearly equal size: thus gardens and lands are irrigated. The former we saw bright with ripening fruit, green with healthful verdure.

Hamath is a favourite residence of many wealthy Turks, as they have their enjoyments, and are removed from the immediate oppression of governors and governments. The merchants, from its want of trade, are poor and few. The family of Nasyf Pasha, or rather of A Deen, has a rent-roll of 8000*l.*, per annum. The houses of the wealthier people are rich and handsome—that of A Deen's one of the most handsome and oriental-looking I

have ever seen, with its kiosks over the river, and its marble courts, minarets, and graceful spiral cypress. Ibrahim Pasha built here also fine roomy barracks.

In the afternoon we were visited by an Arab of Algiers, attached to the irregular cavalry, of which four or five hundred are always quartered here to resist the Arabs, who frequently attack and plunder the neighbouring villages. He conversed with us in very odd French; his words and pronunciation were most curious. He said there were two hundred more of his countrymen in the force here, and seemed to hold both the natives—the Nizam, or regular Turkish soldiers, and even the courage-famed Bedawee—very cheap. As to their courage, he told us a vast variety of stories, rather in the Antar or Abou Samera style—how they killed their thousands and tens of thousands. This I regretted, as if he would have adhered to the truth, he would, perhaps, have given us much useful, or at least interesting, information.

The muleteer most resolutely refuses to start, and he was not compelled, which was wrong; as these fellows are either slaves or tyrants. Walked about: could not help admiring the view over the

principal bridge. The noise, the grumbling noise, of the naouras is not ungrateful to the ear. Lost my way, but met with the greatest civility from all: tea; ingratiated ourselves with the girls of the houses about, who at first peeped in to look at the strangers feeding with gifts of sugar-plums —*min geman.*

A long time ago, there was a Turk who dwelt in Hamath, and he had a lovely wife, whose beauty, save his love of eating, was his greatest passion. Being poor, he gradually collected food of all costly descriptions, telling his wife, "This is for Ramazan, this is for Ramazan," and so on; meaning to feast after the sunset-gun proclaimed the fast to be finished. Daily, as the feast approached, he surveyed his meal, and kissed his wife, with fond anticipation. Now the wife, like many another beauty, had not much sense. One morning, while her husband was out, a dervish came and begged for food. "I have none," she said. "What, none for me?" "No, none: what is your name—are you Ramazan?" "I keep Ramazan always." "Oh, then," she exclaimed, handing out the cherished store, "here, this is for him, give it him." We will hope the husband took his loss

philosophically, and only cherished his pretty wife the more.

April 17th.—Hamath to Khan Shokune, eight hours. Road good; travelled very slowly. Left Hamath after some delay waiting, for the guards were considered necessary for our protection. Passed through the bazaar, and by a stone bridge over the Orontes, under one of the huge water-mills, and so out on the plain to the north. The hills forming the high water banks are full of tombs, but did not seem to merit a visit. The plain of wheat, of grass, of camomile, and rich coloured flowers, opened before us. The river ran along a deep ravine: one unbroken mass of fruit-trees and verdure. Passed a ruin called Dareaa, on the banks of the river, and soon afterwards a hill, on the summit of which is the tomb of Sheik Jenel Ab Deen. The hill was called Jidda. The noise of the wheels grew fainter and fainter, and we rode along the level plain, leaving the city which of yore worshipped Ashima—the city where Jeroboam worshipped, which has now no answer for, "Where are thy gods, where thy kings?"—the city where David smote Hadarezar; where Solomon the wise stored grain; whence the

Lord shall recover his people—the border of the Promised Land on the north and on the west.

The houses of one village we passed had the same tent shape I have before described. All the way was a plain, save that on the west; the mountains towered up till lost in mist. Several discharged soldiers accompanied us; they had completed their period of service, and were now on their return to their several homes. Our escort were two irregulars, (Algerine Moors), who said they had left Algiers in the suit of some great man formerly in Abd-el-Kader's suite. One bragged considerably; the other's account was more probable. He said, twelve French officers had been sent over the country, offering a free passage to those who wished to leave for any Mussulman country. He and his brother had among others availed themselves of the offer, and been sent to Egypt, whence they had travelled here. They frankly avowed, if Abd-el-Kader returned, they should rob money and hasten back to join their much-loved chief. The contest, in their minds, was not one of the Algerine to resist French aggression, but one of faith—the Mussulman against the Christian — in fact, the man

never spoke of them as French, but as Christians.

Passed a village called Theba, built on and round one of the hills that rise out of the ground. Three hours afterwards we rode through columns and ruins. The Arabs called the place Ludmien. Many plain shafts of columns were standing; excavated vaults; corn-holes, such as are in use now—solid stone water-troughs, circular stones for well mouths. The grass and weeds grow too thick to see the outline of the buildings—the whole might be a mile and a half round. I observed but one or two carved stones. I copied also an ornamental scroll; pediments of columns also, but plain and uncarved, lay about. In one place, a number of stones stood in a square. From one of these stones I copied an inscription, the only one I saw; and, from a stone behind it, an ornament.

This may be one of the stone cities of Solomon, which he built in Hamath. This plain, probably, furnished grain for the crowded and less fertile land of the Jews. The villages are now deserted, and the people encamped out on the plain in order to pasture their cattle. Poor Zea was furiously attacked and badly bitten by their dogs. We

reached Shokune early, a village of tent-shaped houses, built on and round a hill. We took up our quarters at a large khan, built, the inscription said, two hundred and twelve years ago, by one Arsad Pasha. It has no well; all the water is contained in two large cisterns outside the enclosure. Passed the evening alone, disturbed only by the fleas and insects swarming in the dirty place chosen for our tent: the weather lovely.

April 18th.—Khan Shokune to Marra, five hours. We travelled very slowly. My dear brother's birthday; the God of all bless and preserve him! The Mortselim had sent us numerous messages on the dangers of the road, and the necessity of horsemen, to all of which we turned a deaf ear. He sent eight or ten with the soldiers, but we departed alone, while they plodded along more slowly, behind the vast plain. Here and there we saw huge patches of wheat, but, generally, nature scattered her flowers in rich profusion. I noticed, to-day, amidst other plants, cabbages and heartseases. The once lofty Lebanon has now sunk into stony barren low ranges, inhabited by the Ansayrii.

On a hill on our left were ruins, but totally

levelled, save that here and there one stone stood on end. There were a few columns, water-troughs, and corn-holes in plenty. By corn-holes I mean circular excavations built up in the earth, and plastered within, opening by a circular hole at the top; on this fits a cover. When this is full, the inhabitants secure the entrance with clay. The villagers store all their grain in this way throughout the plains; the mouth is a little raised above the surrounding level, so as to throw off the rain: the natives call it Aar. Jarapolis occurs to me as the only place whose position would coincide with the situation of these ruins; nor is there such a dissimilarity in the names as not to allow an inference from it—Aar and Jar, or Jaara.

In an hour passed on the right of a small village containing a ruined mosque and a tel, on which were heaps of ruined stones: the name given was Heish—the plain more and more undulating. About one and a half south-west of Marah, I left the road to visit some ruins I observed on my left, standing on the breast of a hill. Several walls, of large massive stones, well built, were still standing; and the whole hill, for two miles or more one way, and certainly five or six in circum-

ference, was literally deep in stones squared for building; and fallen columns. In some places the stones, all huge, had been arranged so as to form inclosures for herds of sheep and goats, which were now spread over the plain grazing, under the protection of armed villagers from the surrounding villages.

It is a sad and mournful feeling that comes over us as we thus sit gazing at ruins—at decay; to see thus a stately city crumbled down, nor know who built it,—when, or how, it was built.

> The wild waste of all devouring years,
> How —— her own sad sepulchre appears;
> With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
> The very tombs now vanished, like their dead.
> Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled,
> Where mixed with slaves the groaning martyr toiled.
> Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age;
> Some hostile fury; some religious rage;
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

To the south remains one corner of a wall, some forty feet high, built of stones five feet long by three thick, broad, and uncemented. In several other places, portions of walls are still standing; but the ground is too much encumbered with ruins to trace any building with accuracy. I also found the subscribed sign, which I copied. In

another portion is a wall and spring of an arch, most delicately executed, which in its style and workmanship reminded me of Baalbec. The minute tracery here, as also on many other stones I noticed, was beautifully cut, and as fresh and sharp as if yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. The place seemed to have been ruined by a sudden shock, and this one remnant alone left, to make us, by its beauty, mourn for the rest. So perfect was each broken portion, that it seemed as if the spirit of old, of evil, and of death, had breathed his destructive breath, and, in one minute, blasted the whole. No corners were worn with the dull edge of ages—sharp and clear destruction seems to have blasted them in their beauty.

At the corner is a small pilaster on the wall, more Corinthian than anything else, but richly ornamented: to the right is one protected, over it a niche, merely cut deep and clear; below, on a lower range, are two others; beneath them is a niche like a scallop, and the ruins of several others lie about. The whole bears a striking resemblance to the gate of the famous temple of Baalbec, and I cannot but think the same hands built both. I

attempted to explore some vaulted passages, but from want of candles, was forced to return. The natives knew no other name than Knack. After a lengthened stay, I left, and cantered on to Marra.

CHAPTER XIII.

The present village of Marra—Its Appearance—Inhabitants—A Turkish Answer—Crusaders and Saracens—Cruelties and Barbarities of Crusaders—Sacking of Marra under Bohemond—Khan Sebel—Dishonesty of Turkish officials—Sermeïn to Aleppo—Approach to that City—Its Walls—Mode of Life and Habits of Aleppenes—Bazaars and Streets of Aleppo—American Missionaries there—Hungarians—General Bem—Gate of Fair Prospect—Strange Custom of the Ladies of Aleppo—Visit to Mussulman Tombs—The Beautiful House of the Family of Sada—General Indolence at Aleppo—Turkish Servants—Vaccination for the Aleppo Button—That Disease Described—Curious Cure—The Slave and his Master.

THE present village of Marra lies on the side of a hill; pretty fields and plantations stretch away, till lost in the distance at the foot of the Ansayrii Mountains. Beyond, to the west, are the remains of the Castle, famous in crusading annals, built of huge stones. Amidst its now crumbling ruins, live eleven families, principally inhabiting its old vaults. The ditch, deep and broad, is cut out of the solid rock. The inhabitants are now entirely Mussulman; the town, flat roofed and unwalled, presents the usual, half-ruinous appearance of all Eastern places. The mosque, or rather the

minaret, is handsomely built: there are also two large khans. In the mosque, in the centre of one, we have taken up our quarters. My companion has most comfortably put his head in the niche that points towards Mecca, the broad road of the faithful to the realms of bliss. The whole is well built; outside is a very pretty court, supported by plain, handsome pillars. A curious instance of the idea the natives entertain of the universality of the Frank's talents occurred here. The Montselim sent many compliments to our courier, to beg he would cut him out a pair of European trousers, at the same time sending the calico.

The khan full: a caravan arrived from Aleppo; a Turkish usurer has joined us. These are a dreadful set: they lend the poor fellahs (cultivators) money on the next year's produce, and this at 40 per cent., or even higher. Few Turks do this; it is a profession more common among the Christians; and the man who follows it is deservedly looked down upon. The people here were most civil, more so than the Turks are generally, which is saying a great deal; and nowhere do we less deserve it, as, probably, my crusading ancestor, of proud memory, helped to

slay the ancestors of some who now bid me welcome to their houses. Some dancing boys made their request to be permitted to dance before us, which was refused; they, however, kept up, till nearly dawn, a racket, in which camels and donkeys joined chorus, while our money-lending companion snored *solo* in the corner; and the fleas attacked us so fiercely, that it was no interruption of rest to rise up and prepare for another day's march.

The autumn after the Crusaders had taken Antioch was passed in disputes, jealousies, and dissensions, which bade fair to be more hindrance to the Christian cause than all the swords of the Moslems. The soldiers, apparently imbued with the true spirit, clamoured to be led to complete their holy intentions: their chiefs but led them to achieve aggrandisement for themselves, and they marched on Marra. Their zeal and courage were, however, long ineffectual: the Moslems met their assault with a courage equal to their own, and now, for the first time, with equal weapons—the state secret had oozed out; and from the walls of Marra Greek fire was poured on the invaders. The Saracens had before used it at the siege of

Thessalonica, A.D. 904; but this was, probably, the first time they had used it against the Crusaders.

Already the fat plain of Antioch had been exhausted by the wasteful invaders; the people of the district of Apamea, in which was Marra, had driven off their cattle to the mountains; and such was the improvident recklessness of the Crusaders, that they began the siege without stores or provisions. Their scaling-ladders were too short; they supplied their other wants by tearing open the graves, and feasting on their fetid contents: they rifled the dead for gold, and then ate their bodies, raw or cooked, for food. Albert of Aix says they ate not only Saracens, but cooked dogs. Foucher de Chartres relates that the Crusaders, ravening with hunger, cut the flesh from the thighs of dead Saracens, and, with cruel tooth, devoured the same almost raw. Some roasted boys whole on spits, or boiled them like chickens. At last, on the arrival of Bohemond, the frantic courage of the Crusaders carried the place. All—even those who had bought a promise of safety from the Christians—were massacred; the men fell, or were sold to slavery; the girls met a gentler, but more dishonoured, fate.

Jealousies again arose, and the city was finally levelled with the ground, to remove the dissensions as to its possession. Apamea, the capital of the province, was one of the three cities built by Seleucus, B.C. 300.

April 19th.—Marra to Sermeim, five hours and a half.—There was a delay in starting. The mountains on our left are now a low range of hills, loose rock, with no signs of cultivation. We passed several villages lying on our east, and in two and a half hours arrived at Khan Sebel. It gives one the idea of a rough fortress of the middle ages, consisting of a large court-yard, surrounded by a double range of low huts in two stories, full of inhabitants as a rabbit-warren; people, fowls, dogs, all pigged together. The outside walls high and well built, quite sufficient to resist any sudden attack. Without, there were a few almost underground huts, not worth plundering, or they would not have been there.

We passed on, leaving the Turks, who had no property to be robbed of, clamouring for an escort, which, spite of letters and orders, the Montselim steadily refused to give them, though we were pressed to take one. Oh, silver key! Oh,

mighty backshish! Our usurer continues with us, and another man who, not having paid his kharadge, or tax, has temporarily enrolled himself as our servant. The servants of Franks pay no taxes, as also, Franks themselves are exempt from all. This man, not having paid his, has no teskere: now this is asked for at every village the native traveller stops at; not for the just purpose of transmitting the same to the Padishah's treasury, but in order to extort a present from the poor victim on their own account. This fellow says he has already paid six piastres in presents. He has pursued a man from Damascus who owes him 2*l.* 5*s.*, leaving wife, shop, and all: it would be a curious calculation to find out what sum he makes a year.

In one hour and twenty minutes passed the village of Dadear with a fine minaret; the plain and its flowers have ceased from under us, and we tread over bare rocks and among huge blocks, amidst which flocks of sheep and goats in scriptural style follow their shepherd. One hour and forty minutes more we reached Sermeim, a large village, and our Turk procured us a house where we took up our lodgings for the rest of the day and night. The people turned out, but they left

their insects and much of their dirt. A furious fight among the horses concluded the day. I took some bearings: Djebel Enish, or Mount St. Simeon, N. 9 W.: it is from here a fine snow-clad peak. Djebel Edlip, N. 122 W. Low mountains run from N.W. to N.E. The sun set in glorious splendour.

April 20th.—Sermeim to Aleppo, by caravans, thirteen hours. I rode it at a trot and walk, examining several buildings on the road, in six hours and a half. Sermeim has no wells, therefore all the water is preserved in cisterns filled by the winter rains: each house has one, and there are others for the purposes of irrigation. Finding my stallion had no idea of keeping quiet while a mare was near him, I pressed on at a trot, passed the two tombs of Kubbett (tomb) Deneih on my right, and Megar Kubbett Menega on the left, the plain and country all in cultivation, passing, now between, now over ranges of low hills. To the north lay a low range, backed by a high and picturesque chain of mountains, seemingly running E. 8 W. One hour later I passed the site of some ruins; amidst them stood erect one *fluted* column, the first I have seen. Passed a Turkoman encampment, black tents similar to the Bedawee, and

entered a barren looking chain of hills. At their foot stood Khan Toman, a ruinous old khan.

Three hours from Aleppo! Oh, how tedious were those hills, smooth travel-worn rocks, a mirage the vibrating heat; and as far as the eye could reach, hills—hills. Now a point was passed, now an angle turned, and the weary eye hoped surely to see Aleppo; but no, fresh road. More toil, heat, and weariness. Two and a half hours of the road are passed; the city must be lost. At last, far on, a barren ridge just before me appears; the top of a castle, old Saracenic it appears, with its minaret and tower. A few scraggy olives, all insufficient to hide the barren-parched soil beneath, ran along the ridge. Now rises in sight a minaret or two; I count them again—there are six, again eight, now twenty. Aleppo sneaks into sight.

I passed several khans, the first halt without the walls of the traveller who wishes to start ere the sun rises the following day. Passed the Koeyk in a deep gulley, the river of Aleppo, and reached the outside of the city. I was directed to skirt along the walls, which, though shaken and ruined, are a beautiful specimen of their style. Entering, the streets struck me as cleaner, and the houses,

which are built of stone, finer than those of any Eastern city I have seen; and finding my way to the convent, I was kindly received by some friends whose acquaintance I had made before. My companion arrived some hours afterwards; but our baggage not till late the following morning.

We were unable to procure lodgings in the convent, but at last were put up at the house of the consul's dragoman's sister. Her husband was a Constantinople Italian, dressed in the native dress, and more Arab than any thing else. I can speak warmly of the kindness we met; every attention was paid us during our stay; but I would advise any future traveller to make an arrangement before hand, as we paid rather dearer than we should have done at the Clarendon, and our table, rooms, &c., were execrable—a bad admixture of Anglo-Franko, Italian, Arabic.

At Aleppo the mode of life, the habits of the people,—all induces a perfect idleness. Days were dozed, smoked, lounged away imperceptibly, and we could not muster resolution enough to prepare for the road, to exchange the soft divan and softer company, the perfect kief and undisturbed repose,

for the saddle, the sun, the glare, the toil, and the fatigues of the road.

> "It, indeed, is a listless city made; where, sooth to say,
> No living wight could work, nor cared to play."

We idled away the long morning, for all rose early; paid visits till eve, then made kief till late at night. At this time my Arabic was very scanty, so I was unable fairly to judge of the truth of the Arabic saying, "Wit was born in Egypt, pointed at Damascus, died at Aleppo." But the romantic dress, the Eastern manners, all were enough to enchant one already in love with every thing Oriental. I took a walk to the outside of the town to the castle: it is built on a lofty mound, the front of which is faced with stones, well built. The whole has a fine and noble appearance.

The bazaars are finer than those of most Eastern towns; many have arcades over the buildings, which are lofty and well built. The streets struck me as finer and the exterior of the houses better built, as I have before said, than any I have seen in the East. Here and there are the picturesque fountains so peculiarly Eastern, with their pious inscriptions. To the natives who constantly drink water, this must be a great boon. The

present Pasha has placed the cleansing of the street department under the Frank military officer, and he energetically puts his power in force. Yesterday as I passed, he was, much to their disgust, compelling each person to cleanse the street before his door.

The day following my arrival being Sunday, I proceeded to the house of the American missionary to attend the service. It was Presbyterian; and though fondly wedded to the forms and creed of my own loved mother Church, there was much comfort in thus meeting with sincere Christians, and lifting up together humble prayers in a heathen land. The not kneeling seems a cold form of adoration, and in extempore prayers the preacher, unless singularly gifted, must grow vague and wandering, using repetitions. The mission here bides its time, and perhaps I may say nothing has yet been done by them. It is invidious to speak of individuals, but those in Aleppo seemed well-meaning and earnest in their calling; quiet, gentlemanly, and well informed—in fact, much what missionaries ought to be.

We also made the acquaintance of several Hungarians: there were, I think, above ninety resident

at Aleppo. They seemed very discontented, and censured each other's conduct in no measured terms. Two of them whom we knew, had, at all events, the negative merit of not having changed their religion. General Bem, since dead, and whose funeral was conducted with every high Mussulman ceremony, was also a resident. I regret much I had not the opportunity of seeing this man, whose singularly eventful career has thus ignobly closed.

Walked out to the Bab el Faradge, or Gate of Fair Prospect. Here is one of the favourite lounges of the Hareem ladies; all who are, or fancy they are sick, come here at an early hour to drink milk. The animals are brought and milked on the spot. On my way passed three stones, two erect and one placed across, thus affording a passage beneath. This, which either is the tomb, or near the tomb, or in some way sacred to a famous sheik, all the women not blessed with families pass under. Its efficacy I heard nobody doubt. About one hundred veiled figures were there; many bore a cup in their hands; some were sitting, others sauntering about. This meeting of solid ghosts, with their fluttering garments, was very pretty.

It being still early morning, I prolonged my walk on amidst the Mussulman tombs. It was pleasing to see the pious Moslem thus bowing down before his God—bowing down on his father's grave —to the same God in the same way his father bowed before. With flowing robes and abstracted mien, each chooses some small eminence, and there worships. Probably they use much the same attitudes and wear the same dress as Abraham did of old. Their shoes are always removed, for the ground they tread on is accounted holy.

We visited the best Christian house here; probably finer might be found amidst the Mussulmans. Beit Sada is situated in Judaida, which, as its name imports, was formerly the Jewish quarter. Proceeding up a narrow street, bounded on either side by dead walls, we passed through a low door, and crossing a small narrow passage, entered a magnificent court, planted with oranges, lemons, and jessamines. Round this are built the rooms. The floor and front of the lewan are of marble, the whole walls stone. Within there were two or three noble rooms, the walls wainscot, and richly gilt, covered with curious scrolls and figures; the whole very rich and handsome. There is one upstairs

room, a perfect bijou. The date on it is two hundred and odd years, yet the gilding is as fresh as if done yesterday; also the other colours. Underground are three stories of vaults, built on arches, one beneath the other, and passages also, which communicate with other houses. Thus, in times of danger or persecution, communication could be kept up throughout the quarter, for I am assured all the houses have the same. The three stories of vaults were to secrete, I suppose, their riches. The entrances to these also were well concealed.

The family of Sada is of antiquity, but fines, avernizing, misrule, and persecution, have dilapidated its once noble fortune. We were most hospitably entertained by the family; and the noise the pretty maids made with their cabcabs as they hastened about to prepare coffee, sweets and sherbets, haunted me as I slept that night. And thus rolled on the day. If one had not much leisure allowed one, the society was of a nice sleepy sort, where each said what he liked, or held his tongue if he thought fit. This palls after a time; but I had just come from the west, and the bent bow, the strained intellect, revelled in the

repose. Body, heart—all reposed, and felt inexpressibly happy at the rest.

> "Pleasant now without a check,
> To lay the rein on fancy's neck,
> And let her gay caprices vary,
> Through many a frolicsome vagary.
> Nonsense, thou delicious thing,
> Thought and feeling's effervescence,
> Like the bubbles of a spring,
> In their sparkling evanescence."

The natives themselves are peculiarly impregnated with what dear Warburton would style this self-indulgent life; no wonder, therefore, they grow fat and sleek when the first blush of youth is over. Those in trade take it coolly, happy if business comes, but resigned if it does not. Ask a man, "Fee shay jedeid eliom?" (Any news to-day?) "Thank God, no," he will reply. The women, who do all the domestic duties of their household, and do them well too, do them in a quiet full-dress sort of way; the servants, who get through their work well also, do it in a lazy, indolent, slipshod way, and appear always as if they had nothing to do but sit in the sun or sleep. There is no "My horse at three," and he is there; "My dinner so and so." They require to be told everything, and possess another quality we English do not much appreciate. If, for instance, I say

"Bring me a glass of water," he answers, "What for?" "Do this;" "Why?" "Bring so and so;" "What for?" nor will a few lessons unteach this habit.

I must, however, from my own experience, now confirmed by a year's acquaintance, say they are honest and attached, quick and faithful; but the Englishman must submit to the dawdle, procrastination, and loiter, which attend all Eastern motions, or he will be endlessly hot, uncomfortable, and complaining. I was dreadfully so at first, but have now philosophised, till even no dinner and wet ground to sleep on have ceased to excite me. But to return to my journal, with a pardon sought for my long digression.

I observe no note on the day in question, except being vaccinated for preventing the Aleppo button. The operation was performed much in the same manner as for the small-pox. A fat child was brought with an atrocious-looking button, and my arm received in various punctures the matter. It was as well to avoid a nasty sore if it could be done at so cheap a rate; and though the vaccination never took, yet, as I also escaped the button, there was no great harm done. The Aleppo

button, which forms a formidable objection with many to visiting Aleppo, is an endemical disorder, called the *habeb el seneh*, or ulcer of the year. It is a large pimple which is, at first, inflammatory, but, at length, becomes a large ulcer; remaining one year, and leaving a very disagreeable discoloured scar behind it. It does not attack people twice: it sometimes appears in several places at once, and the children of Aleppo may be seen with two or three at once, apparently not caring. It is so common that none seemed ashamed of it.

It sadly disfigures all the people, and you may know an Aleppene any where by his scarred face. Nor is it confined, as is commonly believed, to Aleppo: it occurs in certain localities at Damascus, and through all the country from Aleppo to Diarbeker. No care is thought necessary, as nothing can apparently remove it before the year is out; patience and resignation, *kismet*, are the best remedies.

A curious cure occurred here; the fact was related to me by the patient, and several others bore testimony to the fact. The poor fellow suffered long and severely with the fever, which at last terminated in a complete lock-jaw. The

Frank doctors were called in, pronounced the case hopeless, and withdrew: the native sages came, saw, and departed, saying they could do nothing. The poor man folded his robes, and turned to the wall, resigned to his fate. Resolved, however, to make one more effort, he told a Frank doctor, who was young and enterprising, to do something. The practitioner immediately proceeded to operate, trying to force open his jaws with a knife. This proving ineffectual, the poor man again settled to death, and thus lay three days. His friends came to pay their last sad farewell, and, among the rest, a Koord, from Mosul, a fine liberal-minded man, whom I knew very well. On entering the room, he looked closely at Mr. K. and, approaching him, gave his ear a peculiar twitch, repeating some words, and then ordered a plaster of dates to be applied to his jaw. Three days afterwards he was convalescent, and soon quite recovered. The Koord refused to tell me the cure; he said it was a secret handed down, in his family, from many generations.

A slave was much pressed on me as an eligible purchase: 2000 piastres, or about 18*l.*, was the lowest price. He belonged to a curious fellow who, after wandering everywhere, lost to his

friends, &c., turned up after many years, a zealous Turk. He had accompanied Mr. Banks during part of his Eastern travels, and the reason assigned by him for parting with the lad was the same as so frequently appears in our newspapers with regard to a carriage, &c., the owner having no further use for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Mussulman Funeral—Tomb of Abou Beker—The Rich Husband and the Unwilling Wife—Youthful Betrothals—Visit to the Castle of Aleppo—The Building Described—View from its Summit—Veneration of the Turks for Stamboul—Costume of Turkish Men and Women—A Picnic in a Turkish Garden—Ibrahim Pasha—His Policy—His Conscription—His enlightened Treatment of Christians—Turkish Sweets—Of what composed—Four Turkish Musicians—Their several Instruments—Final Glance at Aleppo.

WHILE passing the Mussulman burial-ground, I saw one of their ceremonies. The body had been laid in the ground; it being that of a man of some consequence, a rich pall covered the monument. The men stood round it, and with their hands raised and open on either side of the head, bowed simultaneously. It is difficult to say exactly the prayer they repeated: the women sat at a distance looking on. I visited the old serai without the town: it covers the crest of a hill about half a mile from the town, but is now in ruins. In it is a tomb of Abou Beker—not the famous one—he did not move from his capital.

In the next page of my journal I find an

excessively ugly fellow wished to marry a young and very pretty girl. The parents being poor, readily consented to the match, for he was very rich, which all ugly men are not. By force of presents, jewels, gold and promises, they obtained her consent. Unfortunately, a few days before the marriage, she happened to see him, and immediately told her married sister it was impossible—she could not marry him. However, she was answered that it was far too late to retreat, and the preparations were completed. During the ceremony, she twice withdrew her hand from his, and when asked, "Will you take this man?" her sister forced her head down, the only sign of assent they could make her to give. After nine days, however, she returned to her father's house, a virgin. Supplications, prayers, entreaties, were in vain—she would not go back to her husband. The bishop has just dissolved the marriage, at the same time stating, that this is no precedent.

Our next door neighbour has two daughters affianced, pretty little girls of from seven to nine years of age. They told the elder, "Your betrothed is ugly;" he, however, was shown to her one day, and she said, "He is not so bad." And this is

marriage; this is the way to choose a help meet for one. Better the old proverb:

> "I would advise a man to pause
> Before he takes a wife;
> In fact, dear sir, I see no cause
> He should not pause for life."

However, my opinion is rapidly changing—not as regards marrying, but as respects the way it is done here in the East, in comparison with our way. Of one thing I am sure, that wives in the East are fully as true and faithful, and more economical, domestic, and useful than even in England. In these engagements the man certainly has the worst of it; he can rarely, if ever, see his betrothed. If she walks, she is shrouded up, while she can see him freely, and watch him, while perhaps he little deems those eyes are upon him.

Sunday! attended divine service. These three Sundays, viz., Friday with the Mussulmans (not that that shuts their trade for above three hours) —then Saturday with the Jew traders; then Sunday with the Christians—it is a sad invasion on the week, as far as business is concerned. In fact, what with the different sects of Christians, fêtes, &c., it is rare to see all the shops open at once.

In the early morning I sent for an order, and,

preceded by a stately kavais, one of the inflictions we have suffered under during our stay, mounted the castle: a kavais from the Pasha joined us; and so with a suite of about five I walked along. My companion preferred studying life, lazy life, in the gardens, to mounting, for no purpose, a rough hill.

> "—— Different minds
> Incline to different objects; one pursues
> The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
> Another sighs for harmony and grace,
> And gentlest beauty."

The castle standing on a tel to the south of the town forms, as I have before said, one of its most striking features: the hill can be little less than six hundred feet high, and the circumference of the counterscarp of the broad deep ditch must be a mile or more. The ditch is in parts still wet, but by far the greater portion is filled with gardens and overgrown with trees. Entering a square and handsomely built barbican, which stands at the foot of the hill, and in whose narrow postels a few long, thin culverins are mounted, we ascended a broad, stone causeway, which, built on arches, conducts to the entrance gates. The wall and outward appearance are fine and imposing, and we can well imagine its vast strength before gunpowder was invented.

Over the door are the following arms, the lions, and the *fleur-de-lis*. The only guard now maintained is at the gate, and one over the powder magazine. The entrance tower itself is a massive square building, standing boldly forward from the main wall, which, here and there strengthened by towers, runs round the entire crest of the hill. The whole is built of the yellow stone used also for the houses of the town, variegated with black granite, ornamented with overhanging corbels, containing niches for the archers. A large broad scroll of Arabic inscription also runs over the gateway; while above, a beautifully worked iron grate shows no longer the arabesque ceiling, but opens on the deep blue spring sky of this cloudless clime. Entering its arched portal, loop-holes still frown on you, and show, though stalwart knight had won thus far, many a good blow must yet have been struck, and many a peril passed, ere he stood a conqueror within.

A turn to the left leads through another vaulted passage, and three other doors must be passed ere the interior is gained. Over the first are carved huge serpents, with strong and cruel fangs, tearing themselves; over the next, two huge animals;

and on either side of the third, two large blocks are carved to resemble the head and fore paws of some savage beast—half tiger, half man. This door is not arched, and overhead is some Arabic inscription. They, *i. e.* the animals, protrude some eight or ten feet from the wall.

We now enter a confused mass of modern and ancient ruins: here and there an arch or a piece of wall remains standing; but generally the erections are modern. There is nothing standing save a mosque and the powder magazine. One sarcophagus I saw, and the remains of several columns; some thrown about, others that have been ruined, having been built a second time into the modern buildings. On the N.W. a tower still stands, though sadly rent and broken; but it well repays the fear and difficulty of mounting, as its top commands a fine view.

It was a spring morning, and a gentle keenness, wafted from snow-clad mountains, rendered the climate delightful. The town lay beneath me, and each terrace, court, serai and leewan lay open to my view. I saw Aleppo was built in a hollow, from which ran plains north and west, surrounded by mountains. To the north, Djebel Ma Hash and his

range, untouched by the soft smiles of the young spring, lay deep in the snow; the flat, connected grass-grown roofs and well-watered sparkling courts, with their carefully tended trees, relieving the glare of the houses, while all around the town lay belted in its garden. The scene was pretty and pleasing; here and there the forests of tomb-stones, the perfect minaret, the Eastern dome swelling up from the mob of flat roofs, —these formed a sight that told I was in the East, in the cradle of mankind — the home of history.

Within the castle some antique guns are shown, of bars of iron linked together, and hooped with strong iron bands. My servant, Abdallah, hearing the kavais constantly saying, "Here is an antique:" "This is antique:" he asked, "What is antique?" "From Stamboul," replied the man. It is wonderful how the Turks venerate this city: speak of beauty, they answer "Stamboul;" show them some of the wonders modern brains invent, "Ah! from Stamboul." They also firmly believe in the fact that the Kings of Frangistan come humbly to the Padishah to receive their crowns; this they have taken from the Princes of Servia

and Bulgaria doing so. Soldiers join the hated army to go there—but I must not forestall all I have seen on that score.

Among the fairer part of the population it is the Paris, the emporium of fashion, and they dress from it. Do not think the change of mode is, however, as monthly as among our own gayer, more versatile neighbours (that any change is made at all, is a wonderful improvement); no, it takes a few years among them to alter the cut of a petticoat or the ornaments of a tarboush. The last change is, that a petticoat is now worn over the voluminous graceful trousers of the women. Formerly, the skirts of the shirts, slit to the breast, descended to the ankles; and many, even now, retain this, to me infinitely more graceful, costume. The petticoat is ill adapted for their mode of sitting, and, being single, sits badly at all times.

I may mention, while speaking of dress, the difference between the trousers of the men and those of the women—and it might have been instanced, in "The spirit of the East," as another striking difference between the inhabitants of the East and the West—we divide the legs of the men; they do so with the trousers of the women.

Those of the men consist of a long doubled affair, the upper parts not sewn together, but a ridge made, through which a silk, thin, plaited sash is passed ; more frequently, however, a long strip of rag or stout tape. Thus gathered together, and the plaits carefully adjusted, it is tied round the middle. At either extremity is a small hole worked, through which the leg is passed.

In the women's garment, the upper part is the same ; but the whole bottom is unsewn, the centre cut, and two legs formed, which are drawn together by tape loops, through which passes a string, which gathers them up round the ankle. Those of the women are longer than the men's, reaching to, or even below, the ankle, over which they fall gracefully, while the men's seldom descend below the half of the calf. In parts of Asia Minor, they wear things like very ill-made western trousers, loose above, and gradually tightening below the knee. The labourers wear far less voluminous affairs (some put fifteen or twenty yards of stuff in their trousers), as they cannot work in them ; all, when they wish to run, catch up the folds from between their legs, so inconvenient do they find them.

On my return, we set out for a picnic, which E—— and myself were told it would be right to give. We provided carpets, nargillehs, horse-loads of sundries, cushions, a cargo of lettuces; and thus equipped, we sallied out, a very numerous party. The first thing to select was a garden, a point on which our own choice, and not the owner's will, seemed alone to be consulted. Let not the reader fancy an Eastern garden is what a warm Western fancy would paint it; wild with luxuriant but weedless verdure, heavy with the scent of roses and jessamine, thrilling with the songs of the bulbul and the nightingale, where fair women with plaited tresses touch the soulful lute in graceful attitudes—no; it is a piece of ground enclosed by high walls, varying in size. A wretched gate, invariably badly made, probably ruined, admits you to the interior. Some enclose a house with two or three rooms—windowless, white-washed places. Before this is a reservoir of dirty, stagnant water, turned up from a neighbouring well by an apparatus as rude as it is ungainly and laborious: this is used to irrigate the ground, which therefore is alternately mud and dust. Fruit trees or mulberries are planted in

rows, and the ground beneath, being ploughed up, is productive of vegetables or corn. One or two trees, for ornament, may be planted in the first row, but nothing more; and weeds, uncut, undestroyed, spring up in every direction. Such, without exaggeration, is the *Bistan zareff! quiess*, the Lovely Garden.

We selected one, that belonged to the Mollah. Oh, true believer! in thy pot we boiled a ham; on thy divan we ate the forbidden beast; thy gardener, for base reward, assisting to cook—who knows, but also to eat the same? We chose a spot shaded by a noble walnut tree, and spread carpets and cushions. Fire was lighted, nargillehs bubbled, and kief began. The principal occupation of the ladies was picking the lettuces—huge, coarse, overgrown things. From every leaf they strip the green, leaving only the spine of the leaf. Taper fingers then, with winning smile, soft, pleasant words, and graceful arm, present you a vegetable reduced to the appearance of a worn, useless birch-broom.

The spot selected had one advantage which the owner probably never contemplated. A huge ruin in the wall let in a view of the river, which,

making a sharp turn, ran before us away to the town, and, on our left, rushed from its bed in pretty petulance. Dyers, blue with their work, passed by, smoking; idlers in the shade filled in the picture: while gardens, rendered pretty by their distance, wall, tower, and housetop, formed the background. It was proper that the walnut-tree should lend us its thickest shade; for, by a suspicious red mark upon its trunk, I found it owed its present existence to British protection.

Ibrahim Pasha used to have these trees cut, and then bought them at a small price, to make military carts and other engines. This had been marked to fall, but the English came, and it still lived to throw its protecting arms over the humblest of her sons. It is incalculable how much damage Ibrahim did, though all of it was more or less forced on him by his precarious tenure of the country. His conscription, in six years more, would have depopulated the country, but the force was necessary to maintain his position; and could his own talents have become hereditary, there seems no doubt the rule was every way preferable to that of the Sultan.

To him the Christians owe the dawn of liberty

they now possess; his government was just and prompt; and far less venal than that of any the Sultan can form for years to come; and from my own experience I perfectly agree in the truth of his own expression: "Were it not for the conscription I should be adored." The troops he levied in Syria were generally hurried to Egypt, while, *vice versâ*, the Egyptians garrisoned Syria. The Christians under him were first rendered eligible for all public offices, and though relieved, as now, from all military service, they were levied as rigidly for other works. It is related of Ibrahim, that the plain (near Aleppo, I think,) being infested by locusts, constant complaints were made of their devastations: hearing this, Ibrahim sallied forth with his whole army, armed with sticks, and their morning's work was probably more productive of good than some of their victories.

When the sun had nearly run his course, we entered the house and drank water and sherbets. The raisin is mostly used for sherbets in Aleppo; and the grapes once so famous for their excellence, have now so degenerated as not to be worth the trouble of making into wine. Two dishes of

Arabic sweets figured advantageously—bucktoua, made of honey, walnuts, butter, and flour; the other, knaffee, made of a grain so called, mixed with butter, cream (or cheese), sugar, and honey. Each occupied an enormous flat brass tinned dish. The economy of using cheap substitutes, such as honey, grease, &c., spoils most Arabic sweets, and they make mixtures which we, who are unaccustomed to them, can hardly find palatable. Four musicians had sounded noisily all the day, nor must they now be forgotten; they formed the best company of musicians at Aleppo. No fantasia could be good where they were not. No. 1 played on a small instrument of wood hollowed out, rounded towards the bottom, the top covered by a tight drawn skin; these he beat with two sticks, called Na Areat. No. 2 played the tambourine, called dira. In addition to the noise produced by shaking it, he struck the skin and played on the cymbals set in the edges. No. 3 played the violin; this is now in common use all over the East, having probably superseded some less sonorous instrument of their own of a similar description: it is called kamangee, and they stoutly maintain it to be their own inven-

tion. The next plays a flute without covers to the notes, called nare, and tones of singular sweetness are produced by it. The last, a lively fellow, played the kannoon, a species of harp: it has seventy-two strings. Each sang a verse, the whole then joining in chorus; and this they kept up untiringly; being refreshed (though they were Mussulmans) by frequent draughts of ardent spirits. Some of the gay ones of the party danced, and so the evening wore on. The frogs outcroaked the music; the dark came on; and then we sauntered home, to other divans, to continue the same lazy sort of amusement, till we felt inclined to go to bed.

It seemed quite impossible to quit Aleppo, and any attempt at it was met by so many difficulties that we half thought our journey was finished. At last, however, we slipped off, having dismissed our dragoman for most frequent robberies. Fresh servants were hired, and, our own horses being insufficient, some baggage animals were added to the train.

Except the castle, Aleppo offers few antiquarian attractions; its few inscriptions are of the Lower Empire, or Arabic. Its history may be comprised

in the same words as will relate that of most other Oriental towns — built, besieged, taken, retaken, &c.; to which may be added its destruction by earthquakes. The last one, which happened in the memory of youth, was frightful, and the people of the town have hardly recovered from the effects of it. Its plains and wells have drunk deep of blood. It has heard that dreadful cry, "Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar; Alhamlah, Alhamlah; Aljannah, Aljannah!" "God is great, God is great; fight, fight, Paradise, Paradise!" And recent events teach us that the sound still lurks in the throats of the Turks. A word will bring it forth, and then they will spring on the Christian, hateful, ferocious savage, as of yore. Well then can we feel how proud was Othello's boast, when in fair Venice's palmy days :—

> ——— "In Aleppo, once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian, and traduced the State,
> I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
> And smote him."

CHAPTER XV.

Universality of Smoking in the East—Smoking in Persia—Story of the Young Widower and the Holy Man—Substitute recommended by the latter for a good Wife—When was Tobacco introduced into the East?—Old Arabic MS. on Smoking—Nimrod alleged to have been a Smoker—Mode of Smoking in Ceylon—Antiquity of the use of Tobacco in China—Sale on an alleged Prophecy by Mahomet that Tobacco would at some future time be smoked in the East—Legend of Mahomet and the Viper—Pipes used as Projectiles in War—Bhang and Hashish—Sultan Mahomet IV. prohibits Smoking—The Sultan and the Saphi—Modes of Smoking in the East—Tobacco used—Water-pipe—Nargilleh—How made—Their occasional Richness and Beauty of Manufacture—Persian Pipes.

It is rare in the East to find a man or woman that does not smoke. Enter a house, and a smoking instrument is put into your hand as naturally as you are asked to sit down. Among the Persians it is had in greater luxury than elsewhere; particularly the water-pipe, for which Shiraz produces the best tobacco. There is a story, often heard at the dekkans (shops), which may not be out of place here. In the good old days when time was young, and all men had comforts, or plenty of money to buy them, there lived a young man good and virtuous, as young men

were then, and ought to be now. He had many treasures; but among them all, none he valued so much, or treated so well, as a virtuous and loving wife. Alas! alas! she fell sick and died.

Vainly he sought to bear up against the loss with brave resolution. He filled his harem with the choicest beauties, and married four beautiful virgins, as the Prophet allowed him. None, however, could fill the place of his lost, his precious jewel; and his heart died within him for grief. At this juncture, he resolved to visit a holy man of whom he had heard all men speak; a man whose youth had been passed in one long strict nizell fill hallowee.* And to his dreary habitation in the desert he took his way.

* The *Nizell fill Hallowee* is even now often practised by devout Mussulmans. They leave their homes and take up their quarters either in the mosque itself, or in one of the numerous apartments round it, and within the holy precincts. Here they remain for a longer or a shorter period, according to the amount of their zeal; some in strict retirement, or only joining in the prayer; others receiving visits from their friends. At the end of the period, generally forty days, the devotee goes to the bath, receives from the public or the funds of the mosque a new suit of clothes; if wealthy, distributes charity to the poor, not forgetting the dogs, and is escorted home with music, and a large concourse of the faithful.

While residing at Latakia, a man in difficulties withdrew in this way, refused to see anybody, and strictly maintained his seclusion. He was a merchant, and thus avoided the inquiries of his creditors, who were Christians. By the time the retirement was over, his friends managed to set his affairs in such order as to be able to offer his creditors the option of getting nothing or giving him time. He was escorted home

The holy man received him as a father receives the son he is proud of, and begged him to empty all his cares into his bosom. Having heard his cause of grief, he answered, "My son, go to thy wife's tomb; and there thou wilt find a weed: pluck it, place it in a reed, and inhale the smoke as you put fire on it. This will be to you wife, and mother, father, and brother; and, above all will be a wise counsellor, and teach thy soul wisdom, and thy spirit joy."

Without this legend it would be very difficult to trace how tobacco first came into use in the East. We can hardly suppose that it was imported hither from America. In making enquiries on the subject while at Mosul, an old Arabic MSS. was found, which is now being copied,—a lengthy process, as the original extended over one hundred closely written pages, and the owner a Bibliomanist, would by no means part with it,—it was divided into eight chapters:—

1. On the origin of the different opinions for and against the use of tobacco.

with the usual ceremonies, nor could I find that the Islam at all considered the roguery of the step as injurious to its meritoriousness. In fact, I was rather put down for saying our duty towards God could not be well performed in opposition to our duty to our neighbour,—a big word, that means all human kind.

2. When this plant, called tobacco, was first used; how it was used, and the name of the instruments used in inhaling it.

3. On smoke in general; how it is begotten; its good and evil properties.

4. On the smoke of tobacco; its good and evil properties.

5. On the argument of such as forbid the use of tobacco, &c. &c.

The author, in his chapter on its first use, says that Nimrod smoked. Poor Sir Walter Ralegh's claim fades before that of the mighty hunter, clad in the garments of Adam. If the curious reader will go to the British Museum, he will there see an Assyrian cylinder, found at Mosul, and presented to the institution by Mr. Badger, whereon is represented a king smoking from a round vessel, attached to which is a long reed. We can hardly suppose that in the comparatively short space of time since the continent of America was discovered by us, it would have spread through Europe * to the

* Russell, in his "Aleppo," (I quote from memory, not having seen the book for years), says, "Tobacco was unknown at Aleppo so late as the year 1603." And Sandys, in 1610, speaks of smoking tobacco as a custom recently introduced by the English at Constantinople. This is proof as far as Aleppo; but so far north, the weed can hardly be considered indigenous. Even allowing Sandys to be correct, till greater

very utmost corners of Asia: that the Burman would smoke his cigar as he does, and the wild man of the forests of Ceylon would make his hand into a bowl, and smoke out of it.*

In China we find smoking a custom, of whose origin among them they are ignorant. In the tombs there opened during the expedition, a pipe was always found, placed as a necessary solace to the dead when he should awake from his dreamless rest. In Peru we find the bodies without this adjunct, showing that it was not so necessary to the American people; while we find bread and water, and the instruments of his trade stored by the dead man in the grave.

The universality of the habit of smoking may be pleaded in its favour; as, what all do, must be right. In Europe we have no record of it; which established the fact of its being unknown, at all events to the polished Romans, whose every act, art, and deed we have recounted by their

further proof is produced, we cannot concede to America the birth of such a prodigy.

* These people, perfect wild beasts, double up the hand, curving the palm, and thus form a species of pipe; a green leaf protects the hand; within this the weed is placed, and thus they smoke. This is certainly the youth of smoking. Adam may have practised this method even in his days of innocence.

historians. But we lovers of the weed may reasonably hope that the elucidation of the Assyrian history will show us Nimrod making kief over his chibouk, and Semiramis calling for her nargilleh. It would enhance the grace of Cleopatra, could we imagine her reclining on a divan of eider down, toying with Marc Antony, as she plays with the jewelled narpeesh; and her death by the bite of a viper, may be an allegory intended to depict her as over smoking, and dying from the snake of her nargilleh. Zenobia was, probably, of too mercurial a temperament to lounge her hours away enjoying a nuffuss;* but we can only say it would have intensified her pleasure as she gazed on Palmyra in its glory.

Sale says, in his admirable Discourse, "At present the use of coffee and tobacco is generally tolerated, if not granted; though the more religous make a scruple of taking the latter, not only because it inebriates, but also out of respect to a traditional saying of the Prophet (which if it could be made out to be his, would prove him to be a prophet indeed), that in the latter days

* *Nuffuss* means "breath:" you do not say, when you wish for a nargilleh, "give me a nargilleh," but "give me a breath."

there should be men who should bear the name of Moslems, but should not be really such; and that they should smoke a certain weed, which should be called tobacco. However, the Eastern nations are so addicted to both, that they say, a dish of coffee and a pipe of tobacco are a complete entertainment; and the Persians have a proverb, that coffee without tobacco is meat without salt."

But the reasoning of Sale is illogical; because Mahomet also does not mention coffee, which was drunk, we know, as early as the ninth century, and is at least as exciting as tobacco. Moreover he does not name bhang, or opium—probably then also used: he only generally interdicts all intoxicating things, and we may form a long list ere we reach tobacco. Among Mahometans there is a legend that he produced or introduced tobacco. They say that passing the desert in winter, he found a poor viper frozen on the ground: touched with compassion, he placed it in his sleeve, where the warmth and glow of his blessed body restored it to life. No sooner did the ungrateful beast find his health restored, than it poked forth its head and said,—"Oh, prophet, I am going to bite you!"

"Wherefore?" said the husband of Ayesha; "have I done you harm?"

"On the country, you have done me good; nevertheless, I must bite you."

"Give me a sound reason, oh snake! and I will be content."

"Your people kill my people constantly: there is war between your race and mine."

"Your people bite my people; the balance between our kindred is even between you and me: nay, it is in my favour, for I have done you good!"

"And, that you may not do me harm, I will bite you."

"Do not be so ungrateful."

"I will; I have sworn by the Most High, that I will!"

At the name, the Prophet no longer opposed the viper, but bade him bite on in the name of God. The snake pierced his fangs in the blessed wrist, which the Prophet not liking, shook him off, but did him no further harm; nor would he suffer those near him to destroy it, but put his lips to the wound, and, sucking out the venom, spat it on the earth. From these drops sprang that wondrous

weed, which has the bitterness of the serpent's tooth, quelled by the sweet saliva of the Prophet.

The Easterns abound with legends of this description, and they are not without their beauty or their use. Perhaps this is too trivial to merit the remark, but it is a happy habit which refers all the good back to the giver, and thanks with traditionary tale, their Prophet, as the source of good. Legends are links which unite us to past times, and lead us to think of their heroes with affection and respect.

Burnes, in his Travels in Bokhara, relates an anecdote, where the pipe, forsaking its proper soothing influence, appears as a mighty weapon of war. In the battle which overwhelmed the city of Raylour and terminated the life and reign of Dulora Rae, the Brahmin appeared with a train of elephants, on one of which he was seated, with two women of exquisite beauty, to supply him with wine and betel nuts. The Mahometans, unable to oppose these animals, retired from the field to provide themselves with combustibles: they filled their pipes and returned with them to dart fire at the elephants, which fled with dismay and disorder. In a note he says, "It would

appear from this that they smoked in that age: it must have been bhang (*haasheesh*) or hemp, since tobacco was unknown prior to the discovery of America." If the note had been left out the story would have done, for pipes could hardly dart fire at elephants, even though loaded with powder. The story must probably be a fiction; but if any pipe would do it, a good straight chibouk would be the one, whereas bhang and hashish are smoked through water in a small bowl with short tubes.

We may, however, turn to history, and there we find Mahomet IV., son of Sultan Ibrahim, at Constantinople, in 1655, prohibited smoking under no less a punishment than decapitation. There exists a doubt as to his motive for so doing; for Sultans in those days had not to render an account of the why or wherefore; but some say he did so as a mild way of driving his people to Mahomet's Paradise; others that it was to prevent the fires which nightly or daily laid waste Constantinople, then built of wood. Amurath hanged people who were detected smoking, with their pipes through their noses, and a tobacco pouch round their necks. He is reported once

in disguise to have entered a caique on the Bosphorus: a Saphi who was in the boat crept into the small place beneath the bows and there began to smoke; he joined him, smoking out of his pipe. After a little while the Saphi got up and struck him a blow on the back, saying, "Do you not know the Sultan's order?" The Sultan replied, "And it refers to you also." "No," said the Saphi, "I fight for, I would die for him; he does not mean it to apply to me—but I caution you not to do so." A few days afterwards the Sultan sent for him and made himself known; the man fell at his feet begging for mercy. The Sultan gave him his pardon and a good appointment, sending him, however, to a distant frontier to enjoy it.

Smoking in the East is practised two ways: the common tobacco from the chibouk. Tobacco is found in many parts of this vast empire. The tobacco smoked at Constantinople comes from Samsun and the adjacent parts; it is strong, of a light colour, and dried in the sun. The tobacco smoked in Egypt come principally from Latakia, and the mountains near. Of this there are several sorts.

Besides those which bear the greatest reputation, other tobacco is grown and smoked locally. The sticks of which the pipe is composed, are of various sorts; the best are the cherry-sticks, which are found finest in Constantinople. The young sticks are trained up straight and strong, but most of those that are largest and handsomest are joined, which is done so neatly, that, till smoked, it is impossible to detect the joining, these last a considerable time, and are elegant. Others are made of jessamine, rose—in fact of any wood—and some are ornamented with silk and embroidery. The bowls are made in all the towns, but the best come from Constantinople. The mouth-pieces are of all sorts; amber is the most valuable, and the colour most prized varies, as do all fashions. Many adorn their mouth-pieces with diamonds. Men come round who clean the pipe with a wire and cotton, but this is a thing few Orientals think about. They smoke on, clean or dirty. It would be a long list were I to give all the names for what we call a chibouk—there are, perhaps, a hundred and fifty; I myself know upwards of fifty: it is generally known by a different name among every different people.

The water-pipe is of different kinds; first, the long upright tube, supporting a clay bowl, filled with tobacco, which fits into a round ball of brass or cocoa-nut; from this comes a reed of bamboo. This is the ordinary pipe: when riding, it is taken to pieces and hung, in a leathern bag, at the saddle. The tobacco smoked in this, is tomback; the best comes from the Province of Shiraz, in Persia, but much is grown, of an inferior sort, in Egypt and elsewhere. It is used dry, and broken with the hand; when wanted, enough is put into a bit of rag, and water poured over it; it is then wrung, and this process is repeated three times, more or less, according to the taste of the smoker. Much art ought to be shown in charging them, as without it is done *secundem artem*, the thing is a failure. A servant is required, and if you smoke much, and have guests, it is no sinecure for him. There is, also, another sort of water-pipe, where, in lieu of a bell of brass or a cocoa-nut, there is a common native-made bottle. The better ones have handsome bottles; the stems and pipes of these are of pear, which are considered as sweeter and nicer; these are rather Persian.

The nargilleh owes its origin to a Persian of

the name of Thatmass, who was troubled with a complaint which rendered him a nuisance to himself and to others in whose company he happened to be. After a great many failures, he invented the nargilleh, in whose soft slumbrous gurgle his own infirmity was drowned. It would be needless describing what all have seen: there are some with many narbeeshes, so that each guest may smoke from the same pipe. The bottles are made in Bohemia—that is, the finer ones. The heads and pipes are of silver, brass, or wood. The first are often handsome, and are made by the silversmiths, at any of the towns; though those of Constantinople, Aleppo or Damascus, are the finest. The brass and wood, of course, may be procured any where.

The nargillehs in a house constitute its plate; and 100*l.* worth are frequently seen among even the middling class of people. The narbeeshes are made best at Constantinople, as they are stronger and more lithesome. Those of Hamath are the best in Syria. The top is either a mouth-piece of wood blackened or, what is more graceful, of amber. In Persia and Bagdad, a tube of silver or gold forms the end. They are made thus: a stick is placed

horizontally in a vice; strong wire is then wound spirally round it; leather, in strips, wetted with glue, is placed over this, and again a finer wire of steel or brass wound over all. They average from two to thirty feet in length. The long ones are most graceful, but the middling lengths smoke better, as the others are seldom air-tight.

The luxury is heightened by scents, which are placed on the coals; they, however, add little to the taste of the pipe itself, shedding the scent over the room, not inwards. Rose-water is also put to the bottle instead of common water; this likewise is tasteless, and but a water. No doubt, this is the cleanest mode of smoking. The tobacco, however, is so subtle that much oil and deleterious matter still escapes into the mouth: and, as in all other things, the Orientals are careless of cleanliness, in this, where they exhibit the greatest luxury, they are sadly neglectful of details; and a silver nargilleh of great beauty often is brought you stuck into the bottle with bits of old rag.

At Constantinople they begin to make the heads screw into the bottles; these the servants are apt to break, so for peace, one returns to the rag, says "Mashallah," and

smokes. The Persians, who are an infinitely more elegant people than the Turks, make them of a beautifully inlaid work of iron with silver: some of the old ones occasionally seen in the houses in Syria, are perfect gems. Thousands of verses are repeated in honour of the pipe, the nargilleh, and its invariable companion, coffee; but except the jingle of the words, they merit no notice, for though like all Oriental poetry, they abound in high-flown phrases and far-fetched hyperbolical similes, there is a striving after a beauty which they can never attain; and the ideas, when stripped of the words, are bare and meagre. They can never be natural, but always indulge in extravagance.

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure from Aleppo—Halam—Muselmeicha—Meheritei to Ze Maled—Dilatoriness of Eastern Travelling—Advice to Eastern Travellers—A Spell to propitiate Relations to a Marriage—Arrival at Aintab—Put under Quarantine—Quarters there—Purveyor of Stores in the Quarantine—His mode of keeping Accounts—Doctor Smith, the American Missionary—Difficulties attending his Settling at Aintab—His persecution by the Armenians—Progress of Protestantism in Aintab—The Bishop—His School—Castle—View from the Wall—Conversion of the Armenians—Their better Treatment of Women—Departure from Aintab.

I WOULD fain have visited Hierapolis, where Julian collected his forces for the great Eastern expedition. It lies not far N.N.E. of Aleppo, and being out of the regular route, is seldom visited. I had found an account of ruins in an old paper of the old Asiatic Society's transactions, whose position struck me as referable to it; but a person who had joined our party, having over-ruled my wish, behold us again on the well-beaten track.

We emerged from the Khan Khantaff, where we had resided, our horses fresh from their long rest, and making a detour, went to pay our respects to the consul. We went to Catab, a

suburb of the town, where the Frank residents have houses. It is a small place, and joins the town itself. The air, however, is said to be purer and cooler than that of Aleppo. Turning north again, we rested, after some half hour's ride, at a garden, and whiled away the heat of the day, which, even at this early time of the year (May 2nd), is sufficiently intense. The shade was good, and we should have enjoyed it, had it not been for our horses breaking loose, and fighting furiously. A grey of mine, the most vicious brute I ever saw, well-supported a name he had previously earned, Ibn Haram, "the son of wickedness."

At four we mounted, and, bidding adieu to our friend the Doctor, who had accompanied us thus far, we started. An hour's walking-pace brought us to Halan, a small Mussulman village; in another half-hour we reached Muselmeicha. The houses, about fifty in number, are of mud, and of a conical form. Our road had lain north along a half cultivated stony plain; the town rose, however, well and strong. On our right lay a range of low stony hills.

The sheik, or head of the village, came and paid his respects, and for ten piastres, or about 2*s.* 2*d.*, furnished our horses with cut grass, and

gave us two guards to watch the encampment. Seeing the animal I rode was of value, they hobbled him with iron hobbles, secured with a padlock, and at last, not satisfied of his safety, locked him up in the house. If the proper pronunciation of the name of the village is Meheritei, it may be traced to a Syrian origin; but all the people pronounced it as I have written it above. As the district of Halan, or Hailan, however, is also expressed by a Syrian word, the term Meheitei may be more correct.

May 3rd.—Meheritei to Tel Maled three hours and a half. One is almost ashamed to write on paper such a day's journey; but those who follow may find my remarks and itinerary useful. Should any do so—

> ——— "If on ye swell
> A single recollection, not in vain
> I've worn the sandal shoon and scallop shell."

It is vain to say we were lazy; the reader may see that, first, the horses kicked off their loads, then the muleteer had to finish his pipe before he loaded them. Nor in this business are any of the Easterns adepts; they pass ropes and cords round the loads, and pack-saddles, which are huge packs

stuck full of straw ; but adjustment is constantly required, and they have little idea of balancing the whole properly. The muleteers are a troublesome race, and further experience has led me constantly to travel with my own horses ; because, first, the muleteers will not deviate from the regular road : next ; will not perform, even when occasion requires, a forced march—and then constant trouble is made about the loads, journeys, &c.

To all who study economy let me recommend purchasing horses. I do not allude to those who wish to hurry furiously on,—let them ride post ; but to the general traveller. He may buy a good horse for three pounds at most for baggage or servants ; his food will be fourpence, or less, if he has several, a-day ; one penny, or less, in the interior, and he will sell the animal for his value when he has done with him.

Our road lay along a plain completely sown with corn. We passed a small lake on our left, crossed the Chalus river, and rested for sometime in some Turkoman tents. They are similar to those of the Arabs. The women's apartment was screened off. We did not see the dames, but their voices were not low or smothered. One of the men

asked me, "What can you want fine horses for?" regarding my really handsome steed with admiration; "you do not make war on the Arabs; you do not steal mares; what can you want with them?"

We lost our way, and coming up with our servants, found they had waited for us; so we pitched our tents and resolved to wait for the night. Two names were given to the village built on a tel, or mound—Tel Maled or Tel Their. The road we passed over abounded with these mounds: many, no doubt, are artificial, but the whole cannot be so. Probably, one of them was Tel Bashier, or Bashae, the supposed site of the castle that made such a gallant resistance to the Crusaders on their advance to Bir, when they went to the conquest of Elwa.

May 4th, 1850.—What with bathing, idling, visiting, &c., it was two P.M. before we started. The Tel was a wretched village, or collection of huts and tents, inhabited by a variety of races, Turkomans, some few Koords, Arabs, gypsies, &c. The Turkomans move their tents only a few yards, or at most, a mile, so, strictly speaking, they can hardly be classed as migratory; the others—except the Koords, who do much the same—come

and go as custom or their own pleasure bids them. We were driven into a hut by the noonday heat, and my companions were asked to officiate in a most delicate affair.

The son of our host, a fine strapping youth, wished to marry a girl of the neighbourhood; she was willing, and the parents on both sides were anxious for the match; but her cousins would not allow it. Now, the agency of a spell was required, and what could be more opportune than the arrival of the Franks—those wise men to whom the wisdom of the past, the acts of the future, and the wonders of science, are clear as pure spring water? A spell was accordingly written, a strange figure with tail, and trident, and potent words; this the loving fair one is to put under her head, and perhaps her cruel cousins will relent.

Six hours over a rich plain, watered by the Chalus river, which we passed frequently, brought us to the village of Gadawa, a wakf, or appurtenance, of the chief of the Dewishes—the Daida as he is called. The tents were pitched in a wet swamp; but luckily none took the fever: this village is an hereditary possession, and in its ruin we see the whole of the Mussulman rule. The inhabitants

tend large flocks of sheep and goats, but the houses are neither weatherproof nor even safe. Spite also of their light cultivation, and small care of the ground from the time it is sown till it is reaped—for they follow the Scriptural verse, and tares and wheat grow together till the harvest—their crops look strong and well.

On the following day we reached Aintab in five easy hours, our baggage doing it in seven. As we marched along, the sun burst forth : we left the sun behind, and trod over a rocky stony plain. A streak of verdure appears on the horizon ; long and weary is the rocky road ; a height is gained ; and Aintab Kutchouk Shams lies before us : nor is it entirely undeserving of the name, though small, and not to be compared to its beauteous mother.

No sooner did we approach than the officials marked us out, and we were escorted round the outskirts of the town by screaming guardians, who conducted us to a huge khan, the place of quarantine. They refused our request to be allowed to pitch our tents outside on the banks of the pretty sparkling Sadsckur river, which, fresh and young, danced brightly on, as if eager to join

its waters to the Euphrates, and see the bright world beyond. We entered our prison, the gate closed, and we were caught.

We were visited by the German doctor of the Quarantine and a young Frenchman who had been sent to Aintab to study Turkish. The doctor had learnt English at Aintab; but I must confess, just then being very hungry, I wished his jokes deferred till after supper. However, all was forgiven them when our own meal appeared, and very kind friends both proved during our stay. We occupied one large room, windy and ruinous, but retaining many marks of former splendour; faded arabesques, gilded scrolls, and a handsome fire-place—for this was formerly the Governor's palace, and this his favourite room. Our hunger appeased, our fatigue over, we established our carpets, and found much comfort in our prison: the numerous windows opened on to pretty views, and the Eastern panorama of slow, lazy life was acting beneath our gaze.

Quarantine has in my opinion many advantages; it stays, as it were, the too hasty progress of one's life. Activity proscribed, our companions few, we turn inward, reflect, and analyse.

The past reviewed, perhaps sends us forth with better strength to meet the future; our future planned, receives assistance from the irrevocable past. We are thus put in order; our accounts arranged, our armour re-arranged, we spring forth freshly nerved for the strife, the wrestle and hard fight of life.

Our tent, pitched on a neighbouring terrace of the khan, formed a quiet room to retire to, and its cool shade was peculiarly grateful. There was a sort of purveyor of stores in the Quarantine, a fellow who, perpetually living among the unclean, thanks to the peculiar rules of a Turkish quarantine, preserves his cleanliness. He supplied all the poor quarantiners with what they wanted, and a good place he made of it. As nobody else was allowed to approach, he enjoyed a complete monopoly. This did not apply to us; as what law of poor Turkey does to a Frank? The fellow has grown fat in his office, and, unlike his stores, was fresh and full weight. He could neither write nor read, so kept the accounts of his customers on a large sheet of paper, and these were distinguished by rude representations of some peculiarity of their persons or symbol of their trade, so that their

identity might be satisfactorily impressed upon his memory. Horizontal lines indicated the amount of piastres the customer had paid on account, and perpendicular the number of paras.

Among other visitors was Doctor Smith, an American missionary. He was a well-bred, sensible man, a clever linguist, and, from all I ever heard, an earnest and zealous servant of his heavenly master. His mission already shows results which must indeed be a source of peace to his heart, and proves that some are allowed even in this world to reap the fruits of their toil for the Lord. In that very town, whence a few years ago he was insulted and abused, a faithful flock now join in humble prayers to God; and surely they pray for him, the instrument of their salvation. I was much pleased at the plain unexaggerating way in which he told the history of his Mission.

It appears a *warterbert*, an Armenian bishop to whom a see has not been assigned by the Patriarch (a practice, I find, not at all uncommon, as the Patriarch during the interval reaps the revenue), visited Aintab in 1845, and being much inclined to Protestantism, sold, during his stay, one hundred and fifty copies of the Scriptures. From hence he

proceeded to Aleppo, but returning again, he was ordered to quit by the bishop here, who had heard of the liberality of his opinions. He complied, and then formally became a member of the Presbyterian Church. Returning again to Aintab, in company with an American missionary, they were both, after a short residence, driven from the town by the Armenians; not, I believe, without insults and some violence.

On the following day, Doctor Smith arrived, and he also was somewhat insulted, being compelled finally to occupy a stable in the khan. Probably, however, it was as clean and comfortable as any other part of the building. The Turkish khan-keeper, seeing by his baggage he must be somebody, gave him next morning the best room in the place. He now sent for the principal Protestant Armenian,—for already about ten families had avowed themselves of this faith,—and stated his wish to reside with him, to which the man readily assented. The Armenians, however, broke into the khan, and proceeded to destroy his luggage, at the same time ordering him to quit the town immediately. Upon this, he appealed to the Turks, announcing that he was a doctor, and they at once

took his part, saying it was against their law to expel a doctor. He also told one of the people, a priest, who was among the most active rioters, "I remember you at Smyrna, and now hold you responsible for any mischief that may be done to my property or myself." Things calmed down, the good work progressed, and he now has from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pupils in his school, many the children of non-converted parents. And in this year's enrolment,—great glory to our ambassador at Constantinople!—the Protestants are enrolled as a separate religious community: the males are two hundred and odd here. All sects recognised by the Porte are enrolled separately, as their taxes, &c., are apportioned by their own heads (chiefs).

The day before yesterday a fracas occurred in the school. A quarrel had arisen between an Armenian and a converted Armenian, but not on any religious question. They went before the Cadi, who sentenced the former to have his beard spit upon, and to undergo some other indignities. On the following morning (yesterday), about twenty, fiery with liquor, repaired to the Protestant complainant's house, resolved to beat him;

but not finding him within, they repaired to the school, expelled the children, and beat the master, formerly a priest. This morning the children have applied to the doctor for physic; for they allege here that a fright is equal to thirty days' sickness; the master is in bed.

The present bishop is a liberal-minded man, and was himself hustled by his flock for asking them to desist. We breakfasted with the good man and his wife. The food was a great treat; but thus to see talents and superior education toiling in a humble and distant sphere was grateful indeed. We then visited his school, held in two small rooms; the children were not all collected since yesterday's fright. They sang a hymn in good time; but my attention was attracted by the great number of defective eyes among them—hardly one had a sound pair. On the opposite side of the court a church is being built; but though a firman has been obtained from Constantinople for the purpose, the Governor here has stopped its progress. Probably, Armenian gold has tickled his Mussulman palm, and he fancies himself far enough off from all authority to do as he pleases.

I visited the castle, like those of Aleppo and Homs, built on a hill just without the town, the face of which is revêted with masonry. Within are nothing but the ruins of modern erections, the body of a Moslem sheik, and four hundred barrels of powder. The stone, the same as that used in the construction of Aleppo and Homs, will not stand the severity of the climate, and crumbles away, split by the frost, or washed away by the rain. From the walls a fine view of the town is obtained. Like Aleppo, it is built in a hollow; the sides of the surrounding rocks are full of tombs, and the bare land is well peopled with the dead. The tombs, cut in the solid rock, seem old; on many I saw our sacred emblem, the cross, deeply cut: I counted thirty-six minarets.

The population is computed at 45,000, but this, I should think, is exaggerated. Till within the last two years it was governed by an hereditary chief, but he was recalled; the Porte having gradually removed them all, preferring to centralise the government. His fate seems just, as his rule was both bigoted and rapacious. The Kaimakan, or Governor, is allowed money for keeping the castle in repair; this he pockets, and

reports it in a perfect state—perhaps it is as useful in one state as in the other. In my want of all authorities, I do not recollect any instance of the mention of it in history. Timour took it, no resistance being offered, and here received the envoys of the Sultan of Egypt, A.D. 1400.

Our view enabled us to see the interior of a large khan, where yarn is sold by the women, they bringing in return raw cotton. By an old law, still in force, no man without a beard is allowed to enter, his discretion not being supposed capable of conducting him properly through so trying a scene. One mosque has a fine minaret, and, in its court, a noble tree.

The conversion of the Armenians has been a vast change for their women; they are now emancipated from the bondage they have so long been held in—I do not mean personal bondage, for perhaps there is less of it in the East than in the West—but their whole moral position has undergone a vast change. The man is now first taught that the woman is his best friend; his firmest, truest companion; his equal in the social scale, as God made her,—a help meet for him, not a mere piece of household furniture. The woman is also

taught to reverence the man as her head; thus imparting that beautiful lesson, "He for God only, she for God through him." She is also taught perhaps a harder lesson, a more painful task; to relinquish all her costly ornaments, when such may be more usefully employed in trade and traffic: to consider necessaries more beautiful than costly clothes or embroidered suits. Gradually she is allowed to unite with the man in prayers, which is permitted by no sect in the East, women always having a portion of the church set apart for them, and the Moslems praying at different times. May it please Him who gives and dispenses all things, to prosper this and all other good and holy works!

A Frank traveller reached Aintab as we left; he would fain have joined our party, but was detained for quarantine. Winding out of the town, we passed over the hills that environ the town, and entered a pretty valley, through which the Sadschur river accompanies us. Here, at a small village called Naringa, we chose a pretty spot under some trees, and pitched our tents. The horses browsed at our door, the stream jumped by before us as we took our evening's repose. And

repose it is, to sit thus at the close of a day of travel, to enjoy the view of the lovely regions given man to dwell in, to see the various changes time, circumstances, and religion have wrought in the family of Adam, or, as the Arabs say, in the Beni Adam. It was a lovely evening; and as I reclined apart from my more gregarious fellow-travellers, I felt

> "That the night was filled with music,
> And the cares that infested the day,
> Had folded their tents, like the Arab,
> And as silently stolen away."

CHAPTER XVII.

Naringa to Nezeb—Towns passed in our Way—Origin of Tels—Great Victory of Ibrahim Pasha described—Nezeb—Pilgrims from Bokhara—First View of the Euphrates—Reflections suggested by it—Ancient Passages of the Euphrates—Pass that River—Town of Bir—Remains of its Castle—Spanish Monk—Beautiful Scenery—Detention from the straying of the Baggage Horses—A Pasha—His Courtesy and Kindness—Nobbagee, or Musician—Charmeleh—Its curious Construction—Extraordinary Well—Arab Mode of churning Butter—Arrive at the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, now Orfa—Hospitality of the English Consular Agent—His Opinion of the Arab of the Desert.

MAY 10th.—Naringa to Nezeb, six hours and thirty-five minutes.

We left our encampment, and passed the village of Kurdagee on our right; in one hour and a half passed Jorkadeir, and in three hours forty-five minutes passed Orrull on our right, and Negaar, and also some others. We had no small ado either to be off; the route lay over low, undulated hills, generally planted with corn, which numerous pigeons flew over, probably very anxious for it to ripen. We halted at noon on the banks of our old friend, who frisks away S.E. at every village almost.

They gave it a different name at the place we halted at; the man called it El Leban."

All now speak Turkish, so we are forced to hold our communication through two languages, both foreign to the speakers; how much of our meaning then reaches its destination! All the villages I have mentioned are built on Tels. Are these natural, or does man still fondly cling to the ruined home of his fathers? Crossing the Kirsan, two hours more brought us to Nezeb. Leaving, then, the village of Orrull, we crossed the river, and traversed a wide, undulating plain of lime. Here and there were plantations of figs, pistacios, and olives; while broad lands of wheat grew elsewhere.

To the S.E. was a range of mountains, probably those of the range said to run north of Hurassolis Banbyre to the Euphrates. In front, green trees and a tall minaret welcomed us on, and we found our tents pitched on a pretty green before the large village of Nezeb. This was the scene of the grand victory which laid all Asia Minor open to the conquering arms of Ibrahim Pasha. The Turks crossed the Euphrates at Birejek, and reached this, some 70,000 strong. Ibrahim, it is

said, (and nobody who glances at the map can doubt it,) intended to dispute their passage: why he did not is unexplained, save that he might have felt certain of the result and wished to crush them at once. It is even whispered that the Sultan, secretly finding his army too strong for him, and fearing they would succeed the Janissaries and establish another Prætorian guard, ordered Mehemet Ali to destroy them.

Ibrahim hurried up from Aleppo, where he had concentrated his force, and arrived also at Nezeb, with a force some 45,000 strong, but incomparably superior in tone, discipline and material. One account says, he manœuvred in vain to allure them from their strong position, and at last marched and turned their flank, attacking them at daylight, himself directing the attack of the artillery. Three hours finished the affair. But I believe a truer account is, that he reached the field and encamped for the night. The Prussian officers with great difficulty persuaded the Pasha in Chief of the Sultan's forces to plant two guns; this was all they could extort from him, and with these they commenced playing on the Egyptian troops. The rout was complete, when the Mollahs and others began

exclaiming against the Mussulman blood thus shed by Giaours; the fire was therefore stayed.

Ibrahim and Sevre Pasha exerted all their powers, the scattered troops were rallied, and by the morrow able to play their part on the field. Ibrahim Pasha is described with courbash in one hand, and tarboush in the other, among his artillery-men, frantically shouting, flogging, and cursing them: Sevre Pasha probably acted the General. We asked the sheik and old men of the village, who paid us a visit, for an account of the battle; but they frankly owned they and theirs had, with all their property, taken timely refuge in the mountains. To our question, as to which side they had wished the victory, they replied, "Where God chose."

The village is prettily situated on the right of the Turkish position, standing on higher ground than the surrounding undulations, amidst its vine-yard, olive grounds, and green pasturage. It contains four hundred houses only, fifteen of which are occupied by Christians belonging to the Armenian Church. We met here some dirty, ragged-looking people, with high, conical, felt hats, pilgrims from Bokhara. They gave us the Salaam

Alikoom, more civil than their faith-mates generally. Well do these men obey the injunction of their prophet, "Perform the pilgrimage of Mecca and the visitation of God: whosoever, therefore, purposes to go on pilgrimage, let him not * * * nor transgress, nor quarrel in the pilgrimage. Therefore, then, with you be peace."

We passed a quiet evening: the goats were milked at the very table to supply us with food, and we sought our beds with the asser, an hour and a half after sunset call. The voices of the Muezzins, as I have before said, are very fine—in fact, they choose for this quality men of all trades, and even boys: the effect on a still night is perfect. The asser, in some respects, resembles our curfew; after it none can appear abroad without a light, and the people generally retire to rest about the same time. It astonishes me how correctly, in these distant places, they keep their time. On one occasion, taking the meridian, I found that, at a very small village, they were but half a minute out. It is said to be done with hour-glasses, but this seems improbable. I have never seen, except as a wreck of former times, a sun-dial.

May 11*th*, 1851—Myab to Birejek, 2° 20′ to the eastern bank of the Euphrates; * one hour in delay and crossing it.—Sending our baggage on, we rode to see a large mosque, formerly a Christian church: it was a large stone building, in the form of a cross, with side aisles added; the pointed windows were filled in, and the original slanting roof was loaded with earth plastered so as to render it as nearly a dome as possible. We did not enter; passing through the olive grounds, we ascended a gradual slope. On the right we observed a large circular encampment. The ascent gained, a large undulating plain is before us; the ridge we stand on slopes downward, and, midst its undulations, the father of waters rolls his glistening coils.

All toils are repaid at last. "No small Euphrates through my piece is rolled." In all its majesty it glides beneath my gaze. It is needless to tell the history of this river: from the earliest days, when tradition glimmers but obscurely in the few spots handed to us, the name occurs. Watering the

* Euphrates, called *Mourad Shai*, or *Sont*, "Water of desire:" they say one of the caliphs sent to weigh all the waters in the kingdom, and found this the lightest. Euphrates, from Bir to Bursna, 116° 3′; by its eastern source, to Malasgird 500 more: 1600 of run.

Paradise of earth, it has been mingled with the fables of heaven; * the Lord gave it in his covenants unto Abram; Moses, inspired, preached it in his sermon to the people. In its waters are bound the four angels, and, at the emptying of the sixth vial, its waters will dry up, that the way of the kings of the East may be prepared. In every age it has formed a prominent feature in the diorama of history, flashing with sunshine, or sluggish and turbid with blood; and here, on its bank, its name unchanged, all now is solitude and quiet.

Descending amidst lands of dead, where here and there a kubbe sheltered some clay more revered than the rest, we reached its shores, and patiently took up our quarters beneath the shade of a tree, till a boat should arrive to carry us over. The redoubt, Fort William, as it was called, of the Euphrates expedition still remains. In ancient times these passages existed where there were bridges over the Euphrates; the northernmost at Samosata, now unused; Rum Kalaat, further

* Dicitur et Euphratis fluvio ovum piscis columba adsedisse dies plurimos, et exclusisse deam benignam et misericordiam hominibus ad bonam vitam.—*Lucius Ampelius ad Markrin.*

south, being the route frequented; Bir, the khan and eastern bank of which is called Zeugma, or the Bridge, to this day; and the fourth at Thapsacus, the modern Thapsaish, where Cyrus, Alexander, and Crassus passed into Mesopotania. The Arabs now generally pass here, or else by fords known only to themselves. Julian crossed at a place called Menbidjy, which was probably abreast of Hierapolis.

But what avails to recount individual cases—the whole land is history. Near us is Racea, once the favourite residence of Aaron the Just. Here he delighted to spend his leisure—

> "Entranced with that place and time,
> So worthy of the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

But our boat, which we have long watched, has been tracked up to the spot were we stood, some mile or so above the town, which stands on the western bank, and occupies the site of a hill rising abruptly from the river. The boat was built of strong logs laid transversely on two beams, above which another beam is laid longitudinally; uprights are then nailed to these, whose lower portion, where secured, is the entire round of a

pole, the upper being cut roughly into the shape of a plank. A strengthening plank is nailed without; the stern rises high, while the bow is perfectly open to the water. Two men used a huge pole abaft with a plank nailed to it as a stern oar, while two smaller ones of the same rough make were pulled forwards by two men to each—they carry two or three tons.

We rode on board on our horses, five in number, and then with yells and shouts drifted across. The current ran very strongly, so we but just fetched a low portway, the gate of the town. The river was of considerable breadth, say, a cable's length; but the greater part was a mere shallow, and muddy to a degree. Here, while some difficulty of quarantine, or custom-house, was being surmounted, we were most ignominously thrust into a dirty café. An Italian, however, vouching for our respectability, we were permitted to proceed to a Christian house, where we were kindly entertained.

The town of Birejek, or Bir, the ancient Apamea, or the Birtha of D'Anville, is built of white stone and on white cliffs, so even from the opposite bank can hardly be distinguished. The remains of its fine castle occupy the heights above.

The whole town, save the river face, is surrounded by a fine old wall, here and there disfigured by repairs, and on the face of the cliff are a great number of caves, probably of Troglodytes, as they do not seem to have been excavated for sepulchral purposes. Many faced with masonry for a front, are still used by the poorer inhabitants. The eastern gate is handsome, ornamented with the fan-shaped niches adopted by the Saracens from the Roman. Also, I observed a stone engraved with three fleur-de-lis traverse.

Our host gave us all needful refreshment, and I completely won the heart of a poor monk by half an hour's conversation in Spanish. All was news to him, and he recommended me to heaven as an angel, for the good, he said, hearing his language did him. He belongs to a convent at Orfa, which is, it appears, supplied by the Propaganda at Leghorn.

Leaving Bir as soon as our baggage* was passed,

* It was not till I reached Mosul, that I discovered the cause of our being detained and annoyed; nor, as none of our party could read Arabic, were we conscious of the mistake, till my *teskere* was read me at Mosul. But our dragoman at Aleppo, had been ordered to procure them, after we had told him we had no further need of his services. He, therefore, had them made out for us, maliciously saying, we were petty merchants: hence all the bother and delay.

we ascended the hill on which it stood, and from the top enjoyed a truly beautiful view of the river. The Euphrates in its windings seemed a lake amidst which lay green islands, while all else was wild grass-clad undulating plain. Water poured down the side of the road disdaining the restraint of an ancient aqueduct; beneath us lay the town and the long home of its inhabitants on the opposite side of the river; the antient walls, still stately in their ruins; the caverned rock, and here and there green trees and fallen pillars. Far south as the eye could reach, the Euphrates glistened in the evening sun like gleaming steel; it wound away rolling on to the far ocean of the blue, the tropic East.

We now entered on the flat uninteresting plain that spread in all directions, strewn with a small-bladed scanty grass, aromatic flowers, and worm-wood in plenty. Not a tree broke the monotony. About an hour's ride from the river we saw our tents, white and glistening amidst a Turkoman encampment; so turning up off the road to where they stood, we had hardly got beneath their welcome shelter, before the rain poured down in torrents. The head-man of the encampment

displayed genuine hospitality; what he had he gave, and what he had not he regretted.

In the evening all our baggage horses strayed, and the servants scoured the hills all night in search of them, but in vain. Sheiko, the muleteer, was distracted. We hobbled our own beasts near the tents, and waited the event with resignation. The encampment we were near was scattered over the neighbouring hills for convenience of pasturage. On the road in front of us some mile-and-a-half off, is a fountain, Heirat of Saikeb Effendi, which means the Charity of ——. We are deeply condoled with for the loss of our beasts. They affirm on their beards nothing was ever lost before for one thousand years.

May 12*th*.—No beasts: our servants returned dreadfully tired with their hunt, the old muleteer the picture of dispair. For my own part, the being unable to depart was no grief. My carpet spread outside the tents, it was delightful to lounge away the early morning; the feeling of perfect health, produced by our abstemious mode of life; the cool breeze, the scent of herbs fresh with the spring dew; the wild view; the free air.

We lay on the slope of a hill facing the S.W. The eye wearies with the space as it passes over the undulating plain on to the dead flat, till lost in the land of the Bedawee. To the N.W., blue with varied lights, the peaks over Nizeeb break the distant horizon; one small gleam, like a polished shield on a dark sward, is all we see of the river whose mighty waters flow round us. But it is impossible for pen to convey the impression of the scene: it is necessary to see it, to feel it, to know it. Every hour of the day changes its faces, now gloomy, wild, as swift scud swept overhead, now smiling with maiden sweetness, as the sun poured down its lustre.

In the foreground were the tents, scattered here and there, the restless herds, the busy maidens; now in shrill tones recalling some straying animal, now with soft voice trilling forth a song wild as the wanton tresses she wedded to the winds. The men, of course, as lords of the creation, sat in dignified idleness: they were fine stout-looking fellows. An only son wears an ear-ring: this is more, however, as a charm than as a distinction.

About noon we saw the party of the new Pasha on his way to Orfa, to reinstate the former one,

and despatched two servants to state our wants. He halted, and most kindly offered us mules to carry our baggage. Feeling it would be wrong, however, to desert our poor muleteer,* who, had we left, would never have found his beasts, we declined, only requesting some soldiers. Accordingly, a party was put at our disposal, who commenced a fresh search. At last, late in the afternoon, our missing animals were found tied up in the tent of an Arab of the tribe of Jakesh, who said he was on the point of bringing them back when the soldiers arrived. It was not worth while disbelieving the assertion, so they were well secured to prevent such vagrancy for the future.

We were thronged with visitors, whose principal cause of complaint seemed the Anase, who now and then indulge in a foray over on this side of the Euphrates, and are far too numerous for any of these petty tribes to attempt resistance to them. The Pasha at Aleppo has begun the only system which can have any effect on these free sons of the Desert; he has forbidden the inhabitants of any of

* It is a law, that, having hired animals to go a certain journey, if they are lost, stolen, or die, the loss is the owner's, not the hirer's; so we remained, from a feeling that our presence and interest was the only chance of recovering the animals.

the villages within his jurisdiction to hold any traffic with them. This, as it prevents their exchanging their superfluous produce for other needful stores, has made them rather knuckle down; but, as it is but partially enforced, has not been able to produce the effect desired of bringing them to ask the protection of the paternal government of the Turks.

The sun-set was glorious: Sol sinks to rest in a mass of blue, purple, and gold; the air full of bleatings, as the flocks all tamely follow their wild leaders home. After dinner a nobbagee, or musician, who had long been hovering about, requested permission to perform: he played a small flute, a mere hollow cylinder with seven holes. Many of his notes were particularly sweet and the execution not bad. He played a tune resembling "God save the Queen," but could give no account of its origin, nor even of where he learnt it.

May 13*th.*—We started, and in five-and-a-half hours reached Charmelick; the country the same long rolling plain, all the bottoms planted with barley, and here and there dotted with tents. We observed several caves apparently made and used

by the shepherds to confine their flocks in at night. We could not, however, see the ruins described by Lord Pollington. Probably he took the other road. Charmelick is a large well-built khan, and near it is the village of the same name. This is one of those curious semi-interred villages: it seems as if a hole was cleared out and mud walls of division run up. On these rest mud domes curiously contrived with a large opening in front. You may ride over the village and remain ignorant of its existence, thinking you have passed by a number of small craters.

These holes give light to the houses and egress to the smoke. It is curious to enter and explore the labyrinth of holes of rooms; horses, fowls, animals—all are lodged together, so they abound superlatively with vermin. I had a good opportunity of exploring, as the inhabitants were encamped without for the summer. This is the supposed site of Anthemusia,* the capital of the district so called. In front of the khan was the tel and the ruins of an old mosque, with another ruin; also a column and large remains of stones.

* It was, perhaps, the city of Anthemeus, or he might have been its founder, A. D. 467 or 469.

Beneath the mosque are some fine vaults. The khan has no water, but there is a well some thirty yards from the mosque, which has two hundred steps of stone to descend to it: such a work could never have been made in this day.

On the arrival of my companions, we went on to the encampment, some half-hour off the road, where we resolved to pass the night. We noticed a tel and two burial grounds. Arrived at the encampment: it consisted of about sixty tents. We were received most civilly. This we owe to Ibrahim Pasha, who burnt and drove all the lawless independence out of the people: now they are labourers, not warriors. Nimrod Dagh, a long mountain to the W.N.W. of us.

May 14*th*.—The noise of churning the butter awoke me to witness the operation. Two tall stakes are driven into the ground; between these is hung a goat's skin, the openings of which are sewn up, save the neck. The milk is put in, and the women work it rapidly backwards and forwards. Each tent has one of these churns, and when many are at work they keep time together. With others a stick, the length of the goat's skin, is tied to it; this is slung to a tent-line and

worked. The butter is sweet and good, but thin. The whole fuel used is dung, dried in the sun in flat cakes. The men as usual, supremely idle, sat and watched us. Our washing afforded them great amusement.

We rode to Orfa in six and a half hours; the baggage took eight or nine. The Turkomans endeavoured to rob us, but were detected. Riding over the plain till we regained the road, we pursued our way. The country was of exactly the same description as before; here and there we came upon a covered well. There is generally a flat surface with stone in the direction of prayer below; a few steps lead down to the water; seldom deep down, an inscription, containing the name of him who built it, and near, several stone troughs to contain the water for the cattle. We passed another tel, with remains of a modern village.

Leaving the open plain, we rode amidst rocks and barren places over a paved road for miles. In places the road was cut in the solid rock. From thence we descended into a plain, covered with here and there brown dusty olive trees. On turning to the right we observed a low wall run-

ning along the hill in front, and there on the left, the ruins of a castle. And this was the Ur of the Chaldees, the Edessa of the Romans, the Orfa of our day. Here God spake to Abram!

Passing through the gardens, we rode to the house of the English consular agent, who pressed us most warmly to remain with him; but we preferred the convent, so were soon established in the Nestorian one, which is without the town, or rather in a suburb on the other side of the water. The kind old man sent us a dinner, saying, if we would not eat his dinner at his house, we must eat it at our own. He received the honorary distinction as a tribute for his humane and kind protection of the Nestorian Christians. We explained to him our resolution to go by the Desert to Mosul: this he could not understand; the regular way was enough for him, and he spoke long and fearfully of the Arabs—the bad, savage Arabs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Eastern Bath—How thoroughly to enjoy it—Visit the Pasha—Incongruous Dresses of his Attendants—Arrangements for crossing the Desert—Town of Orfa—Well of Abraham—Sacred Carp—Inquiry as to the ancient Worship of Fish—Mosque and College of the Patriarch described—Birthplace and Tomb of Abraham—Moslem Veneration for Abraham—Account of the Patriarch in the Book of Jasher—Terah and Nimrod—Caves and Tombs in the Rocks described—Pillars of the Throne of Nimrod—Castle of Orfa—Its present Condition—Vicissitudes of the City in ancient times—Its various Conquerors—Present Sate of Orfa—Its rude Cotton Printing—Its Manufactures—Dresses of the People—Diversity of Languages heard at Orfa.

MAY 15th.—At daylight the worthy representative of her Majesty paid us a visit. As we showed no inclination to rise, he grew dreadfully impatient, opened all the windows, and finally pressed us to visit the Pasha off-hand. We compromised the matter by going to the bath. Here his kindness led him, and he even washed with us. The bath is certainly a great luxury; few Englishmen, however, enjoy it properly: they hurry over the process, and as the bath-men know they do it from a species of curiosity, they act accordingly.

But voyagers extend the luxury thus:—Send a

servant before you to warn the bath-keeper you are coming; or, if the bath is small, have it cleared altogether; send your own carpets, clothes, soap, scents, nargilleh, coffee, and sherbet. I need not describe the bath (*vide* Titmarsh, "Cornhill to Cairo;" *vide* Warburton's "Crescent and Cross"). The one is a caricature, the other is as he and I enjoyed our bath at Deir el Khamar. Spend in it two or three hours, having previously settled your affairs, so that nothing may interrupt the perfection of the kief. Well, we saw the consul dirty, we saw him washed, and then, after breakfast, at all of which delays he complained sadly, we walked to the serai.

The Pasha received us kindly, in a wretched room, hung with a dingy curtain, and furnished with a red baize divan. He was dressed in the semi-European dress of Stamboul. The dress of a Pasha's attendants is a curious melange. They wear embroidered coats, faded, a little torn; straps probably cut, no socks, or huge Persian socks; their clothes unbrushed and unfitting; some European waistcoats, some native; some had shirts, others not. Why not have preserved their own handsome flowing robes and Oriental costume?

After the grandiloquent compliments were over, we stated our desire to cross the Desert; he offered us fifty horsemen if we needed them, but at the same time said he thought we could not do it safely with five hundred; finally, he begged to refer the matter to the Medjelis, which was to sit next day. To this we agreed, and thanking him for his civility on the road, retired. On reaching the convent we found the Rev. Mr. M—— had arrived. He proved indeed a welcome addition to our party, which he kindly consented to join. Accompanied by our constant friend the consul, we then sallied out to see the place. I was much struck by the numbers of green turbans here: it shows either more wealth, or more disposition to spend it in the purchasing such a now nominal distinction. Also there were no dogs in the streets.

The town is clean for an Eastern town, and has fewer bare places than most. We visited first the Birket el Ibrahim el Khaled, or the Well, literally, of Abraham the Beloved. This is a large reservoir, filled by means of a channel from a small stream, rising a short distance S.W. of the town. The reservoir is thus fresh, the water being supplied by the river. In this water are preserved carp, which

multiply exceedingly: they are not allowed to be taken. The infidel Giaours, however, sometimes eat the sacred food, catching by stealth those that wander from the sacred precincts. Being fed by all who are charitable, they are fat and large. The consul's kavais poured some eatable into the water, and they rushed to it, forming literally a tangled body of wreathing fish. In the reservoir, a shallow place of some sixty feet long and about forty broad, there could not have been less than fifty thousand fish.

It would afford a curious subject of inquiry, the origin of this veneration for a creature uninteresting in every way. It is probably a relic of a more ancient worship. In Deuteronomy the Jews are warned against making any image of fish to worship it. We find the fishes, or images, rather, with fishes' scales and tails, among the excavations at Nimroud and Koyunjik. The worship of fish would also belong to Mesopotamia, for here Osiris was metamorphosed into a fish when flying from Typhon:—"Timebant ne sibi membra si animalibus hisce vescerenter a vindicta Deæ intumescerent, ulceribus scaterent, aut tabe consumerentur." Clemens remarks that the Phœnicians of Syria

paid no less worship to their fish than to their God.

At the western end of the reservoir is a kiosk, from the latticed windows of which a pretty view is obtained of the mosque and college of the Patriarch, built on the northern side. This is a charitable institution of some pious Pasha, but, alas! the revenue is sequestered, and the students flown. It consists of a large mosque, with three domes, and a graceful minaret: the door of the mosque was of wood, beautifully inlaid, and the door-posts of marble, carved in the most graceful manner of Saracenic work. This stands on one side of the court; its foundations washed by the water of the reservoir. On the remainder of this façade are graceful Saracenic arches, light and open; on the three remaining sides are the rooms of the college, and in the court fine cypresses.

From thence we walked to the birthplace of Abraham. A Turkish cemetery has been planted round it. The water flows through in a pretty stream, and its banks are a favourite place for solemn Turks to come and make quiet kief. The tomb itself is a cave in the rock, shut by a door; an open wall forms a sort of outer chamber, where

votive rags and some religious banners are deposited.

The poor consul exhibited such lively fear on my attempting to approach that I forbore, and am therefore unacquainted with the interior of the chamber. Moslems are brought from afar to lay their bones on the spot where Abraham was born. They consider him as their founder; they called him the Blessed, the Friend of God. The cave can claim no Scriptural authority for its authenticity, nor even (except by inference), can we prove Ur his birthplace. Thus, Genesis xi. 28:—"And Haran died before his father Terah, in the land of his nativity, in Ur of the Chaldees." In the book of Jasher,* which, if its asserted antiquity is dubious, is at all events a curious collection of current legends, there is a long and miraculous account of the birth, preservation, and youth of Abraham. Terah was the son of Nahor, and was prince over the hosts of Nimrod, and he was great in the sight of his king and of all his subjects. Abram was born, and all

*For the genuineness of this book it is impossible to vouch: it is however, twice quoted in Scripture; and farther on, I shall endeavour to prove its antiquity. It only gives a more detailed account of the early world, not in any way contradicting the Scripture account.

the great men of the land feasted in Terah's house in honour of the event. As the conjurers returned home, they saw a very large star, and it came from the east, and ran in the heavens, and swallowed up the four stars from the four sides of the heavens. This they told to Nimrod, who, resolving to defeat the ill omen, sent for Terah, and ordered him to bring to him the son that was born to him, that he might slay him. Terah pleaded for him with a father's fondness, but Nimrod offered him a house full of gold as a recompense, insisting, however, on compliance with his request. Terah begged the king to give him counsel in a matter. He said, "Ayon, the son of Mored, offers me gold and silver if I will give him the horse of great price your Majesty gave your servant." And Nimrod answered, "Art thou a fool, to give thy horse for silver or for gold? Of what worth will it be unto thee when thou hast no horse?" "Live for ever, O king! Of what use will silver and gold be unto me when I have no son?" The king, however, would not admit the analogy, but ordered Terah to give up Abraham on pain of destruction to him and his if he refused. Terah accordingly gave up a son born to him that day of one of his handmaids,

whom Nimrod slew at once. Then, it says:—"And Terah took Abram his son secretly, and hid him in a cave, together with his mother and nurse, and he remained there concealed ten years." At all events, the legend is curious.

Much of the other legends of Abraham, as contained in the Koran, may be found in the Book of Jasher; he is, as I said before, the founder of the Moslem creed, according to the Koran, where it is said: "And Abraham bequeathed this religion to his children."

We next visited one of the Ians, or principal Mussulmans of the place. He said that he knew of two Anase then in the town, whom he would send to us to make an arrangement relative to the route by the Desert. Our new companion shamed our idleness; before we were up he had made many sketches, and then again expressed his willingness to accompany us. We directed our course to the south-westward of the town, to explore some of the many rude caves and tombs cut in the rock. Many of them are inhabited, others converted into stables.

Some, however, remain as they were: they consist of a large outer chamber, opening to the

air either by an entrance their whole size, cut in the rock, or else cut and then closed by masonry. In the first chamber are four, six, or two recesses, seemingly for bodies; a second chamber then succeeds, entered by a square doorway, within again an arched one; there being a foot or two of space between the two, in which the work is cut away, as if to admit the stone doorway that closes the tomb to be pushed away when it was required to enter it. There are likewise huge places cut as if to permit a bolt to be shot back in the same way. This chamber is entered by three steps, and the threshold within is a square chamber, varying in size in the different tombs. Within the larger are five recesses, one facing the door, and two on either side; on the wall of partition are niches, and others are dispersed about. On several were the remains of thick plaster, and also paintings in fresco; the plaster seemed, in fact, to owe its preservation to the colouring.

The tombs cover the faces of almost all the neighbouring hills; we examined nearly all, but, except in the difference of size, found no variety. The niches were pent-shaped at top, with a niche over the place rounded for the head, as if for a

lamp. Entering the walls of the town, we mounted the steep hill on which the castle stands. The hill-side has been used as a cemetery by the Turks; the path zig-zags up the steep sides, in parts cut out of the rock. The part of the hill enclosed within the walls may be a quarter of a mile in breadth, by 150 yards in width. On the wall near the gate we entered by, are carved two twisted snakes and numerous lions: the interior presents nothing but a confused mass of ruins, save the two fine Corinthian pillars that form, from a distance, such a prominent landmark. The rest are all Mahometan—a mosque, a bath, and other buildings, in bad Saracenic style.

The pillars, two in number, on which, according to tradition, rested the throne of Nimrod, stand on rudely-built basements, nor could I find any remnant of a third, or of any building to which they seemed to have belonged. On one is the Estranglo-Syrian inscription copied and translated by Mr. Badger; I therefore need not repeat it: parts of it are effaced. The pillars are, perhaps, seven feet in diameter, but their height does away with all appearance of heaviness: they are built in pieces, and projecting knobs left on each piece.

Here and there, likewise, are notches also made for some purposes, probably of building on to the pillar. The capitals, a good deal weather-worn, are deeply and well cut. Beneath stands a ruin, probably one of the old chapels of the fortress. In portions where the hill is most inaccessible, the wall is further strengthened by a deep ditch; in others, it rises against the perpendicular rock itself. It is defended also by strong towers; but the whole is too patched to judge of the era it was built in. On one portion, overlooking the town, is a long inscription in Arabic, but I dared not copy it—the task was hopeless.

The castle commands the town completely, and from it a fine view is obtained. The town is found to stand on two hills, to fill a gorge between them, and then range away the northern plain; the gorge of the Skirtos was a mass of verdure, just bursting into fruit. At present no attempt seems to be made to retain the castle in repair. It was probably impregnable before the invention of gunpowder, but now, commanded by the neighbouring heights, it is allowed to drop into decay. The town gains a splendour from this distance it is far from really having: the domes, the minarets, the

open terraces, the courts of the khan—all look well. One mosque has a square steeple; we did not see it, but probably it may have been a Christian church: the Armenians have also just finished a great staring square church.

To the present city little antiquity can be justly given. The castle would probably be nearly destroyed before it was taken; the pillars are perhaps those which Tamerlane found and erected his trophy on. The walls of the town are patched up, but very little of any ancient portion remain. Ur is generally allowed by all to be the ancient city built by the children of Aram, and receiving its name from their eldest brother in the Land of Shinar. Mr. Beke is inclined to fix here the site of Babel. As time passed on, it has received many names—the Oureasdim, or Fire of Chaldæa; for here Abraham was cast into the fire by King Nimrod, which, consuming his brother Haran, wreathed around him as a pleasant garment —Callirrhoe of the Greeks—the Edessa of the Romans;—Koha, hence Orfa—in our times. It was also called Antiochia in honour of Antiochus. Among the Arabs of the Desert of this day, it is known as Ur, the name they have

received and retained unchanged from long times ago.

In A.D. 198 it was conquered by the Romans, the city then constituting the capital of the small state of Osrrhoene. Situated between two great powers, it inclined to the Parthians; the Romans at first merely menaced it, subsequently reduced it, and in A.D. 216, Abgarus, the last king, was sent in chains to Rome. The kingdom became a province, and thus the Romans secured a firm possession beyond the Euphrates, fortifying Nisibis. Tradition mentions an Abgarus, King of Edessa, who sent to our Saviour for his portrait, which was afterwards the Palladium of the city, preserving it from foes, prayed to in their churches, &c. In A.D. 361, during the reign of Julian, the Arians rose and committed many outrages; for this he confiscated their property, and wrote that famous though ironical letter which in his calmer moments he might have forborne.

"I show myself," he says, "the true friend of the Galileans. Their admirable law has promised the kingdom of heaven to the poor, and they will advance with more diligence in the paths of virtue and salvation when relieved by my assistance from

the load of temporal possessions." Justinian is said to have rebuilt it,—that rebuilder of churches, the great founder of St. Sophia at Constantinople. In the fifth century it received the Nestorian faith; subsequently, the sacred picture was sold to Constantinople for twelve thousand pounds of silver, two hundred Mussulmans, and a perpetual truce. "The prudent Franciscan," says Gibbon, refuses to mention where the sacred image now reposes; but its retreat is inglorious, and this ancient object of worship is no longer famous or fashionable."

About A.D. 635, Zegid, the Mussulman general, despatched by the Kalif Omar, took this city from the Romans, and levelled its walls with the dust. Edessa was famed for the purest of the three Syriac dialects, that of the Aramæan. It is by some asserted that St. Thomas, the apostle of the Indies, here received the glory of martyrdom; but more probably he died from the hands of the Indians near Madras. In 1099, Baldwin was supplicated by the Armenian or Greek king who had been suffered by the Turks to reign over the Christians of Edessa, to marry his daughter and protect his kingdom. He granted both requests,

and repaid his father-in-law by procuring his death; and secured the kingdom to himself by conquering it. His dominion endured for fifty-four years.

When Zenghi, the son of Ascansar, the sole man who stood on the right hand of Malek Shah, who first proved his arms in taking Antioch, was appointed Emeer of Mosul, he overran the country, and Edessa fell. Its king, Jocelin de Courtenay, unworthy of his father, saw his kingdom wrested from him, and, finally, died in the prison at Aleppo. Saladin took it, and Tamerlane.

Of course, it is now more flourishing than it has been for many years. The baths are large and fine, particularly the Khan Kooleh Oglee and the Custom Khan: these have a mosque attached to them. In the latter, the savage mode of cotton printing particularly struck me. A number of people were employed at it. The cotton is laid on a small board, as the portion on the flat surface was stamped, the man pulled a fresh part over, letting the stamped portion fall down the other side. On his left, stood a bowl full of the colouring matter; across this, just floating on the surface so as to damp through, was a morsel of felt tied there to

keep it in its place. The block of wood on which was carved the pattern, was dipped on this, then put on the cloth, and there pressed. Sometimes two colours were to be printed on; then two bowls, two prints, two troublesome processes, had to be used, and the result was very bad.

Carpets, saddle-bags, and the coarse cloth from whence sacks are made, are manufactured in Orfa. Ice was plentiful, and though brought from a considerable distance, is so cheap as to be within reach of all; and a luncheon of bread, cheese, and iced sherbet, each in abundance, might be indulged in for a farthing, or five paras. The dress of the men at Orfa is much the same as at Aleppo and elsewhere; I mean that of the middle class, whom I look upon as the type. The upper classes generally dress *à la Stamboul*, the lower according to their means, and those are generally very circumscribed.

The sleeves here are long; generally the shirt sleeve is full, and long enough when extended to fall over the fingers. Here, however, and hence eastwards, the low pointed shirt is worn, whose sleeves, running to a point, hang three feet below the hands. This shirt is made of coarse cotton,

and is universally worn by the Arabs, Ansayrii, and all the people who border on them. Nor are the long sleeves without their use: they are graceful and ornamental, and form no small part of that wild, fly-away appearance the Arab loves to make on horseback,—his hand grasping the lance, with this wild pennon flying loose. There it is, his towel, his handkerchief—not his duster, for he has nothing to dust. When not wanted, he ties the corners of either sleeve together, and puts them over his head, where they remain till they are wanted.

The women wear different dresses. The Nestorians have on their heads a huge round pad, flat at the top; this they adhere to as the ancient dress of the Syrians. All classes wear the white veil, and here generally a piece of stiffened black crape or gauze replaces the usual coloured cotton handkerchief.

The Aleppo button extends here, and few there are who have not had it. At Orfa the traveller will first hear that medley of languages, which will increase as he goes to Mosul. This must be the land of the confusion of tongues; for about eight will be found used in the town as household lan-

guages by the different sects. The monks of the convent treated us with great kindness. Poor and persecuted they had been, and probably, but for our consul, would have been exterminated or driven forth to seek an asylum elsewhere. They repaid the protection he had given them by more than reverence.

CHAPTER XIX.

Leave Orfa for Haran—Tels and Barrows on the Way—Visit Tel Sultan—High Tower of Haran—Description of an Arab Tent—Its Furniture—Sheik Abdallah—Some Notice of his Tribe—Alarm of an Arab Attack—All Labour performed by Women—Dress of the Bedouins—Town of Haran—Its Ruins—Description of the Tower—Another Alarm of Arabs—Salt Stones, anciently used for building—Arab Indifference to Prayer—The Mosque—Filial Affection of an Arab—Christian Worship in the Desert—South Gate of Haran—Account of that Town by Pliny—Description of the Castle—Repose at a Well—Women come to draw Water—How they resembled what we read of Rebekah and Rachel—Departure from Haran.

MAY 17th—Orfa to Haran, six hours' plain the whole way. We left Orfa early, and, passing through the gardens, which on this side skirt the town, struck due south across the plain. East and west of us, ranges of hills running north and south, shut in, leaving between a plain of some twenty miles in width, which, towards the south, was boundless. Leaving the garden walls, we emerged on the sea of land; nothing broke the horizon before us but a few tels. Now, since many have been found, which, on excavation, have

produced ruins and antiquities, pronounced as sites of ancient cities—

> "Ambition sighed! She found it vain to trust
> The faithless column, and the crumbling dust;
> Huge moles, whose shadows stretch from shore to shore,
> Their ruins perished, and their place no more."

So she invented tels, barrows, and such like.* These were very numerous; some large, some small; all, or nearly all, had names. On many still stand villages; others were covered with grass.

Many parts of the plain were planted with corn; patches of it extended for miles. Other portions were left; and there the cattle of the Koords, who encamp here in great numbers, were pastured. The villages are peopled by Arabs, who, by circumstances, have been compelled to become sedentary, and thus forfeit their rank among their migratory brethren. The herds of cattle were enormous; young camels playing unwieldy tricks, and numerous storks quietly sauntering. The sheep and goats seemed much oppressed by the heat.

We visited one of the principal tels, Tel Sultan: it is divided into two portions, and in one side has

* See Jasher, x. 4. 5.

a deep hole. Various curiosities are said to be washed out of it during the rains. In the hole I have mentioned, was a large squared block of stone, on the top of which, in the same piece, was a circular piece, exactly resembling the mill-stones at present in use, with a square hole cut into the centre. There was also another block; and every part of the mound was covered with broken portions of common pottery.

And thus our road lay. Perhaps by this very route Abraham of old and those with him travelled; nor is it extravagance to say, the family we now meet may exhibit the exact appearance that the patriarchs did four thousand years ago,—the tents and pots piled on the camels; the young children in one saddle-bag balancing the kids in the other; the matron astride on the ass; the maid following modestly behind; the boys now here, now there; the patriarch himself on his useful mare, following and directing the march. As we pass, he lays his hand on his heart, and says, "Peace be with you; where are you going? Depart in peace."

For many miles before we approached, we saw the high tower of Haran. At first, it appeared to float on water, and its hill seemed standing in a

lake, for the sun was intensely hot. Thus it looked quite near, and enormously large. As the sun grew more horizontal, it dwindled down to its proper dimensions, and showed its real distance. In the evening we arrived and pitched our tent just beyond a large Arab encampment of the tribe of Jahesh.

The Arab tent is formed of cloth, black and coarse, formed of camel's hair. This is woven by the women in pieces about twenty inches wide, and of any length. These are roughly stitched together with strengthening patches. Wherever the poles press, rough cords are strapped to blocks of wood, and these are sown into the tent, the rope passing through it from the peg, and being secured. Many have not this, but the rope is sewn at once to the tent-cloth. A row of poles support the centre, running from end to end; these are placed perpendicularly; a row runs parallel on either side, each sloping outwards; these, put beneath, support the cloth, and the ropes, attached to strong stakes, keep it firm. The cloth then hangs down to within two or three feet of the ground all round, and a cloth curtain or a mat is hung to form a screen on the weather on the sunny side. At the

centre is a division formed of mats running across. The one half is the lounge of all or any who choose to enter it. In the sheik's tent it is the guest-room, café, hotel, council-hall of the tribe; in others it is still open to all. Behind this is the cook-house; and, probably, where the favourite mare is hobbled, it is an open space. Behind this is another screen; and there is the women's apartment, screened all round.

The furniture of the tent, as well as its size, &c., will vary; but generally it consists of a dromedary's saddle, handsomely bound and covered, a carpet, and several felts and sheepskins. There may be also a cushion and mattress, a few pots and pans, large vessels for milk, and other utensils for their simple cookery. An iron plate for cooking bread, would complete the rest of the kitchen traps; while his treasures, corn-store, &c., would probably form the bed in the harem.

Sheik Abdallah, a very young, handsome fellow, received us most kindly. His people exhibited the greatest curiosity, which he begged we would excuse, on the score of their ignorance. The sheik's manners were charming, and there was an air of softness and effeminacy about him little

agreeing with our notions of an Arab warrior. The tribe has been gradually, as the Americans say, "wiped out:" they belong to the Desert about Palmyra, but were beaten and expelled from thence by the Anasè, which caused their dispersion. A few families of them fled over the Euphrates and settled here, having first tried the Desert, whence they were driven again; so they have already performed the first part of the fall, by ceasing to wander. They boast that they are called Ibn Succor, or Sons of the Rock. The tribe at present is divided into four, which are scattered all over the Desert, some being near Mosul, while others pasture their flocks among the ruins about Beyrout: these four are the Beni Mahomet, Youseff, Beni Tamour, Beni Jemasse.

Our tent was besieged; every possible cranny where an eye could pierce had a black piercing one looking at us. The chiefs entered and drank tea, and were good-natured, content merely to be allowed to look, without our disturbing ourselves for their sakes. Of any legend of Abraham they were perfectly ignorant: we, however, carefully instructed them in all we knew. Our horses had to be sent to a distance to feed, as there was nothing but standing

corn, and the pasture round had been eaten by their flocks; but a short distance off it was in abundance: "And when they came as far as the land of Haran they remained there, for it was exceeding good land for pasture, and of sufficient extent for those who accompanied them."

On the following day there was a rumour of an attack: a party of hostile Arabs were prowling on the outskirts. Sheik Abdallah, like the hunting cheetah, seemed to expand under excitement; all the almost maiden softness of his mien and manner vanished, and he sprang first to the saddle. A party of *hytas* also dashed after the wild marauders, but they swept off as swallows before a boy who wishes to seize them, actually swooping down again and scattering the cattle on another part of the plain. It was curious to see how simultaneously the whole camp was excited; and again, how, half an hour after, they were as calm, lazy, and idle as ever.

A boy set to watch on the top of the Tel gave warning; in a moment the war-song went forth and off galloped those who had horses, followed by those who had none. In a quarter of an hour they returned: the spear was stuck in the ground

in the centre of the tent up through the seam, and each sat down, talked a little, and then sank down to sleep.

The whole domestic labour of these people is performed by the women: they tend the flocks, drive them out, drive them home; the boys also helping in this duty. They perform all the drudgery of the house: when the camp moves, they unpitch the tent, pack it, and often have to walk with any odd bit of a load that will fit nowhere else. They dry the fuel; they prepare it of the dung of their beasts. They make the tent-cloth, felts and mats; in fact, though only they do not till the ground, (a depth of degradation the Jaese have not fallen to yet,) the men literally do nothing except on great occasions.

The dress of the Bedo is picturesque; a long, loose, cotton shirt, reaching below the knees—in fact, almost to the ankles—with the peaked sleeves I have before described: a strong belt of worsted, like a horse-girth, coloured black and red, goes over the shirt; the *aba* or loose cloak, generally with broad stripes of white and black—this hangs loose. Many of the young men have their hair long, and plaited in small plaits: this is probably

the work of a pretty wife, who, newly wedded, loves to toy with her beloved. Over the head is laid a large handkerchief—*keffieh*—which is doubled cornerwise, but not in equal parts—the lesser half is uppermost. This is laid over the head, and bound round with the *ahkahl*, a worsted rope of various lengths made of loose worsted yarns, bound together at short intervals. This is wound round the head, and, as sailors say, passed under its own parts: the corners of the handkerchief are thrown up over the head, if not required to shelter the face from heat or cold. Often one corner is brought round the face, covering it up to the eyes, and passed under the *ahkahl* on the opposite side. It is a good protection from cold, and perhaps the best from heat; except that thus swaddled up you are nearly suffocated.

The colours of this head-dress vary: the predominating colour of the *keffieh* on the west of the Euphrates, is red; in the east, yellow, with small stripes of red. The other is red with stripes. There are others, but they are fancy ones, for the townsman. The *ahkahl* also is black, or brown—a pale brown: the black is used to the east generally, the brown to the west. Trousers I do

not mention, as they are seldom seen: when worn, they are generally short, made of loose cotton worn under the shirts. Thus, the Arab's breast is open; but there is very little difference in colour between the parts of the body covered, and those uncovered.

I have now lounged long enough: we must out and survey the ruins. The morning has passed; we have seen the whole domestic habits of the Arab: for eight hours of daylight they have lounged, some at their tents, others in the sheik's, idle, while their wives have spent those hours in toil: even now they begin anew to prepare the meal for the evening repast of their lords.

The Haran of Scriptures, that ancient town where Abraham tarried, where Terah died, whence Eliezer fetched Rebecca, the mother of the chosen, where Arabs still live, and by their manners serve to perpetuate the history of the past—is built on a Tel of greater extent than the generality, but of no great height. The hill is surrounded by walls which may perhaps embrace a circuit of three or four miles: within, the whole is strewn with ruins, bricks, stones, foundations, portions of arches, door-posts, &c.

On the south-east are the ruins of a more

modern edifice, but far too ruinous to allow me to judge correctly what it has been. It has one door with a broad, low, pitched arch, and the ruins of two others ornamented with richness and tolerable skilfulness of execution. In the centre of the court is a large handsome fountain in perfect preservation. The tower we saw so far off is a square tower of nine stories of loopholes, the whole built of stone; and an extra height of brick has been added afterwards. I explored an arched vault, perhaps a bath, the arches resting on pillars without any ornaments. I say a bath, from the numerous pipes running into it; the whole was nearly full of rubbish. On one of the pillars was carved in large letters, K. O.

Amidst the ruins in this part, which seem Saracenic, stand several columns, broken off, and the softer portions of the stone worn away with time. These are of large diameter. Of the Saracenic building the whole north-east wall is standing, and over the door is an Arabic inscription. Many portions of the place are ornamented with the plain olive leaf, which would point to an earlier period.

There was another alarm of Anasè; and from

the hill I had a capital view of a most spirited chase; but the fellows got off, though forced to relinquish the prey they had commenced driving away. At first they kept with the camels, driving the awkward brutes along before them; but as the irregulars and village Arabs came up, they dashed through the herd and made off. One was most splendidly mounted, and the speed of his mare beautiful to look at. The grass was full four or five feet high, so they rushed through it by bounds, rather than at a regular gallop.

The Arabs employed the afternoon in scraping the walls for saltpetre, to make powder. Many of the lower stones of the castle are salt-stones. Pliny says: "At Carrhae, a city of Arabia, all the walls thereof, as also the houses of the inhabitants, are reared and built of salt-stones, and the same are laid of masons' work, and the joints closed and soldered by no other mortar than plain water."

The pursuit over, the people returned, shouting their war-song, and I proceeded to a large ruined mosque. It has been fine: the Arabs, however, seldom pray, and during the many days, and even weeks, that I have at various times spent among them, I never heard them call to prayers. They

are as much and as blindly attached to their faith as if they understood all about it; but it is rather an hereditary tradition with them than an acquired knowledge. Some among them read and write, but the number is very few.

The Wahabees, perhaps, tainted their faith: they first showed that no immediate ill befell him who blasphemed the Prophet: they first dared to dissent, to enquire, to criticise. Was a faith that enjoined washing five times a-day fit for them who had no water? Were they to fast who never feasted? It reminds one of the letter of Prester John to the Pope, asking how he was to abstain from meat where there was nothing else to eat, and how he was to take the sacrament where there was no corn or wine? The mosque has been large and handsome: the view from the top of the Tel gives a full idea of the vast plains: a little south, the eastern mountains fall into plain; and then, far, far as the eye could reach, all is unbroken flat, save here and there a tel—like an island in the sea—breaks its otherwise perfect level. The weather, cold and windy; the contrast between the night with the day, great.

Sunday.—At an early hour I started to see the

Kalaat, situated on the N.E. of the Tel. Near it is a large village of conical-shaped huts inhabited by Fellahheen Arabs, or tillers of the ground. The houses were merely enlarged beehives built of mud; and as well tenanted by industrious insects of another sort (as I found to my cost), as if they had really been meant for them. The torments do not seem to be cared for by the natives, and they admit their company without opposition; perhaps, it may be a necessary blood-letting. I must own it is a scourge always dreadful, and to which no use can render me callous.

We were visited by an Arab, who entreated us to visit his mother, who was ill. On our assuring him we possessed no skill, he became wild with grief, conjuring us by all we held dear: "She is my mother, my own dear only mother." We might well learn a lesson in affection from this wild savage: bred up to robbery, to rapine, to violence, his heart was tender and soft as a gentle child's towards her who bore him, who reared, who bred him. As Locke says, "there is no man from whom we may not learn some duty, and few from whom we may not turn what we learn to good."

After breakfast Mr. M—— performed the morn-

ing service. May we not hope that, as the incense of the solitary altar of Abraham found its way to heaven, so may those prayers we also offered in the wilderness have floated up, caught by the saving breath of our Lord and Saviour? It does the traveller inconceivable good, thus bearing His altar with us: well may they say that the service of our God is a loadstone pointing to Him. We seem in it to join dear friends afar; to mingle, as it were, our voices with theirs; to be prostrate together at the footstool of our God!

Again we started to view the remainder of the ruins from which our tent was distant perhaps half a mile. The walls are much ruined, though what remains is well built; the south gate alone is perfect. Over it is an Arabic inscription: it consists of a single arch, perfectly plain: the spring has a little ornamental work on it; the gate itself is square; over the door-way the stones are curious dove-tailed; the work well done. There was formerly a tower over the gateway.

Pliny lived A.D. 29; his history would have been written, perhaps, in A.D. 70; so his account of Haran at the time may have been correct. But the walls are built of blocks of stone, totally

uncemented, though well put together, and solid through their whole thickness. They are defended by towers—some round, and some square. Within the south gate are steps to lead up; showing, when built, that the Tel was much as it is now, though other buildings elsewhere show foundation floors on a very much lower level. Within the gate are stone divans.

The castle stands within the walls, but other portions of the Tel are much higher;—in fact, it is but little above the level of the plain, and much ruined. Its upper portions have disappeared, and its own ruins half bury what remains. The vaulted chambers within are fine and lofty, the roofs of bricks, small and well put together: these —spite of becoming black with fleas and scratching—I explored; and my research was rewarded by finding two pillars built into the wall, of great beauty. Small, but well proportioned, of an extremely black close-grained marble, the capital lotus leaves clustered round the stone. There were several other fluted shafts, but I saw no capitals.

The villagers have dug into the place for bricks, as if it was a mine; every flat portion of the ruin

also has a hut on it, and below the spot on which it rests another man digs for bricks—thus undermining his neighbour. At one corner of the castle is a circular mosque, isolated in a circle of the main building: a mosque, I say,—for so it was called,—but it resembled rather a tomb, being much the same as that of Absalom in the Valley of Jehosaphat. This I was not permitted to enter.

As the evening came on, we sat and watched a well, which we had fixed upon as that by which the servant of Abraham stopped: "And he made his camels kneel down without the city, by a well of water, at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water." The well was to the S. W., without the town: this was the direction he would have come from; and, of all the wells, this alone was sweet and good.

Then Eliezer prayed that God would give him good speed. As we sat, camels came and knelt by the well; and then the veiled girls came out in long file, each with her pitcher, on her shoulders; as in Holy Writ it says, "Rebekah came with her pitcher on her shoulder." And they one by one let down their pitchers; the bearded men knelt

to indulge in the draught they asked for. At such a well could any ask in vain? The Bible says, "she hasted and let down her pitcher upon her hand." With each family is a rope: this is attached to the handles of the pitchers, and the drawer,—generally, as now, a woman or maiden,—lets down the pitcher, the rope held by her hand, or resting on her hand. And here we sat and saw this very scene.

We might pursue the simile further: the ornaments, the dress, even the veil; for we hear, when Rebekah knew that the man who sat in the field was Isaac, she took a veil and covered herself. This shows she had done so before, or she would not have had one ready, or even at all. The objection Eliezer made, was one that would arise this day among all Easterns, and perhaps among them only: "Peradventure, the woman will not be willing to follow me into this land."

The well, like many others, had a square stone at the top with a circular hole to draw water, and near stood (this is usual, also) numerous stone troughs, some higher, some lower, for the different descriptions of animals to drink out of; and we read,—"She hasted and emptied her pitcher into

the trough." The pitcher itself, as may be seen from the Nineveh and Egyptian excavations, was of exactly the shape used still. Little did those laughing girls,—Rebekahs, Rachels, and Sarahs,—perhaps, think of the reason we watched their every motion so closely, and of the deep interest we took in every step of what seemed to them a mere daily duty, but to us was a wondrous record of the past.

On the morrow we left Haran with the dawn.

CHAPTER XX.

Haran the Site of Nahor—Site of the Defeat of Crassus—Haran in the twelfth century—The right-hand man of an Arab Chief—His dress described—A fight in an Arab village—The Sheik Dahhal and his Son—Gradual declension and probable extinction of Arab tribes—The Agedach tribe—History of the Sheik Dahhal—The young Sheik and his Mare—Arab Saddles and mode of Riding—Arab Horses—An Introduction to the Sheik Dahhal—His manners—His character—An Arab prisoner—His treatment—Bargaining for a Conveyance across the Desert.

NONE seem to doubt that the present site of Haran is the actual site of the City of Nahor, the place inhabited by Abraham; whence Eliezer took Rebekah, where Jacob served for Leah and Rachel. The Theodosian tables place Haran twenty-six miles from Edessa—probably a correct distance. In the earlier mentions of it in the Scriptures, it is called Haran, (Genesis xxix. 40.) and others later (Acts vii. 2.), Charran. It is also styled Charra, Carra, and Carres, by the Romans. It was anciently famed for being the seat of the Sabians, who worshipped the hosts of heaven. This part of Mesopotamia was also called

Anthemasia, by the Macedonians, after a district in Macedon; and was so called from the superabundance of roses it produced. It was afterwards called Osrrhoene, from a race of Arab Princes who ruled it, but of this district Orfa was the capital.

Two hours' walk from Haran, according to Hadfi Khalifah, a Turkish historian, there are to be seen, on a Hill called the hill of Abraham, the remains of a Sabian temple. Haran lies fifty-five miles south-east of Zeugma, the place at which Crassus crossed the Euphrates; and two roads separate here, one direct south, leading to the Euphrates at Nicephorium; the other to the north east, towards Nisibis and the Tigris.

The site of the battle and defeat of Crassus, (B. C. 52, 53,) is placed twenty miles south of Haran. It is too much a matter of history to need repetition. Probably it was at the lower spurs of these mountains I have described, running north and south, a little to the east of Haran, which the Arabs told me were Djebel Dugdug. Their lower spurs run into the plain: nowhere are they mountains, I should have better said high lands. The ground there is still marshy, as it then was. Bitterly, as is well known, did haughty

Rome feel her disgrace, and Cæsar himself was preparing to efface it when he fell. Nor was it till thirty years afterwards that the Parthians restored to Rome, under the reign of Augustus, the trophies gained in that campaign.

Crassus himself fell, by an unknown hand, upon the field: of the rest of his forces, many were slain; but some met a far more hospitable fate, bitterly as their countrymen deplored such disgrace; for Romans and allies, in the words of Horace:—

> Milesne Crassi conjuge barbarâ,
> Turpis maritus vixit? et hostium
> (Proh Curia inversique mores!)
> Consenuit socerorum in armis,
> Sub rege Medo Marsus et Apulus
> Anciliorum et nominis et togæ,
> Oblitus æternæque Vestæ,
> Incolumi Jove et urbe Roma?

At the time of the visit of Benjamin of Tudela, Mesopotamia appears to have been ruined, for the Rabbi mentions that then not one building was left in the city, where his father Abraham had his dwelling. This was about the year A.D. 1173, or shortly afterwards. In A.D. 749, however, the dungeons at least remained; for there the ill-fated Ibrahim, the Abbasside, sighed away the life he had dedicated to the empire of the Moslem world.

The city that existed then, may also be traced to A.D., 1130 or 1147, for it appears that it was the disputing to whom the conquests should belong, which prevented the united forces of the Princes of Antioch and Edessa from taking the city of that name, then existing.

The day was intensely hot, the wind hotter; our poor friend, the consul, completely doubled up on his saddle, just managed to arrive; however, the bath, and a long course of *kupsedge*, (shampooing) restored him in time for the fresh toils we begged him to undertake; as, whatever was our will, we had no power to interfere even between the persecutor and the oppressed. The good old man, however, promptly obeyed the call of humanity, and two Nestorian boys were saved from being compelled to become Turks.

On the following day, we met the grand right-hand man of one of the chiefs of the Shammar, then encamped in the neighbourhood. He was a small, clean-built, wiry Arab, clothed in a handsome dress of red silk next his skin, with a sheepskin coat outside. These sheepskin dresses are almost universally worn by the Bedo, and merit a description. The skin is cured with the wool on,

and rendered very soft by rubbing in grease; these skins are then sewn together, forming a large coat that reaches below the knees of a tall man, with long and ample sleeves. The outside is of a red colour, from ochre being used with the grease; and, during wear, it is also frequently rubbed with the same, to render it more impervious to wet. These dresses are worn in winter to keep out the cold; in summer to keep out the heat; and at once form the cloak, the bed, and pretty often the house of the Arab, collecting on its surface every species of dirt — within, perhaps, other matters not less repugnant to our feelings.

His business at Orfa was partly to get an advance on the wool of the people with his sheik, and also to sound the Pasha relative to protection from his master. All further arrangements were deferred till we could see the sheik, who was moving north to the plain near Haran. We waited, therefore, the two following days at Orfa; days, which the society of my companions, especially that of E. and Mr. M., rendered anything but dull. The difficulty of the Desert route has never been overcome, and Basool Ain, the Resen of Scripture,

is untroddon ground to all but the wild Arab's plundering party.

Late on the third morning, our friendly Arab appeared, mounted on a beautiful dromedary, a great fat fellow bent on a trading journey, seated behind him; and we started again across the plain to the east of our former route. At one period, I counted thirty tels, and the whole plain was covered with tents and cattle; the villagers, at this time of the year, leaving their houses, and encamping without, for the benefit of pasturage.

In the evening we arrived at a small village, called Suaran, and pitched our tents on the Tel, a little apart from the houses. Sheik Abdallah rode over from Haran, and said, "Do not trust to Dahhal; he cannot protect you, being himself much pressed; pray wait and see your way well." The Shammar was indignant at a report that was abroad, that Dahhal, his master, had changed his encampment, and at once mounted his dromedary to go and find his whereabouts. The brute obeyed him readily, though he had just pitched the poor merchant, who rode on his croup, ignominiously to the ground.

In the evening the villagers had a fight with

clubs, with the men of another village, relative to the aggressions of a donkey on their corn. The noise was great, the blows few, the real damage in the fight nothing. I, myself, and the servants, joined the villagers among whom we lodged, or intended to do so; for I believe we took the side we ought not, according to the rights due to hospitality, to have done. Both parties retired chanting the war-song and claiming victory.

At dawn on the following morning, a letter came from Dahhal himself, offering us every hospitality, and saying, the moment their tents were pitched, he would send his son to escort us to their encampment. In the early morning the thermometer stood at eighty-six in the tent; but the breeze rendered it deliciously cool. At noon it was ninety-eight; but still the same cause prevented our feeling any annoyance from the heat. Shortly after, Nouéran, the son of Dahhal, made his appearance.

He was not, probably, more than seventeen or eighteen years of age; handsome, but with that peculiarly girlish effeminate appearance I have before mentioned as so frequently found among the younger aristocracy of the Desert, and so

strangely belied by their characters and deeds. This is also often found among the whole Turkish easterns, or those west of the Persian frontier: they are boys until they are middle-aged men, with a delicate skin, soft effeminate manners, and a round fleshiness, till at once they turn to old men with harsh lines and marks of time. The young sheik would have made a very beautiful woman. He entered the tent where we were lounging, said it was only while on their march during the night that they had heard of our arrival, and he had left the tents the moment they had been pitched.

The day was passed: in the evening we prepared to return with him to his father's encampment. The people of the plain, as well as the sedentary Arabs, had always expressed fear of the Anasè; whether they were afraid to express fear of the Shammar I do not know, but should much doubt Anasè coming at this season here. There are, however, two or three thousand Anasè horsemen to be found living in friendship among the Shammar, with their tents, &c. They left their own tribe on account of some feud, and have been, I have heard, many years on this side the Euphrates.

Probably the Wahabee dissent and its disruption of all tribes, has changed almost all the rovers of the Desert; then, their own constant feuds materially assist in this disturbance.

At Mosul there are now but thirty tents left of a tribe (Ali Abou Hamed) which ten years ago was a powerful one: they are at blood feuds with another, who threaten, and will, to use the expression of the Western Prairies of America, "wipe them out." But generally the Anasè may be taken as the tribe from the mountains of Syria to the Euphrates in the north, round Aleppo, to, and south of Palmyra. They often cross the Euphrates on plundering parties, either swimming or fording it, though more frequently they pass over with the assistance and boats of a tribe, the Agedack, settled along its banks, with whom they are in strict friendship.

These Agedack are cultivators, and furnish the wandering Anasè with corn, when they are afraid to venture to the western frontier.* From the

* The Anasè crossing the Euphrates is one of the causes why Rais El Ain is so difficult to reach. It was inhabited by a sedentary tribe, the Bugara; but they were so plundered by the Anasè that they left. The whole of this district now is a sort of open battle-ground, swept by war parties of the different tribes.

Euphrates to the Tigris are, in the northern stretch of Desert, the Shammar, who are now, however, divided into several divisions; these often at open war with each other. The division of which Dahhal is sheik, is a branch of the Shammar, called Hammond: he, however, is but sheik of a small portion of the division; and the cause (as we subsequently found) of his thus running under the Pasha's hand, was an act he had just committed, the consequences of which he even thus early began to fear.

He had stopped and taken a large caravan, though protected by Sophuk's men, and insured by his word. In Mr. Layard's "Nineveh" may be seen the best account of the Sophuk, the King of Mesopotamia: his son is now head of the tribe his father commanded; but two-thirds have separated from him. He, or men under his orders, were now in pursuit of Dahhal, who therefore rushed for this place, and, like a proper subject, expressed himself sorry for past sins and ready to swear allegiance. This may be taken as an epitome of Arab border life,—a rover, he sacks and plunders as long as he can, and then, driven from the Desert by some stronger neighbour, he flies to the

protection of the Sultan, to fly back again to the Desert on some new aggression committed on the Sultan's subjects. In fact, however, as much treachery is shown on one side as on the other.

We remained at our encampment several hours, the young sheik with us, who was at first amused, then very anxious to be off. We accompanied him back to his father's encampment. He rode a noble old mare, of which he related many stories: one—which however was confirmed—was, that by her speed he had overtaken five other mares; these he had sold, and with the price of one of them had procured a very pretty second wife.

The Arabs seldom ride in saddles, more seldom with stirrups: several thicknesses of felt and two or three pieces of old carpet girthed on, form a pad. On this their seat is perfect, their feet hanging as gracefully and easily as if supported by a stirrup. A bit or bridle is also seldom used; a headstall or woollen rope, a chain which passes over the nose, and the rope which he holds form all his means of guiding his steed. The mare stands tied to the long quivering lance; he unties her; grasping the lance, he swings up till he falls

into his seat. The lance is carried generally over the shoulder: it is light and well balanced, the pole, about twenty feet in length, made of a light, good wood. The lower end is sharp, shod with an iron point for sticking into the ground. On the other end, before the long iron, is a round bunch of black ostrich feathers; above, a long bayonet-shaped point with two or three small bits of iron to keep up a jingle.*

We started in company with the young sheik, his attendant, and two or three of our servants, the young Arabs chanting with not unmusical voices—

> The tecbir, so the Arabs call
> Their shout of onset when, with loud appeal,
> They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.

This war-song begins with a chant, and then passes on to another song; it is very characteristic and wild, and thrilling through their wild excitable

* The plume below the spear head of the Arab is said to have originated in the custom of the Western warriors in the earlier wars, of adorning their lances with the hair of their victims. Now that human hair from the cessation of wars is unobtainable, they substitute the more graceful plume of ostrich feathers. The tuft of long hair left on the head, and which is not according to the precepts of the Prophet, originates also from their wars. As the heads of the believers were shaved, the enemy had no other means of displaying the head of his victim than by thrusting his hand into the mouth and so holding it up. This tuft was left, therefore, to spare the mouth from the profanation of an unclean hand.

natures with a thousand recollections, stirs up instantaneously to blood and excitement. Perhaps

Ho ho, ho ho, ho ho ho, ho, ho ho,

is the nearest approach to it words may convey. This they chanted with great defiance whenever our route led us near a village.

Our way was generally over high coarse grass, for we rode direct towards the tower of Haran, near which Dahhal had fixed his camp. They asked leave to play with our servants, after riding many courses with E. and myself. I was very well mounted, but the young sheik's mare could always creep up to mine. As one galloped away, all the excitement of a chase was felt; one's ear heard behind the approach of the steed, and then, spite of every turn and shift, the long lance-head rose just above the eyes before one. This attained, it was whirled round with rapidity, and the Arab swept gracefully away.

Their ménage was perfect; the inclination of the body of the rider guided the docile animal, and a check of the rope staid in a moment his rapid career. This stop the Arab horses perform to perfection, the more so that there is no force used;

it is the result of training. When thus checked, the legs, before at full stretch for the stride of the gallop, are brought under; one short bound, and they stand—how infinitely better than in South America, where it is an act of the enormous lever of the bit forcing the poor brute to stop. The Arab would, however, be utterly unable to perform the feats a Guacho child could do with ease.

Turning on the servants, they handled them pretty roughly; Abdallah, who was well mounted, threw the sheik's attendant, which put an end to the play. The young sheik arrayed himself in a silk dress we had brought as a present, and we reached their encampment of about twenty tents, before which were some thirty spears.

The young sheik held my horse, and apologising for his father's temporary absence, welcomed us. The tent was large and well made. We remained here smoking and drinking coffee till our baggage arrived, and our own tents were pitched. Dahhal was more fully dressed in silk. He was a fine man, with light clear eyes. Wounds, received long ago, have incapacitated him from the free use of his hands, but report says he can grasp the rich dagger at his girdle with a fatal strength when

passion urges him. Though every feeling was subdued, there showed through all his mildness the baffled tiger, whose vengeance would be fearful— he resembled a netted animal, vainly with all its cunning seeking to break the meshes that encompassed him on all sides.

He received us with a hospitality that seemed natural; his words were more sonorous, grand, and flowing than those of any Arab I had before seen. They reminded me of the pleasure I had felt in South America in listening to the language of a true Spaniard, heard amidst the harsh gutturals of a provincial jargon; strings of highflown compliments, uttered with an open, noble mien, that, while it must please those to whom it is used, seems but a worthy condescension in him.

> "He was a man of war and woes;
> Yet on his lineaments ye cannot trace,
> While gentleness her milder radiance throws
> Along that aged venerable face,
> The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace."

If report speaks true, never did there breathe a truer son of Hagar than Sheik Dahhal. During his whole life his hand has been against every man, and every man's against him. Gaining his social position with his dagger, he openly endeavoured to

enlarge it by every exercise of force or fraud. The whole frontier of Mardin, Nisibis, Mosul, Bagdad, &c., are his deadly enemies, made so by his acts. It must be sad in declining years to see the wreck of a youth thus spent; already the punishment and repayment are hard at hand.

Successful violence brings temporary rewards—power, rule, dominion; but for this he has bartered honour, fame, youth, conscience: every stake, every ruse, has been used, and he gains but defeat, disgrace, and contempt. It must be hard, very hard, for the proud man to live on. I pitied him, and could feel for him as he fondled his young son, a lovely little naked savage, who lay crouching at his side. He had two or three others all strikingly handsome.

We retired late, and he was far too well bred to permit any of his people to peep inquisitively about us. Those he had, some sixty men, seemed devoted to him, though he complained bitterly of the desertion of numerous other families of his clansmen. The young women were generally very pretty, but the men were the most atrocious looking scoundrels I ever saw. All night the children

were at noisy play on the plain before the encampment.

On the morrow we were doomed to wait, as the sheik had business with the Hyti Bashi. While sitting, my servant prayed me to intercede with the sheik to release a poor prisoner they had got, and would kill unless relieved speedily. The poor fellow had been taken two days before, while out on a plundering party, so had been confined when I saw him some thirty hours. He was caught, bound, and brought to the tent of his captor; a messenger was immediately despatched to his tribe, said to be about three days' off, to say, "We have caught so and so; he is very rich; send ten camels and we will restore him."

Meanwhile, he is not well treated, in order to make him increase his offers. His tribe will send back to say, "You have caught so and so; he is very poor, and can pay nothing, for he has nothing; we who hate him because he is a bad man, will give three camels for him." And so the bargain will go on till the two prices meet—the prisoner being occasionally beaten to hasten a settlement. The poor fellow meanwhile was lying in a narrow trench, just sufficient to contain him: his feet

secured by irons to a post driven into the foot of the trench; his head rested on the edge, and his long lock of hair was well secured to another post or large peg. Small places were cut at right angles to the trench, in which each arm was intruded, the wrists well secured; a rope round his waist held him there; and there the poor wretch lay, fly-eaten, miserable. Sometimes a little water was poured over his mouth. He stoutly persisted he was wretchedly poor, and they might let him go and work to earn a little to pay them. As many as twenty or even fifty camels are sometimes paid for a ransom, according to the wealth of the captured. My servant finally could bear it no longer, and himself went and besought the sheik to let him go. Dahhal quietly answered, "Give the man his price and I have no doubt he will let him go,—and both will thank you."

The bargaining now began; a Christian, named Jacob, who lives with Dahhal in the capacity of secretary, accompanied him. He had passed half his life among the Arabs, and was with them at Palmyra when they went there to meet Lady Hester Stanhope, who he said took with her three camel

loads of presents. We opened the discourse by saying that we had come with a wish to see him and his people, and had been much gratified; that we were now on our return to Orfa, but if he chose to take us to Nisibis, or the Singar, we would give him so much, to be paid on our arrival; if not, it was really very indifferent to us by which route we went, and thanking him for his hospitality, we would return. Jacob, on the part of the sheik, accepted the offer, but his son interposed and said an extra sum must be given to each horseman. This the Christian said was unfair. "May your mother be childless of you," retorted the young man. His father rose, and with the short dromedary stick, aimed a blow at him; but he darted out, saying he would kill that dog yet. He afterwards mounted his mare, nor did we see him again.

CHAPTER XXI.

Difficulties urged against crossing the Desert—The Sheik Dahhal on the unchangeableness of the Arabs—Confessions of Arab plundering prepossessions—Anecdotes in illustration of them—Sheik Abdallah on the milking of pigs—Burden of a song of Arab children—The magnanimous Guide—His violent return to worldliness—Transitory beauty of Arab women—A Bridal-party—Arab mode of contracting Marriage—Indifference of Turks to their Children—Turkish regular and irregular Troops—Their Duties—How they exercise them—Costume of the Koords—Reflections excited by the Scenery—Reach the Tscham Uschai River—Beauty of the Night Rides—We reach Yel Bagdad.

DAHHAL owned he could not enter Mosul, or Nisibis, or Mardin, but said he would conduct us to a short distance from either, and leave us at the last halting place or shortly afterwards. Sheik Abdallah sent again to beg us not to go, saying that Dahhal was unable to perform what he undertook. "If you are attacked, he will gallop off, and save himself in the Desert, of which he knows every inch, while you will be as certainly carried off and held for ransom." So most reluctantly the majority determined not to proceed.

Sheik Dahhal came and said he heard we had

determined not to go. "It is well; whether you go or stay, all Dahhal has, all his enemies have left him, is yours." We asked him if he saw any change in the Arab since he remembered: he looked quietly round at his tents, at his camels now crowded round them, the flocks lowing to their homes; his dress, his arms, and then said, "No: since the time of the Prophets,—since time was, we are unchanged; perhaps poorer, perhaps less hospitable in consequence; but otherwise unchanged." He made a very just remark afterwards. "Our habits are the only ones adapted to the country we live in; they cannot change unless we change our country: no other life can be lived here."

He said his tribe had been driven up by, or come with, the Wahabees; but owned, from the mingling of tribes, from families deserting one sheik and joining another, from wars, &c., none of the tribes now could boast of much antiquity. With regard to southern Nedjid, or the southern portions of the Desert, he said, "I never had men enough to venture there; the tribes are larger and more united. I have plundered south of Bagdad; but had to fly, so saw little. Fortune has never

smiled on me; for here I am what I am, though I ventured further than most men." He himself was at Palmyra once on a plundering excursion, but not when the Bint el Melek, the king's daughter, was there,—Lady Hester Stanhope.

On his retiring, we continued conversing with his people. One said: "Allah has been very good to me (meaning he had been a successful plunderer), but he never yet sent me a Frank. Ya Wallah! * I would not touch you; I know your faces; but another, I should strip to his skin." "But he would die." "Well, he came stripped into the world, and as a helpless child managed to grow up and get clothed: Allah Kerim! God is merciful! He might do so again surely, now he is a man, and able to take them of himself. God gave the Beni Adam (sons of Adam) gold, silver, riches, cities, plenty: to us he gave the barrehee (Desert): all that comes on it is our own."

The fellow was a plain-spoken man, and freely owned he robbed all who came in his way, "except his friends;" and "at night it is difficult to distinguish them, particularly if they are weaker than yourself." "But of what use would our

* Yes, by God.

things be to you?" "Well, we might not use them perhaps as you do, but an Arab throws nothing away. We neither sow nor reap. It is our way to rob; our fathers robbed and lived; we must also live and rob."

Travellers assert that the Arabs on robbing any body say, instead of our matter-of-fact, "Stand and deliver," "Your aunt hath need of it." I was certainly never robbed by Arabs (at least in a wholesale way), but I imagine a mistake to have occurred from their usual salutation.* They have none of those modes of address which with us answer for all, "My good man, my good sir:" the Bedawee, therefore, use the expression, "my uncle," or cousin, for any body, and addressing the person they wish to lighten of his load, as they would a companion, they say "My uncle, or cousin, I want your load." They would hardly say "my aunt," as all mention of that sex is an insult. A Christian journeying and wishing to address one whose name he does not know, will say to a Mussulman, "Ya hadjee," "Sir pilgrim;" to another Christian, "Ya howadja," "Sir merchant;" to a countryman, "Ya sheik;"

* The words being much alike in Arabic, might easily be confounded for "thy aunt."

to women they meet they will generally say, "Sister, cousin, aunt," &c. It is ridiculous to hear the high titles all bestow on each other in conversation. Thus, servants speaking to each other will say, "Ya sede," "my lord;" "Genarbak," "your excellency;" "Hatharatak, siadatak," &c., being correspondents to our "your highness," "your loftiness," &c. Europeans are generally addressed as, "El howadja," a very low title, and conferred as it is on any dirty slop-shop keeping native, one I would recommend them not to allow.*

He described their war parties: sometimes they openly attacked and carried off all, respecting always the womon;† at others, "we creep and creep, keeping well concealed until we come dash in, and carry off a mare." It is for this reason they always keep the best mares hobbled in the tents, bound to a stake near the owner, with other persons sleeping round her. The breeds of the Arab horse, and the different qualities imputed to each breed, are too numerous to mention, so I will only give the

* There is one principle said to prevail among the Wahabees which shows a good deal of religious sophistry, like that of Mahometans generally, who will lie or not, but sooner die than omit a fast or a prescribed motion or ceremony. They say that it is unlawful to rob the living, so they kill first and then strip and plunder.

† The Arabs never in their wars hurt or capture the women; they carry off girls, but treat them well.

names of the different breeds among the Shammee, those of the eastern portion of the Desert :—Hedban ; Managhiayat Hedery ; Lughlacoÿ Jidran ; Oberiget Sharagh ; Hamdunya Senerÿ ; Schuawuymeh Sēbbāh ; Dulhămah Muadjil ; Nelcha Om Argheret ; Oberyit Futthÿāh ; Saadet Ioghan ; Iméhāh ; Rabdat Khushéïbÿ ; Kéhélat il Thubaiÿaret ; Djilfāt Thāwā ; Kelehat il Athillÿ ; Kelehat il Feddawy ; Khallawy ; Naabootyyet ; Kubëishah ; Semhah Koomaiyah.

The Indian market, which demands annually a large supply, is destroying the breeds : they require a larger, heavier horse than the pure one, and consequently inferior blood is admitted, so gradually the true blood is being lost. The Arab horse may be said to have no training ; he lives in the tents, and follows his mother wherever her master rides her. The foal is mounted and ridden at all ages, though they are not worked till three or four years. The Arabs rarely sell their mares, keeping them for breeding, and they generally, therefore, ride mares. They say the neighing of horses is the reason they do not ride them, and that the mare also is more docile and enduring. Forty years ago a thousand tents rose round

Dahhal's fathers. Now look, and perhaps in all he has a hundred.

The two following anecdotes are related of the Arabs' jealousy of a mare being stolen; for independently of the actual loss, there is the wound to his pride in being outdone at his own trade :—A Pasha near Orfa made large offers to a chief for a magnificent mare he possessed, but the sheik refused them all, so the Pasha cut the matter short. In Turkish style he surrounded the encampment, and carried off the coveted treasure. Shortly after, another Pasha passing through, admired the mare: the stealer immediately presented her to him, insisting on his accepting her, which he was unwilling to do, from the enormous present it entailed as a return. At last, anxious to know what induced him to part so readily with such an apparently priceless animal, he sent his physician, a German, the person from whom I had the story, to discover the reason. The stealer owned, when much pressed upon the subject, that though a Pasha, with all his power, it cost him more than she was worth to guard her, so closely did her rightful owner watch to retake her.

An Englishman at Bagdad visited a sheik near,

who presented him with a very beautiful mare, saying, "This mare my people took from Sophuk. I cannot keep her; do you take her, and give me something for her." He did so, and kept her in his closed stable within the town for three years. Sophuk kept a man in Bagdad to watch her; his vigilance was repaid at last. He seized the mare, one day, and she was heard of shortly afterwards at Sophuk's tents. One more anecdote occurs of a better description. An Englishman visiting Sophuk, accepted from him as a present two horses he offered. Sophuk was far too much of a gentleman to show at the time that he had never intended his offer to be accepted, and the stranger departed with his prize. The next morning nothing remained but the empty hobbles—Sophuk had quietly sent and stolen them back again.

Sheik Abdallah and his uncle, a good theologian, paid us a farewell visit. Alluding to pig hunting, he asked us if it was true we milked pigs. "So far from it, we are cleaner than yourselves; we do not even milk sheep,—in fact we use little but cow's milk." "Ah, you are like the Arabs, who say cow's milk is good, but cow's flesh is better." We strongly impressed on him to lessen his regret that

his people had become sedentary; that teaching them to read—particularly the children—would prove a far better change than any return to a nomad life. They do, however, occasionally venture to the Habour river, south of the Singar mountains. It was late before they left, later still before the camp was wrapped in repose. The chief burden of the children's song, as they played, was, "Remember we were born on foot; he must steal who would become a man and ride: remember we were born alone; he must ride well who would buy a girl—who would earn the bride he loves."

I forgot to mention, that our guide from Orfa had refused, on a former occasion, a very handsome present, saying, "No; your heart's love is all I want." Finding we had resolved to return, he sent us the dress he had worn on our first meeting. "This," he said, "when I heard of the Franks, I bought, saying to the shopman, I have no money, but they will reward me; let me then wear this for their honour: should the guide before them be dressed like a Fellah? (labourer). No, it is wrong, it is a shame on them: he should be dressed like a sheik to be worthy of those he guides."

He now, however, seemed to think heart's gifts

were not much, for he clamoured dreadfully for a reward, telling us of all the great toils he had gone through on our account, or rather would, had we wished it. He was successful, and received a present that half emptied the purse of our party's treasurer, which, on its return to the pocket of the owner, he quietly picked.* The sheik showed great concern at our loss, shouting out, "All who love Mahomet and serve God, return this;" however, it was never recovered. We returned to Orfa; encamped in a field without the town, resolved to go by the ordinary rout.

Easter Sunday.—Mr. M. read the service.

Monday, 29th May, 1850.—In a former page, I have described the tents, &c. Those of Dahhal's people were much better made; the seams closer; the walls pegged to the roof with neat wooden needles: also I described the dress of the men. Let me apologise deeply to the pretty brown Bedo virgin, and to the industrious matron, and describe theirs. As girls, they are very pretty, tall, slender, and, though sparely, still well formed and comely. This soon fades; they can hardly be said to veil,

* The Arabs are very expert at this trick: for a joke, while among them, they have picked mine, replacing the articles again unobserved, when I remarked it.

but are seldom seen. Their dress is soon described: a long, blue, coarse cotton shift, bound in by a girdle at the waist. They tattoo and paint the eyes; the lower lip is smeared with a deep blue dye: it always gave me the idea that they had drunk blacking and forgotten to wipe their mouths afterwards.

> "Ille supercilium madida fuligine tactum,
> Obliqua producit acu pingitque trementes
> Attollens oculos. Juv. *Sat.* ii. 93.

On Sunday our encampment was very lively. First came a gay crowd of Christians,—a bridal party,—shouting and yelling, and clapping their hands. Amidst them was the bride; a handkerchief thrown over her head completely blinded her, so she had to be led, or rather dragged along, stepping at random. It was the bridegroom's mother taking home her son's bride. I noticed the mother walked sadly along. I should like much to have known what was then passing through her mind. Was she in thought, wandering back to the days she herself was thus led; the bright visions of a life of love, of toil, soothed by being shared; of fatigue, forgotten when she laid her head on the manly bosom of him she loved? Or did she think how all her bright maiden

visions had been dispelled, her dream of love thrown back by brutal indifference, her bright ideal quenched in tears—a few short days of passion, then a life of unthankful drudgery? Of her children—did she think of her sons, the image of their father, or fear, with aching heart, for her tender daughter, so like herself? Were she a wise woman, that must have been a sad walk; * but probably she thought only of the supper, and how much could be saved from the voracious guests.† Most of the women wear the huge species of drum on their heads, I have before

* It shocks one to hear the Turks speak of their daughters: with us children are a holy trust,—a gift from heaven. In this light they ought to be regarded, but are not here. They are, perhaps, proud of boys, and grateful for their birth; but a girl is universally regarded as an incumbrance. This is the case not only with Christians but Turks; and while the one looks at woman but as sensual creatures, to minister to the pleasure of man, the other has, perhaps, imbibed somewhat of the notion, or at all events regards her as an unproductive piece of furniture. The other day, a Montselim and a Turk of great talents, numbering over his children, said he had three sons; daughters—he never looked at them. And I have heard fathers say, if it were not for fear of the consequences, they would strangle them all. Christians also I have heard talking of daughters who were dead with much less feeling than they would talk of sheep.

Υιον τρεφε τις καν κφνης ,ων τυχῃ
Θυγατερα δε εκτιθησι καν η πλουσιος.

As Posidippus said of old, we may say now.

† The cold-blooded way these "sons of fire," as we are taught to believe them, set about marriage, would astonish the colder-blooded Englishman. Say a Christian, his mother and father pick out a girl of their relations; he assents, is written, or ringed, as the expression goes—that is, affianced. After this, he may see the girl no more, as, if he comes where she is, she veils, or more generally, runs away

mentioned. The Turkish women here wear a piece of gauze or crape stiffened, as a sort of vizor, to their shrouds; this the unmarried girls do not wear.

Well, not having any matrimonial thoughts, as I said before, I turned to the other side of the wall of the field, where we were encamped, and saw the irregulars of the plain enter. These are composed of the sedentary Arabs, and for this service they are exempt from taxation; they are to protect the plain and fellah, (cultivator, or villager,) from the Arabs. They were a ragged looking gang, but, probably, better light cavalry could not be found. Besides the regular army, there are various corps of irregular troops. The Nizam, or regular troops, are raised by lots, so many per cent on the Mussulman population, of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age. The irregular, on

so he has no opportunity of testing the temper, habits, &c. of her whom he has resolved to make his partner through life. This troth is frequently broken; his mother or father do it, and the parties most concerned are perfectly passive in the matter. The Christians marry much in their own families, many never venturing to take or give in any other. Villagers almost always marry among themselves; hence, a species of clanship arises. They have no sort of patriotism, except for their village; and there their love extends only to their own family or house. They hate all other sects; and of their own, love only those of their own house. The Turks have a species of patriotism, not for their country but for Islam; though, unless at a moment of enthusiasm, it would not, I think, lead them to make any sacrifices for it. They would probably in public be profuse and generous in their offerings towards its support, but in private the result would be far different.

the contrary, are volunteers: this service suits much more the habits and customs of the people; it is a wild, idle, roving, independent, blustering, bullying, life. They are generally on detached service, have no discipline, and are feared and well fed every where. They wear the native dress, and are armed much as their taste suits them; as I have said, elsewhere, a pipe stick is oftimes their only weapon.

There are various of these services: villages in certain places enjoy the privileges of protecting the roads and affording escort to travellers; a force is also raised from the Arabs to protect the plains; and there are several others, whose duties are local. In the towns, for instance, the merchants and shopkeepers hire people to protect the khans and bazaars. The irregular horse, however, form the principal police. Before the reform, they were called Hytas—now Basha Bashuk, to represent their more constitutional functions. The government pays them seventy-five * piastres per month, thirteen months to the year: for this they are bound to provide horse, horse-gear, and arms. However, they are generally raised by a

* About fourteen shillings.

leader, who, according to his reputation, gets better or worse men; the horses and arms are his, and he pays the men thirty piastres * per month, reserving the rest for himself. Government provides food for horse and man. When in a town, they reside at home, if they have a home; if not, at the serai, or at their commander's, the Deri Bashi. Each man receives a ration of bread, which he may eat where he pleases.

While away, he quarters at the Montselim's, sheik's, or governor's, who feeds him and supplies his horse fodder, receiving in return a paper, with the man's seal, certifying the number of men and days he supplied food; this he balances subsequently with the Government. They generally lord it bravely, and are hated and worshipped accordingly, for the two go together in the East. At the villages they drink, bully, and do just as they please, receiving in return presents in proportion to their pretensions.

They are a gallant, serviceable body of men, and, for all practical purposes, worth five times the number of the regulars; know the country well, and perform every possible species of service.

* Five and tenpence.

There is another force, which cries to be put down. It existed before Ibrahim Pasha; was put down by him, but has again sprung up, with redoubled force and numbers—that is, the private force of every man who chooses to raise one. The country is overrun with these self-styled greats.* Each Turkish gentleman maintains a force of his own; these are in his service, and obey his orders, being paid by the villagers who belong to their master.

The third of the country belongs to the Sultan. This is *dumas*, as it is called, that is, let to the wealthy inhabitants of the towns (generally to relations of the members of council of the town); they guarantee the taxes. The Mussulmans and Christians both hire these villages, and it is, perhaps, hard to decide whose villages fare the best. The hirer takes one-fourth of the produce direct, and his private forces collect this and extort the taxes besides. All things, likewise, for his house, are levied by these fellows (without any repayment whatever) on the villages. Of all reforms, this would be a most difficult one to effect—these ramifications of government within government,

* *Attaveer:* "a great one," literally; or *Kebeer*, great also; this is the style they give themselves.

wheel within wheel. The Christian dares not proceed in the same open way, but in the end, perhaps, nets more; as, the worst coming to the worst, he hires the powers of Government to effect what he dares not do himself.

Another force is that of the Twangee Bashi, a species of town police; these are to maintain order. Then each Turk has his servants; these form a loose, armed gang, ready to obey every word of their master, and the only wonder is how little injury is done: but the people are naturally quiet, and perhaps, with all these loaded weapons, fewer outrages are committed than in any European towns. During some lawless months I spent at Latakia and the Ansayrii mountains, the idle vagabonds who were with me, and whose only quality was fidelity, several times set the authorities at defiance; and on one occasion, when I could get no satisfaction from the authorities, we drove our opposers out of the town, punishing such as we deemed guilty pretty severely.

But to return,—there I sat and read, admiring the motions of several most solemn grave-looking Turks who were perched up in some mulberry trees, plucking a dysentery of unripe fruits. All

Orfa seemed at work on the same occupation: left in the afternoon. The road mounts a lofty hill side, north, and a little east. From the top we had a beautiful view—our last of Orfa. Traversing the ridge, we passed a pretty valley and the village of Harakib, and, shortly after sunset, we reached a small encampment where we pitched our tents for the night.

Tuesday, 28th.—It poured too hard to start: the view from our encampment was very fine. The gradual ascent had opened the magnificent range of the Taurus. Behind, the mountains over Orfa, away north, tower up in fine height, snow creeping down their ridges. The country east and west, rolls away in round waves of hills, here and there patched with corn-green from the recent rains. The Koords who, when we pitched here, said, "Why do you stay with us? why not go among the Turks?" now crowd round with ready civility, the women, hiding themselves so as to be seen, being the more numerous.

The dress of the men consists of the long white cotton shirt, and an overall jacket of cloth, or rather of a coarse species of woollen stuff, confined at the middle by a girdle of leather, handsomely

ornamented with gold and silver threads, and covered with velvet; these are made at Orfa. The women wear handsome ornaments round their necks, in their ears, &c.; but their head-dress is most peculiar. A huge tarboosh, or large red cap, stuffed to a considerable size; over this, a handkerchief worked with gold, and enriched also with gold and silver ornaments. Their dress consists of the white cotton shirt, and a loose outer garment open at the side, loose cotton trousers, and a veil over the head, with which, however, they do not seek to cover the face, but let it float down behind.

The encampment was called Chevelek Hassan Colo, for the people belonged to that village, from which they have migrated here for pasture. Our laziness prompted us to every sort of shift to travel without exertion, for, from the heat of the weather, we all allowed that the only bother of travelling was the actual movement; but we never could hit on any plan of progression without motion. It was therefore determined to start in the afternoon about three, and go on to the next konauk, whatever hour it might be. Our real hindrance consisted in having too much baggage for the number of servants. Experience has at

length taught me to have little baggage and plenty of servants. However, the night was resolved on as the time for marching, and the nights were so lovely, so calm, and so still, it was a pleasure to travel.

> "Night is the time for peace,
> When gentle thoughts hold sway,
> And all the tempest-passions cease
> That tear the heart by day.
> Then welcome gentle night,
> Most welcome! for my soul
> Is wearied of life's pageant bright,
> And needs thy soft control."

But at all events our consciences were put at rest; for if one thought, "it is too bad to lounge the day away even in reading, when we ought to be on the road," why, the majority have resolved to travel by night: therefore it must be.

As I thus lie listlessly reading, now and then looking up,

> "Pampering the coward heart
> With feelings all too delicate for use,"

my eyes wander over hills of chalk, and seas of rich waving corn rustling in its young ripeness. By the noon-day breeze, far away, the cool Taurus lords it over all. In the S.W. the plain lies, resembling a sea, with tels in it, like the islands of the ocean; and beneath these, the learned say, are buried the ruins of a mighty empire's vast cities, communities of the men of the ancient earth. All

this is strange! With all our learning how little we know; with all our talents how little we perform; and of that little, this unknown fate, a green mound, with or without a name, is all the record left on the page of the world!

The Koords are a cold, phlegmatic race, but when warmed up they exhibit many friendly qualities. These called themselves Kourmanchee, the literal translation of which would be, inhabitants of Caramania; unluckily we had no one with us who spoke Koordish well. We started after a dinner, made plentiful through their means, for they brought us abundance of cheese, kaimack,* yowourts, eggs, &c., all as presents, refusing to sell anything. This, of course, entailed a present in return, more than the price, had the articles been bought. We rested near a wretched village, Kaajurn. The country now nearly plain; nearly all the inhabitants Koords. The head-dress here underwent a small change, and was very graceful. The lower part of the tarboosh, worn by the women, was stiff, the upper part hanging gracefully over the neck and shoulder. Round the lower portion of the stiffened part was a handkerchief in broad folds

* *Kaimack* and *yowourts*: different preparations of milk described elsewhere.

of cloth of gold; over the brow a black one was bound, with an arch coquetry that made the whole head-dress most becoming. There is a small difference between those worn by the Christian women; for at this village there was one Nestorian family.

May 29th.—We started in the afternoon, and in two hours reached the Tscham Uschai river. They here gave it the name of Mariere river, or river of the grotto. On its banks was the large village of Mushmischim. We passed three other streams. These night rides were inexpressibly charming: my companions, I think, rode sleepily along, but for me there is a charm I cannot describe in this mystery of things half seen,—the world, as it were, all to oneself. I used to remove the bridle from the mouth of the tractable brute I rode, which was as quiet and gentle as a lamb; he then followed the caravan, the march to him being one long graze. Thus, I was removed from all care or guidance of him; my thoughts might wander or return, stray far away, or pace with me, dwell on the past, forebode the future; the temperature was perfect, the heavens alive with stars; and thus I enjoyed

> "The mystery—the majesty of heaven,—
> The joy—the exultation."

At midnight we reached Sewerik, and having outstripped the baggage, lay down on the ground and slept very well. Sewerik is a small town, standing under a tel, on which is built a castle, now little more than a heap of ruins. The castle, like many others I have described, covers the crest of the hill, the face of which still bears marks of having been revêted with masonry. The town at the foot is a collection of flat-roofed houses, built of flints, one or two of tolerable size, three minarets, and a large khan. The tomb-land is very extensive, even more so than around most Oriental towns, where, as they seldom bury a second time on the same spot, they cover a great deal of ground.

May 30th.—The mountains north of us take a northerly direction here, so appear on our west. Off at two: we started round the town on its western side; the road then led E.S.E., winding over low stony hills partially covered with wild barley and wild flowers. While thinking of anything, my horse far outstripped the rest, nor did I wake up till I found myself alone on that vast plain. A sense of loneliness crept over me. What was even this vast plain?—an atom! yet I again but

an atom on it; the vast plain on all sides rolling like the long broad swell of the ocean settling to calm after a gale: on all sides not a trace of man. He might never have been here, for not a wreck had he left,—not a mark of him remains. In woods the view is circumscribed; human beings may be close at hand; but here the eye attests one is alone with God and nature only. While our honest industrious population lie in masses, each unable to work from the press of his neighbour, these vast plains lie unoccupied. How their skill, their intelligence would touch them as with an enchanter's wand, and bring forth towns, cities, and cultivation; make them yield more than mines, and give up their wealth, now wasted on savages.

We found a caravan had halted, therefore did the same until the tent was pitched and the horses hobbled. The place where we were was merely a fountain called Utschkupu. Just above it was a large tel,—Tel Bagdad. The moon rose red, and of that shape as if it had been badly packed over night; the high grass in the tents waved above the camp bedsteads. The stream Kasa Tschai runs beneath the encampment.

CHAPTER XXII.

Apostrophe of the old Muleteer to Tel Bagdad—The Dying Englishman—The Khan of the Black Garden—Incivility of some Koords—View of the Tigris—Diarbekr—General Description of that place—Made Acquaintance with more English Families—Silk produced at Diarbekr—Description of them—Bargain for a Raft—Ancient Accounts of Diarbekr—Description of the Raft, and how it was put together—Scenery on the Voyage—Places passed—Aledino Kalessi—Misadventure on the Voyage—A Man drowned—A halt—Excessive Heat as we proceed—The Pious Boatman—Mosul in Sight.

MAY 31st.—Our old muleteer awoke me. He was apostrophising the place: "Oh Uutsch Kupu," he said, "I have visited you in the summer, I have visited you in the winter, but you are always the same nasty cold place as you are now. Your neighbours are warm, and why are not you? Storks will not live on you." I met a mule coming along; on either side hung what resembled a very roughly made Bath-chair; it was a takterwan, and contained an Englishman and his wife, on their return from Bagdad. We halted, and conversed for some half-hour. Poor man! the next news I heard of him was his death from the fatigues of this journey.

We passed a few villages whose names I could not learn, and passed another, Berguttar. The road now became a steep ascent; at the upper portion we reached the large ruinous khan called Khan Karabaytsche, or khan of the black garden. The people from it were out in tents. We continued our ascent, and in half an hour reached the site of their encampment. Here the view was lovely: an immense expanse of undulating plain to the north, shut in by lofty mountains; to the west and south, hill and plain in beautiful variety; the tints and colours shed over the whole rendered the scene one of great beauty. This place was 1905 feet by the aneroid barometer above the spot where we began the ascent. There was also some wood,—a pleasant sight, for it was the first almost we had seen, save about the towns, since we left Aleppo.

The Koords near were very uncivil. At first, they took us for Turks, and swore on their lives they had nothing; now they say, as we are not Turks, they will sell us nothing. We were joined by a Turk and his suite. He had accompanied the Persian princes to England, and had certainly gained much by his voyage. His janissary quickly

made the Koords give of their abundance; but they appeared to wish to have nothing to do with us, pay or no pay.

June 1*st.*—Off early. We wound down a rocky ravine. Ascending again, we reached the summit, whence a noble view burst before us. Dr. Johnson says the sublime consists in general descriptions, not in descending to details. It was, indeed, magnificent; and countless folds of the Tigris glistened like silver here and there along the plain before us. Diarbekr was there. We descended 1202 feet to the plain; here we halted, and found the post waiting, and a poor caged one in a closed takterwan,—a poor thing, transported like a canary in a cage, save of one the bars are open, of the other shut,—beyond hope of the smallest peep. The plain that from the mountain top had seemed so far and smooth, was sadly hilly work to traverse. We arrived at the gate in the afternoon, and pitched our tents at a village some half-mile from the town of Diarbekr.

Sunday, June 2nd.—Walked from the tents to the town: the village near which they are pitched is one that has deserted its creed,—the Nestorian —and lately become Roman Catholic, or, rather

says it has, for much most unjustifiable violence has been used by the Church of Rome in the country, particularly in places remote from observation. Diarbekr is surrounded by high walls of black basalt, to which may be attributed much of its unhealthiness. The wall is further strengthened by towers ranged rather closely along it. One or two of these are very large, with handsome over-hanging battlements. Near the gate at which we entered, were large fine mulberry-trees, beneath the shade of which the idlers assemble, smoke, drink coffee, and quaff iced sherbet. Just within the gate is a dome, beneath which repose some Mussulman martyrs slain in a contest with the Christians.

The streets are dirty, and struck me as more wretched-looking than those of most Eastern cities. We called on our consular agent, finding there two English families on their way to Bagdad. It was indeed like cool water on a hot march to meet countrywomen in such a place. Mr. M. read the service, and one of the gentlemen, a missionary, preached. A deep gorge runs round the west and south-west of the city; the bed of it is now called the Kara Kanesse, or black church, from an old Nestorian

church, which even now has its ruins remaining. A more ancient tradition says Armida stood on the east side of the Tigris. This, then, must be the bed along which it flowed. It would be a fact worth ascertaining, as giving a greater antiquity to this ancient city.*

Monday, June 3rd.—The ladies, with their husbands, came out and breakfasted with us, we sending our horses for them, and there they sang and talked away the morning. I wandered over the bazaárs. Formerly, Diarbekr was famous for its silk, but its hand-looms are now nearly stopped by the mighty power working in our own land. However, some silk is still produced, and there is a great trade in buffaloes' hides. A sort of sherbet is made here of the cocoon of the silk-worm; it is considered a great luxury, and is exported for a beverage of the rich all over the surrounding country. To me it appeared very nauseous, tasting exactly as the cocoons smell, which, though perhaps a delightful odour to him who trades, is not pleasant as an abstract perfume. They also cover pipe-sticks very delicately with embroidered silk; this, and working in leather, and a few

* *Vide* Mr. Badger's "Nestorians, and their Creed."

cotton prints are the chief manufactures of the place.

Within the walls are many remains of former grandeur. The stables of the palace within the citadel seem to have been some ancient Christian building, and within the court of one of the mosques is a lovely screen of two stories of small and most delicately worked Corinthian pillars. The walls in several places have a lion, in others a bull, in some both carved on them; and at the entrance of a passage, I noticed a representation, carved in stone, of a bull overcoming a tiger. The town has the usual number of khans, mosques, and baths. The only one of the latter I used was mean and dirty.

One record in relation to Diarbekr must be added; nor is it just to the historian who records it, while we abuse the sneer with which, in his historical magnificence, he treats the distorted legends of narrow-minded bigots, to pass the simple and manly eulogy he pays to worth, wherever found.

"This Acacius, Bishop of Armida," says Gibbon, "boldly declaring that vases of gold and silver are useless to a God who neither eats nor drinks, sold

the plate of the church of Armida, employed the price in the redemption of seven thousand Persian captives taken in the Theodosian war, supplied their wants with affectionate liberality, and dismissed them to their native country to inform the king of the true spirit of that religion which he persecuted."

In the meantime an arrangement had been made for a raft to take us all to Mosul; and, after a great deal of bargaining, it was settled that we were to be provided with one capable of carrying the four of our party and their servants; that we were to be accompanied by two boatmen, and a sort of hurricane-house, covered with branches, was to be erected on it — all for 500 piastres, about 4*l.* 10*s.* This raft, we subsequently found, was far too small, and only adapted for two persons. We were very much crowded during the whole voyage; our baggage being packed. Skirting round to the south of the town, we traversed a valley—the *débouche*, in fact, of the Kara Kaniese: it was bursting with verdure, engendered by some pretty fountains that sprang to life within it. Southward from this lay a most fertile space, where the river irrigated mulberry

and fig groves, keeping a perpetual spring, even through the parched, dried-up, sunny summer. The rocky face of the valley, below the town wall, has been scarfed away.

On the south-western tower of the wall, was an Arabic inscription, and two figures of lions, also overhanging niches for figures; on the next tower, likewise, were some sculptured figures. The town itself stands about one-third of a mile from the bank of the river, the rock on which it is built being nearly perpendicular. A causeway leads up, parallel to the rock, to the riverward gate. This side of the wall, though showing an imposing front, is apparently not so well built as the rest, perhaps from its greater natural defences. A little to the north of the gate is a small postern, at the foot of a tower: perhaps it was by this that the soldier betrayed the city into the hands of Sapor, A.D. 359. It is related that Yezid levelled the walls of Diarbekr: this we may doubt, for the practice of levelling walls does not seem to have prevailed among the Turks; nor were they, without just cause, content to keep those they found. Within the walls of a city, their warlike population could withstand an assault with suc-

cess: thus, no garrisons were needed; and the Christians or Jews within were too timid and reduced to cause any fear of insurrection.

The river-bed is swampy. Having mistaken our road, it was late at night before we found the raft: the other party were on board theirs. We, however, at last come upon it and passed the night on the ground—on the banks near it.

"I know not what came over me,
Nor who the counsel gave,
But I must hasten downwards,
All with my pilgrim's stave.
The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow."

The word Diarbekr is stated to mean "Province of the virgin." This, according to Moslem tradition, was given it from its having been founded by the daughter of an infidel king, in the days of darkness. This can hardly be called Mesopotamia: that appellation was applied by the Greeks to the territory that lay north-west of the Babylonian plain, or the wall of Media, which ran across it from the Euphrates at Macoprasta north-east to the Tigris. This is a restricted sense of it; for the term, in its full sense, would include Baby-

lonia and Chaldea as far as Korna, where the two rivers meet. The word Mesopotamia is a translation of Aram Naharajim, or "Aram of the Rivers," to distinguish it from Syria, whose Hebrew name was Aram. By others it is said to be a translation of the Hebrew word "Shinar," derived from Shene *two*, and Nahar *rivers*. Shinar, however, would include more than Mesopotamia.

Diarbekr would more properly correspond to the valley of the basin of the Upper Tigris, the southern portions of Armenia. Another derivation of it is from Bekir, an Arab emir, who anciently settled here. Mesopotamia has three names—Dier Bekir, Dier Modar, and Dier Rabia—from three tribes, they say, who anciently settled here.

At an early hour we were awoke from our rest by the starting of the other rafts; for us there were yet a thousand troubles. The vice-consular agent wanted a certificate; his man clamorous for *backshish;* our raftsman would not go without money; our horses were fighting on the beach;—at last all was huddled on board, the stake was withdrawn, and we floated off into the stream. Our raft was about twenty-five feet long by fifteen or twelve broad; a light framework of wood was

lashed together, of the size required ; the pieces that ran across between the outside poles were about one foot apart ; the lashings were coarse-spun twine of goats'-wool, the wood slight poles of lime. This was then floated ; sheep-skins prepared with the wool inside were then inflated, and the mouth of the bag tied up with twine. They were lashed in rows beneath the platform, secured at either end to the poles. The skins were carefully tried, to see if they were air-tight ; if a vent was detected, a circular piece of wood was put over the place, and the surrounding leather lashed to it. Another height of platform was then added, in the centre of which a few rough boards were nailed ; and four posts, placed upright, supported a roof of branches. Two bundles of faggots were lashed, one on either side ; into these were struck short upright poles, which served as thole-pins. The oars were two stout poles of eleven or twelve feet long ; a piece was lashed to each ; between the pole and the piece was thrust the thole-pin : the blades were formed of small flat pieces of board about two feet in length, lashed across the pole, and further strengthened by cross pieces.

Our crew consisted of two men, but one

deserted on the first opportunity. The pulling merely consisted of keeping the vessel clear of the eddies and banks, so we dropped down with the current, our little world twirling round and round, just as the stream chose to take her. Now we got into a clear run and passed the other boat; anon, we were left in a corner, while she floated triumphantly past. We found the cover very nice for a few hours, but then the poor leaves died, dried, and fell in distressing showers upon us.

Diarbekr formed a fine point of view for some time, and the scenery below it was of equal beauty, though the immediate banks were low and uninteresting. Bee-eaters (*merops*) in thousands; the temperature hot; but the breeze made the air deliciously cool, and, being fair, our progress was rapid. The Prussian map, which I had with me, I found generally most accurate, a few small villages omitted; but all those put down, as far as I could form a judgment, were placed very correctly. At noon we caught up the other raft; at evening struck the stake into the bank, side by side, at a village called Kara Achmet. The boatman, a Koord, told us all possible luxuries were procurable: however, we got

nothing. Night was dreadful in that crowded space: for one it would have been roomy; for two, inconvenient; for three, misery; but for four, it was utterly impossible. It revived one's recollection of a night passed in a mail, with four inside.

June 5th.—Off early. However, the skins had absorbed so much water, we had to stop for them to be reinflated, as we were only just above the water. We passed Goseley (it is down on the wrong side of the river), a small, wretched village. Saw the first buffalo yet seen. Bismil is a collection of low mud huts, with branches for roofs; here the river rulls very rapidly. I bathed, a work of some danger and no small difficulty; saw the high mountains of Aschyt Dagh, covered with snow; passed Bulekely, a small village of mud-huts, much cattle about it; and anchored for the night at Dscherefli, a wretched place.

June 6th.—Off before dawn. We passed Bealia on the northern bank; the houses, caves in the rocks, with their fronts closed by stone or mud; the banks now rocky and picturesque. The river runs rapidly; a large confluent joins it. The scenery now became very grand; the mighty

river rushed between high, picturesque rocks; tombs or houses cut in the rocks abound near every village. As we run down,—for our course is now very rapid,—we hear the echo of the shepherd's calls; the herds nestle in the holes and under the ledges to escape the burning sun. The noise of the stream, as it runs against the rocks in its course, or the splash of the lazy oar to avoid a shoal, are all that disturb the stillness of the scene.

An unbroken chain of magnificent scenery. We reached Kiefla, a village half caves, half houses. The women were bathing at a fountain in the middle of the village, without any attempt at clothing or concealment. However, they ran off the moment we appeared. Here is a ferry for the road from Mardin to the north-eastward; as we passed it was at work,—a raft smaller than our own. The baggage is placed on it, and the horses swim by the side. As we waited, music came down and greeted us: again on our road.

We passed Houn Kaifa, well situated on a bold buttress of rock far up above the river. It is a large town. The minarets tower up grandly: one portion of what seems a castle stands beautifully.

The whole face of the rock is honey-combed with tombs, caves, houses, &c.; staircases traverse it in every direction. One leads from the village to the river, a descent of some four hundred and fifty feet. The excavations extend all over the adjacent rocks. Just below are the ruins of a bridge; three lofty arches once spanned the river; at present but one from the right bank is left. The pieces of the other two are standing. The centre arch must have been of a great width.

Few pieces of river scenery could be more picturesque than this. As we look up, the noble ruined bridge is in the foreground; then the town thrown about the heights; the bold crags; the steep precipices; the swelling mountains. Again we glide down the stream, deep, calm, and quiet. The scenery continued its beauty to the Kef Art, or Alb, as it is in the map, two fine large houses on the hill, shaded by some noble trees. It was pleasant thus in fairy-land to float down the river. We brought up for the night at Difra.

June 7th.—Off before daylight. The scenery of yesterday was but a preparation for that of to-day, and the raft swept down, reach after reach of magnificent scenery—grand precipices, sprinkled

with all taste by trees and verdure, rocks and crags, sweeps and turns of mingled beauty. We passed the village of Tschelik: it resembled much the villages of Nubia. Above it are the ruins of an old castle. We saw now but few people and little cultivation; many, with tombs and caves, were inhabited. The afternoons, when the sun is lateral, are now intensely hot; we are under weigh about sixteen or seventeen hours a-day, so make good way. The servants are now as good at the oar as the boatmen: all our cooking was done on board. We lie all day upon the various things spread on the ground. Unfortunately, a lee-haff, (cotton wadded with cotton wool,) or bed-cover, belonging to Ellis, was at top: as we smoked all day, any ripple of the boat upset the coals of the nargilleh on to this, which as certainly took fire; so full an hour during the day we were employed in quenching ourselves, and once or twice it reached a serious blaze. The water of the river also is very bad, and when boiled made a considerable incrustation in the pot.

Aledino Kalessi is a fine ruined castle, placed over the edge of the river on a jutting crag, lofty precipices rising around it. Three hours more we came

to Jindek Kalessi; another ruin and a village. The river put on new loveliness then; the hills rounded down and became more tame. We sighted Djezireh Ibn Omar.*

Ellis and myself went to the other raft, sending back two of their servants to ours, so to adjust the weight. The river now ran furiously; then we grounded, bumped and burst several of the skins; a few shrieks, and we reached the bank almost a wreck. We landed; our own raft meanwhile re-

* It was probably just below Djezireh Ibn Omar, that the Ten Thousand under Xenophon met with those natural impediments to a farther passage along the banks, which induced them to return. Here the rocks on the left bank approach the river, rising perpendicularly to a considerable height. The banks here, also, shelve rapidly away, and from the bank a depth of 17 or 18 feet might be obtained. Nor does the country below at all contradict this opinion, except that the distance would, perhaps, be too great for the march. Just below Djezireh, a road has been made on the face of the rock, by passing from ledge to ledge, the gaps being filled up with rude masonry. This, however, (had it then existed,) would have been remarked by so careful an historian as Xenophon: no where lower down did I remark a spot which seemed to me to suit the description so well. Just below, (for the Greeks made a retrograde march,) the prisoners mentioned a road that, crossing the Tigris, led to Lydia and Ionia. Few changes occur in the East, and naturally the roads through mountain country, being those over the lowest passes, taking advantage of the valleys, and avoiding difficulties, would never be altered. The prisoners also mentioned one road that led to Babylon and Media; another to Susa and Ecbatana. These roads all remain at the present day. The third to Babylon would be the post-road now through Mosul to Bagdad. They mention also a northern road as leading through the country of the Carduchians; but this was hardly passable. This would be a very difficult road, which still exists up the lower ranges of Djebel Dschudi, passing round its western base, and so up through the unknown Koordish districts north of Julamerik.

mained pertinaciously aground for sometime, but at last joined us with the loss of one of the servants, who had been drowned. He seemed to have been allowed to drown without any effort to save him. The bar on which we were both so nearly wrecked, is occasioned by the ruins of an old bridge obstructing the entrance. Poor fellow! he had his savings for years about him. The skins being blown up, resewn and repaired, we left again, no effort being made to find the body of the man. Ellis rode off, like a noble fellow, on a horse we hired, but knowing nothing of the language, was forced to return. We had sent a man after him to assist him, but they missed each other.

June 8th.—Aroused early by the water pouring in over my legs; we were passing another bridge. One high-pitched arch alone remained, and some fragments: these ruins occasioned the ripple that caused our present disaster, and wetted us all through. The country was now low, rounded hills waving with corn, or wild with grass: the mountains made a fine view on the north-east; the villages were collections of tents, or low flat-roofed houses of mud and brushwood. We halted at a large village called Fischabur; the banks of

the river lower, but the distant mountains fine; the river broad, deep, and rapid. The scenery varied little; the banks lower and less interesting every half hour. At evening we halted by the bank, and spent it pleasantly with our English friends on the other raft. It was sweet on that wild river's banks at eve to hear the soft sweet voices of our countrywomen; to hear the language of dear, dear England, floating over the dark water; to hear the songs of home amidst the wilds of a far-off land. And, if it brought a feeling of regret for absence, for distance and exile, it brought a soft and gentler sense—a sense of quiet and repose, a wish to be at peace with one's kind, and soft as that music to one's fellow-creatures.

We were now in the land of the Yezidis and the Koord; in those open wilds where the Bedouin roams searching for prey, and the more timid part of the company really begged us to arm and be prepared. The less voyaged ones of our party, I believe, even kept watch. I offered to do so, but in a deprecatory voice, so was allowed to retire and sleep, leaving dear Zea to keep ward for me: however, I fancy he too found it all nonsense, for he crept to my side, and we fell asleep.

Tuesday, June 9th.—Afloat a little after midnight. We passed many encampments of Koords and Arabs; their numerous flocks crowd down to the river, as if its waters were a consolation for the burning heat of the sun: the banks are now but low mounds. We passed the village and tel of Eskei Mousul (old Mosul). Passed a ruined aqueduct, and a bridge also ruined; heat intense; and now the goal is near. The land that thrilled through one in description, when devoured on the page, is around. What is heat—what the toil of the journey? Mesopotamia on one side, Assyria on the other: all vegetation is gone; sand, burnt, parched, crackled; earth alone before us; the river flows on to barren hills, bleak, dreary; vibrating beneath the sun, cheerless but blazing is the approach; all seems dead and lifeless; and the burning heat cries out, "Acknowledge my dominion, bow to my sway, or thou shalt not live." Hot east and south-east winds: it is like the blast from a furnace, and sadly mocks the cheek its breezes fan.

The birds dart screaming over the waters; flying, dashing, screaming, and across the river, as if our downward course disturbed their quiet,

invaded their solitary rule. On the east a plain —a vast dead, flat plain—and over it comes the breeze laden with languor, fiery with heat. A few strong tufts of weeds have survived the death of the vegetation around, but they are dry and withered monuments that the verdure must obey the undeviating law of nature, and perish beneath the sun that brought it forth. Reach after reach is passed, each adding to our disappointment. The map seemed to have lost its utility ; dried, curled, it was returned to its case. The boatmen exclaimed, "Far, far, far off," in tones of despair : the wind dried the perspiration it produced ; the river was like molten lead—all was heat and discomfort. Pipes, nargillehs, have ceased to please ; for we were in a blaze from them, when called for, as if they also refused to mock the heat, sufficient without them.

At last the pious true-believing eye of the boatman detected the minarets of Mosul over the low land on the right. On our left was a large temporary village, built of dried grass, roughly and coarsely framed ; low peaked mountains ahead broke the steel line of the sky. No sooner did our boatman detect the minarets, than he continued

his prayers, confiding the oars to one of the servants. Poor fellow! it was sad work; for the raft, as if in revenge for the way he had pulled her about, kept pertinaciously turning, and as it bore his Mecca—turned front to the north, east, or west, he had to stop his pious invocations that otherwise would have been wafted to some useless bourne; and then, as in the swing, she turned him to the black stone, he had to hurry on, like sportsmen anxious for some passing game. Often he rose, but seemed not satisfied, and again he knelt, and bowing prayed his Caaba-directing prayers. This man had not prayed before during the voyage.

At last, over the land appeared a mud fort hardly distinguishable from the hill; before it a white-washed dome, a few straggling buildings—it was Mosul. Presently an angle is turned, and the broken ruinous walls of an Eastern town lies before us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Situation of Mosul—Opposite Side of the River—Difficulties of Landing—Appearances from the River ere doing so—Iniquity of the Passport System at Mosul—Reception by Mr. Layard—Hospitality of the Consul—Researches of Mr. Layard—Domestic View from the top of a House—The Mussulman Servant Lad—Diversity of Languages at Mosul—General Appearance of Mosul—Christian Churches in the City—Reflections on the Religious Animosities of different Christian Sects in the East—The Maronites and the Missionaries—Adventures of a Wandering Artist—His Treatment on his Travels—

Mosul Castle stands on a long low hill some distance from the river, here a truly majestic stream. To the south stands the town, covering the west side of a hill; high over it, as if capable of swathing it in its folds, floated the English consul's flag—good, hospitable Mr. Rassam. The only thing which sets up any claim to vie with it in conspicuousness, is the ugly white-washed dome of a mosque. On the opposite side of the river rises the huge mound of Koyunjik, "coverer of cities," succeeded by low sand hills and mounds, till all melts into distance, and the picturesque range of Djebel Macloub.

Drifting down the city walls, we passed a gate of marble, defended by two round towers of mud; more wall: active women beating the dirt out of clothes; another gate and one mud tower more, near which were bathers in their timid nakedness; a dome, a stork's nest, beside it the stork on one leg meditative. Bad smells; lower, more decayed walls; masses of houses, none good; more bathers, more washers; a picturesque fort; a species of water-port strides into the stream. We are whisked round and round; the boatman tugs franctically at the oar; doubts if we shall ever land, and, dashing against bathers, boys and men, we reach a low dirty place, which is the wharf.

Here we found the other raft already clear of its fairer cargo. Officers besieged us for our teskeres, or quarantine bills (they are passports literally, but are of no use except for quarantine visées to Franks. I give them this name). They are necessary for the natives as passports, and are made a constant source of annoyance to them by every petty official. It is one among the many ingenious modes of extortion: for instance, when a poor fellow arrives at a khan, the Mussulman sheik

sends a man to demand his teskere. If he has one, some informality is detected, and he fees the official; if he has not, a heavy tax is imposed before he is allowed to proceed. I have known men who lived at a khan, and made a good livelihood by this without any possible right, save that the poor people were afraid to resist him, and the Khangee shares in the profits.

As ours were put carefully away, E. and myself remained while two of the party adjourned to the consul's; we most philosophically remaining deaf to the clamour, which became furious when a gap appeared caused by the silver staff of the kavajs. He led an army of porters, who fell on the raft and seized our baggage. One bore off the tiny tongs which performs half the cooking and puts fire to the smoke; another the bellows; others shouted, till at last with a sigh the last seized the heavy loads and disappeared under the gateway, whither we followed, through streets, under arches. At last a low door admitted us to a few high steps, and we emerged on a terrace, where Mr. Layard and his party were just sitting down to dinner.

A sportsman hates poachers, and even the

generous game-preserver hates to see the birds he has fostered and trained cut and mangled by unskilful hands. The name of Nineveh will last to the latest of ages; and now the name of him who laid bare, who brought to light, its treasures, will be handed down with it: let me not, therefore, requite the great hospitality I received, by ungenerous purloinings, but, rather, thanking Mr. L. for what is past, wait till he himself throws the light on it, and explains his own works, his own discoveries.

We lived a pleasant life. Mr. Rassam's house, I think, could have had no doors; if it had, they were always open, and it was furnished with all European comforts, and a goodly store of books. "Punch" and his paper had penetrated the Desert, and his sheets rustled in the halls of Nimrod. The excavators were fully employed; early the work began, late it was continued. Myself more idle, sauntered about wherever anything of interest offered itself, living with Mr. Layard in a house where treasures of antiquity were crowded in all directions; here bricks, there bas-reliefs, mingled with rude articles of to-day, whose curious form, ill-made and antique

appearance, led one strongly to doubt whether they were not also as ancient as the others. Then there was constantly fresh news from the diggings; a trusty employé bore to the house a small basket; in it were relics newly dug; then there were visits from chiefs and high men of all the people round, daily, hourly; wild Arabs loitering about—it was a life of great interest—there was also the post from Nineveh.

Our journey hither over, my companions dispersed in different directions. I spent many days at Mosul. Several English were there. Of an evening we met on the flat roof of one of the houses, and whiled away the hours: it was pleasant then to get a lonely corner: from one's lofty position, each terrace was revealed, and unseen one could watch the domestic arrangements around, and see each phase of life acted naturally before one's eyes: sometimes, friends called on the families, and all the motions of Eastern manners were performed in dumb show before one: then the company retired; then the lady of the house bawled a little, and up came mattresses borne on the heads of the daughters or maid-servants. These were laid in rows; no undressing took

place, but each lay down, pulled a coverlid over, and the day was done.

During the day the heat was extreme, but to make this tolerable, there are fine vaults beneath the house, with marble pavements, and the inhabitants rest in them during the heat of the day. One English traveller and his lady were on the eve of departure; with them many hours were spent; for even among us islanders, cold-hearted as we are called, there is much companionship in these far places. They had just taken a Mussulman boy into their employ. It is generally difficult to get Turks to act as servants to Christians; they are far too proud—and in fact seldom suit when they can be had. (I only allude to Turkey and Syria when I say this.) The day the young monkey was hired, he was sent to his master's house to await his arrival. On his master entering, with the doctor of the expedition, he surveyed them both, saying, "And which is my master?" On his being pointed out to him, he said, "Do you talk Arabic?" "No." "Turkish?" "No." "What, pray then, do you speak? I know both, and at Koordish am a nightingale." This was a sad difficulty for all at Mosul; it might

have been here that the confusion of tongues took place: Turkish, Arabic, Koordish, Chaldean, Syraic, are household tongues; Persian, Armenian, are heard everywhere: India has likewise lent many words. Mahomet is not very clear in the Koran on this point: he says, "And of his signs are also the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the variety of your language." How beautifully brief is the description of the Scriptures—how brief, yet how expressive! "And now the Lord said: the people is one, and they have all one language, and this they begin to do, and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do."

Few Eastern towns of its size ever struck me as so wretched as Mosul. Nearly half of the space is bare, mere heaps of dirt and dust: the buildings are nearly all built of mud, and the sun and heat dry them to a white, arid, stricken colour, peculiarly barren, and hurtful to the eye. Walking over the town, large blanks occur where broken arches and thrown down walls mark present decay. Mosul is surrounded with walls; these, though in many places ruinous, are still capable of preventing the city being suddenly surprised and sacked, as it

would be if open to the country. It possesses no fine mosques,* or khans. When there, the Pasha, infected with a sudden zeal, had white-washed all the mosques, so they looked clean and new. Mr. Rajam's khan is the best, and is large and roomy: this, however, he keeps for his own extensive trade. The bazaars are well supplied, as trade is brisk with India, Koordistan, and Persia. The baths are clean and comfortable; but the extreme heat of the weather during my stay, took away the luxury of them.

It possesses fourteen Christian churches belonging to the different sects of Christians. Several of these are now in the hands of the Roman Catholics; others again are divided by partition walls; in one half is the old form of worship, in the other the Catholic. It is, however, unfair to mention the stories of violence, wrong and oppression, said to have been perpetuated by the Catholics; the menaces, promises, threats and dissimulation by which they procured converts; as all I heard was of course from those whose violent anti-Catholic feelings naturally induce them to

* One mosque is curiously built; it is an octagon pyramid, and is said to be of older date than the faith it belongs to. But I could hear no tradition of its building.

distort, if not misrepresent, the facts. For years a strife, however, has gone on, and whether by right or otherwise, the Catholics have gathered to themselves many congregations.

To the traveller in the East, at first sight, its Christianity will seem indeed a blasphemous mummery; and he may, as I will own I did, turn to the pure worship of God,—the one great God, alone, alone, for ever alone,—but this is not a national failing, nor one which a philosopher or a Christian ought to nourish. We must love the sinner, though we hate the sin; and prejudice must be laid aside while he examines if these ceremonies were not instituted for a good purpose. Let us take only the simple and beautiful ceremony of signing the cross as we enter the church: it reminds us that we hope to be saved by that which that sign represents; through that we hope for efficacy in the prayers we there offer up;—as we leave, to show that we go forth into the world fearless, invincible, through Him, whom we serve, represented to us by that sign. It may become an idle habit, but it is one that, unless sadly misused, can do no harm; and if all that can be distorted to ill is banished, we should stand

as naked as Adam, without any of his innocence. It is a narrow-minded policy, and an irreligious mind, that condemns a sect in a mass: we may deplore known errors, we may condemn what is plainly wrong — what is palpably contrary to reason; but I fear nine out of ten of us are born and bred in a faith, and, without the smallest enquiry into it or others, condemn all the rest. A few broad facts are told us by interested persons; these we accept, and at once set down all else as error and as sinful,—I say broad facts; because I mean a broad shallow surface covered with an upper stratum of truth. But every Church supports its own doctrines, and no other that I ever saw could disprove them. Christians, of all sects, prove to their own satisfaction, that their own Church is the true one; each has the Bible, and each appeals to it. Who on earth can decide the truth? Heathens maintain their own opinions, and show an equal or greater zeal than the rest.

For my own part, wishing to see a Church stripped of all tradition and useless form, for fear any importance should be attached to the ceremony, and my weak brother be turned from the doctrine—still I find these legends (superstitions

if you will) sweet to the soul; reminding one, when in the house of prayer, at each moment that this hour is not ours. The incense, the lights, make a distinction from the outward world, and bring one to the visual sense of where one is. The holy water is a lively emblem, and often as I see the drop trembling on the forehead, I think it may not have fallen in vain. Perhaps this is a morbid feeling nurtured in solitude, engendered by living long amidst those of other sects: it may be; but I trust myself it is rather Catholic-mindedness, —charity; for I find I can believe other men good, other men sincere, and truly God-serving, besides those of my own sect. I would regard all sects and creeds as so many chapels in the same vast cathedral; as beneath the same roof, covered by the same robe; as services chanted in different dialects of the one great universal language of adoration to God.

The Oriental Christians generally do not respect their priests: they call him father, they kiss his hand with reverence, but they are well aware of his faults. This, however, causes no disgust in them as it would with us. No possible crime can expel a man from society or degrade him in the East.

The priest once, is a priest ever; and whatever he does, unless the bishop condemns it, is the same. The offices of the Church seem to occupy his attention, and he does not perhaps visit and direct his flock as our clergy do. In many villages where I have remained and seen the working of the social system, the priest appears to do little of the pastor's duty. If poor, he has to work; if supported by the poor—as is mostly the case—he remains idle. Among the Maronites, the power of the priesthood is indisputable, and extends to every thing.

The Sultan has lately honoured the heads of the different sects and invested them with orders: this has been received in anything but a proper spirit, and is reckoned a fair opening for more concessions and immunities. It argues, they say, the weakness of the Turk, and this feeling will yet, I fear, produce bloodshed in this already blood-stained land. Slaves are not fit for freemen; the ages of slavery of the poor Christian must be obliterated by successive stages of moral elevation: as soon as freedom is granted without preparation, he becomes insolent and intolerable. By such conduct the wealth-swollen hauteur of the Christian goaded

on the Turk at Aleppo. See it every where: the poor priest at Antioch ought to have known that from a priest, one whom the Prophet orders the Moslem to cleave down as a limb of Satan,* a Turk would ill-stand vaunting words.

Yet so it is: none are more domineering than these emancipated slaves. The Armenian and Greek Churches received our bishop with kindness, the Latin held aloof, and no intercourse ever took place between them. Perhaps of all Churches, the missionaries will find the Maronite the most difficult to make any progress with. Wrapt in their ignorant fanaticism, they fold its impenetrable cloak around them, and will listen to nothing. The American missionaries were driven out of Edhen by the fanatic population, and I do not believe they ever procured the satisfaction †

* This man, a Maronite priest, had resided several years at Antioch, where he established a school for children. He was much loved and respected for his active benevolence. Being known to have money in his house, a Turk—I believe, the Mufti—asked him why he had bought land, and what he meant to do with the money? He said, "build a church." Some high words followed, the priest saying he should build a church, and all would come to it soon. The poor man, a few days afterwards, was found strangled in his room in the middle of the day. The Moslems were ordered, when they attacked Syria, to spare the convents, and the priests there, the friars, &c.; but the interdiction did not extend to the secular clergy, whom they were ordered to cleave down as limbs of Satan.

† I say this, having heard only the Maronite side of the story, in which they seemed to come off very triumphantly.

they ought. The Maronites are very proud of their victory. I visited Edhen shortly afterwards, and nothing could equal the rancour of the priests. The Americans were "Frank," "Mason," "Sheitan," and the patriarch had forbidden any to speak, and drink, sell, or buy, with them.

This step of the missionaries, however much they may laud it, was more bold than wise. "Be ye wise as serpents." In answer to this they say, "We are not Jesuits; we go openly, boldly, to work; what did we ask in this instance, at least, to harm?" "Why attack the citadel while the outworks are unwon, and give occasion to an entire enmity, where before there was at least outward courtesy and peace?" I do think, however, many of the scattered villages of the Maronites might be successfully visited by the missionary; but in the heart, the stronghold of their faith, where numbers add to their strength, where all are under the immediate eye of the numerous and omnipotent clergy, the attempt was worse than folly. With myself, the priests were friendly enough; but this was owing to sundry gifts, and my rather listening to what they said, than affirming anything myself. The following circumstance, however, helped me considerably:—

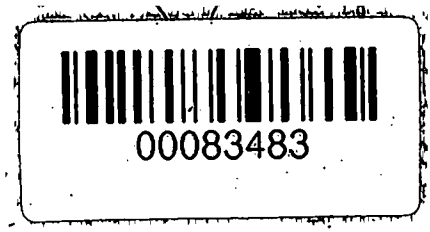
Some time before, about three hours from Tripoli, on the road to Edhen, I had passed a few cottages. At the door of one was a crowd of forty or fifty men, women, and children, surrounding a poor, ill-dressed Frank : one man had hold of his collar, and menaced him with his stick ; two priests were quiet spectators of the scene. Seeing me, he addressed me in French, and begged I would release him. The people gave way as I rode up, and the poor fellow came to my side. He was a fine, handsome young man of two or three and twenty years of age ; and, spite of dirt and misery, it was not difficult to see, did not belong to the class his dress indicated. The people about him now pressed me for payment. I found that he had been travelling over the country as an artist ; a mule bore his worldly chattels, he and the muleteer walking. At Gezin he was robbed, a loss that not only involved all his property, but with his easel, paints, and pencils, any hope of gaining more. He had been beaten and left naked. When arrived at Acre, the American missionary provided him with clothes. From thence he journeyed to Beyrout, where he obtained an order to return to Gezin, where his goods would be restored him.

He returned, and got nothing, except visible proof that his paints had been appreciated, as they adorned the interior of the minister of justice's house. He now begged his way to Edhen, where he had a relation in the convent,—when I say begged his way, he had received several small sums of money from Franks; but he solemnly assured me, he had never, save at convents, received a mouthful of bread without paying for it. On arriving at Edhen, he found his friend gone and the convent closed against him. He now turned to Nablous: the previous day's meal had cost him his shoes; the waistcoat and shirt, the gift of the Protestant, had gone before; "and," as he said, "my trousers would have gone, but for you."

The breakfast was paid for, and he, mounting one of the servant's horses, we pursued our way, encamping at Zerarti, a large Maronite village. No sooner was the baggage unpacked than my protegé descended to the river, and, by the assistance of water, soap, and some clothes, soon returned quite a different creature; meanwhile a carpet had been spread, and I was already surrounded by the whole male population, priests, &c.

Just as he came up the important question had been asked me, what my religion was? to this I replied at once, "Protestant; an humble member of the true Anglo-Catholic Church." The faces lengthened sadly, but the Italian (the artist) began with a volubility I in vain endeavoured to quell: "You ask his religion, but let me ask yours. I am of yours. You neither give me food nor shelter. Your convents give me a morsel, and begrudge it when I go and do not pay; though perhaps the money which served the monks for breakfast was provided by my family. You ask his religion; it is that which gives to the poor and distressed. When I was naked, men of his religion clothed me, and gave me money for the way. They knew my religion, they knew my sect, yet questioned about neither—it was enough for them, I was in distress, and they gave."

He went on in this strain which would have shamed most people; but the Maronites did not seem to take it to themselves. When the Italian retired to enjoy an ample breakfast, I sat on; but, finding that solitude was not likely to be granted me, and that to all hints that I wished to be alone, they were deaf, I proposed that we should make a



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 04 April, 2016